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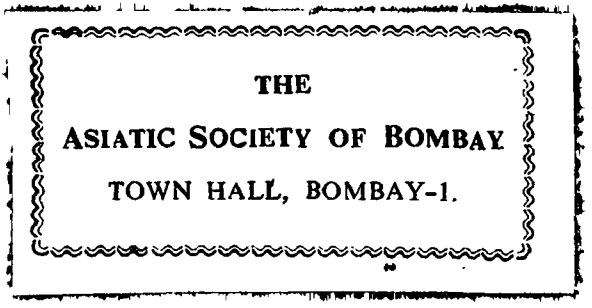

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PLAYS

Written by

Mr. *Nathaniel Lee.*

VOLUME the THIRD.

Containing

46641

SOPHONISBA.
[illegible]
GLORIANA.
[illegible]VAL QUEENS.
The MASSACRE of PARIS.

LONDON:

Printed for M. P. and SAM. CHAPMAN at the Angel in *Pell-mell*; and sold by A. BETTESWORTH in *Pater-noster-Row*, and F. CLAY without *Temple-bar*. M. DCC. XXII.

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SOPHONISBA:

OR,

Hannibal's Overthrow.

A

TRAGEDY,

ACTED

At the Theatre-Royal, by Her Majesty's Servants.

Written by NATHANIEL LEE, *Gent.*

Præcipitandus est liber Spiritus. Petron.

To Her Grace the

Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth.*

MADAM,

IF *Sophonisba* received ſome Applauſe upon the Stage, I arrogate nothing from the Merit of the Poem, but, as I ought, with the humbleſt Acknowledgments and profoundeſt Gratitude, impute it to the favourable Aſpects of the Court-Stars. But above all, I muſt pay my Adorations to Your Grace, who, as You are the moſt beautiful, as well in the bright Appearances of Body, as in the immortal Splendours of an elevated Soul, did shed mightier Influence, and darted on me a Largeneſs of Glory anſwerable to your Star-like Beams. *Hannibal* himſelf, whoſe haughty Spirit never bow'd but to the fair Imperious *Roxalinda*; nay, he who in ſight of Beauty's Charms, durſt gaze upon

that Sun with Eagle-Eyes, and tax her with a Blemiſh, now making his Approaches to Your Grace, ſeems awed with the Source of ſo many Rays, and dazzled with a Preſence ſo illuſtrious. He ſees, with new Bleedings, Eyes more attractive than thoſe of *Roſalinda*; ſomething more delicate in Your Shape, and lofty in Your Mien; an Air ſo charming ſweet, that 'tis miraculous it ſhou'd be majeſtick too; Smiles of more delightful Shine than *April* Suns; ſuch Softneſſes and Languiſhing as the almighty Poet's Hand cannot deſcribe, nor Painter's Pencil ever draw. For my own part, I am reſolved to look up to You daily, and dedicate my Life and Labours to Your Grace, to ſpend all the Store of my yet unexhauſted Fancy in Your unbounded Fame: For I declare, to be wreath'd in Laurel from Head to Foot, is not comparable Honour to that of being,

Madam,

Your Grace's moſt Humble

and Devoted Servant,

NAT. LEE.

PR.

PROLOGUE

To the Univerſity of *Oxford.*

Written by J. DRYDEN *Eſq;*

THESPIS, *the firſt Profeſſor of our Art,*
At Country Wakes ſung Ballads in a Cart:
To prove this true, if Latin *be no Treſpaſs,*
Dicitur & Plauſtris vexiſſe Poemata Theſpis.
But Æſchylus, *ſays* Horace *in ſome Page,*
Was the firſt Mountebank e'er trod the Stage.
Yet Athens *never knew your learned Sport,*
Of toſſing Poets in a Tennis-Court:
But 'tis the Talent of our Engliſh *Nation,*
Still to be plotting ſome new Reformation;
And ſome Years hence, if Anarchy go on,
Jack Presbyter *will here erect his Throne,*
Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a Day,
And every Prayer be longer than a Play:
Then all you Heathen Wits ſhall go to pot,
For disbelieving of a Popiſh Plot:
Nor ſhall we want the Sentence to depart,
Even in our firſt Original, a Cart.
Occham, Dun Scotus, *muſt, tho learn'd, go down,*
As chief Supporters of the Triple-Crown;
And Ariſtotle, *for deſtruction ripe,*
Some ſay he called the Soul an Organ-Pipe;
Which by ſome little help of Inſpiration,
Shall thence be ſtyl'd a Pipe of Inſpiration.
Your wiſer Judgments farther penetrate,
Who late found out one Tare amongſt the Wheat.
This is our Comfort, none e'er cried us down,
But who diſlik'd both Biſhops and a Crown.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Sophonisba*, at its playing at *Oxford*.

TO this learn'd Audience gladly we ſubmit
At once our Action and our Poet's Wit.
Whoſe Shades, well pleas'd, to theſe fam'd Seats repair,
To hear the Muſes breathe their native Air:
Free from the partial Cenſure of the Town,
Where ſenſeleſs Faction runs the Poet down;
Where ſtutt'ring Hectors on the Vizard fall,
One half o'th' Play they ſpend in Noiſe and Brawl,
Sleep out the reſt, then wake and damn it all.
To you the labour'd Scene is better known,
In which no Poets have excell'd your own.
When ſome fam'd Hero on the Stage is ſeen,
You ſtrait reflect ſuch was his God-like Mien;
To ſuch extent did his voſt Conqueſts ſwell,
He reign'd thus glorious, thus untimely fell:
Knowing th' Original, you the Copy praiſe,
And crown the Artiſt with deſerved Bays.
Thus to their Merits we our Parts leave,
But for our ſelves your milder Cenſure crave,
That all Defects i'th' Action you'd impute
T' our ſtraitned Stage, 'tis ours, the Womens Suit.

The Gown to Beauty never was unkind,
But form'd by that th' Ideas of the Mind.
'Twas from the Schools our firſt Reſpects we gain'd,
Who of our Sex their Sciences have feign'd.
Thus were the Muſes, thus the Graces dreſt,
And Plato *thus his Vertue has expreſt.*
We know what's due to Sophonisba's *Fame,*
And more to Roſalinda's *chaſter Name.*
Nor can we wholly ignorant appear
Of thoſe learn'd Languages that flouriſh here.
Be not ſurpriz'd if we invade your Right,
And Ovid's *or* Catullus' *Loves recite,*
Or paſs from Virgil's *Labours of* Æneas,
To Menin aeide Thea Peleiadeo Achileos.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hannibal, General of *Carthage*,	Mr. *Mohun.*
Maherbal, Lieutenant General,	Mr. *Burt.*
Bomilcar, Maſter of the Horſe and Elephants,	Mr. *Winterſhall.*
Scipio, Conſul of *Rome*,	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Lelius, his Lieutenant,	Mr. *Lydall.*
Varro, a Tribune,	Mr. *Watſon.*
Maſſiniſſa, King of *Numidia*, married to *Sophonisba*,	Mr. *Hart.*
Trebellius, a *Roman* Officer,	Mr. *Powel.*
Maſſina, Nephew of *Maſſiniſſa*,	Mr. *Clark.*
Menander, Confident of *Maſſiniſſa*,	Mr. *Griffin.*
Sophonisba, a *Carthaginian* Lady, Daughter of *Aſdrubal*, firſt married to *Syphax*, after to *Maſſiniſſa*,	Mrs. *Cox.*
Roſalinda, a *Roman* Lady, Miſtreſs of *Hannibal*,	Mrs. *Boutell.*
Rezambe, *Merna*, Maids of Honour, and Confidents of *Sophonisba*.	
Aglave, *Cumana*, Prieſteſſes of [illegible],	Mrs. *Kep.* Mrs. *Corey.*

ATTENDANTS.

SCENE *Zama.*

SOPHONISBA:

OR,

Hannibal's Overthrow.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar, [illegible] *Attendants.*

Han. Conqueſt with Laurels has our Arms adorn'd,
And *Rome* in Tears of Blood our Anger mourn'
[illegible] paſs'd the rugged *Alpine*
Melted our way, and [illegible]ve our hiſſing Wheels
Through cloudy Deluges, eternal Rills.
What after Ages ſhall with pain believe,
Through burning Quarries did our Paſſage cleave;

Hurl'd

Hurl'd dreadful Fire, and Vinegar infus'd,
Whoſe horrid Force the Nerves of Flint unloos'd;
Made Nature ſtart to ſee us root up Rocks,
And open all the Adamantine Locks;
Shake off her maſſy Bars, o'er Mountains go,
Through Globes of Ice, and Flakes of ſolid Snow.
On our laſt Elephant, while we did ſleep,
In *Arnus'* foggy Fens and Marſhes deep,
One Light we loſt, for *Carthage* underwent
War's tedious Toils, our Blood and Spirits ſpent,
And all the ſtock of Health which bounteous Nature lent.

Mah. But what Return has that ſlow City made?
Admir'd by Foes, you were by Friends betray'd.
While you abroad fam'd Battels bravely fought,
The Traitor *Hanno* your Deſtruction ſought:
No Succours were for your Aſſiſtance meant;
For ſtill to *Rome* Intelligence was ſent:
That did the *Carthaginians* Strength declare,
Which way they paſs'd, and what their Numbers were.

Bom. By this Deſign your Brother's Death was wrought,
When he apart from you with *Nero* fought.
Too well that barbarous Stateſman *Hanno* knew,
If Gallant *Aſdrubal* ſhould join with you,
The *Romans* could no hope of Safety have,
No Power on Earth could their loſt Empire ſave:
With wicked Policy he therefore try'd
Your two all-conquering Armies to divide.
How fatally did his curs'd Plots ſucceed,
When with your Brother all his Troops did bleed?

Han. Great Stateſmen Kings ſhould watch while they employ,
Leſt, what they build, thoſe underhand deſtroy? (ſeen
Nor has his ſeparating Chiefs been known
Only on Land, but on the Ocean ſeen.
Where Fleets divided, by cloſe practis'd Arts,
Have melted Women's [illegible] and Soldiers Hearts.

Bom. Now all the Fiends thoſe Traitors drag to Hell,
Who for Revenge, or Gold, their Country ſell.

Han. How wou'd the Slave have quak'd, had they but
The Flights of *Trebid*, or of *Thraſimene*,
Or dreadful *Canna*?

Where

Where the dire Sisters bit the *Roman* Looms,
As if their Hands were tir'd with cutting Dooms.
Bom. Where fourscore valiant Senators were kill'd,
The Blood of seventy Thousand Soldiers spill'd,
And great *Æmillus'* Death our Conquest swell'd.
Han. When, all with crimson Slaughter cover'd o'er,
We urg'd our Horses through a Flood of Gore;
Whilst from the Battlements of Heaven's high Wall
Each God look'd down, and shook his awful Head,
Mourning to see so many thousands fall,
And then look'd pale, to see us look so red.
Mah. That was a Time worthy severest Fate,
When Victory on Hills of Heroes sat,
And turn'd her Eyes, all blood-shot, on the Fray,
And laugh'd, and clap'd her Wings, and bless'd the Day.
Han. And are we thus at last rewarded then?
Dare they review our Dangers with Disdain?
Dull Counsellors, who only talk of Harm,
Sleep till high Noon, to costly Banquets swarm,
And with rich Wines drink their cold Spirits warm.
Instead of fighting *Scipio*, let us haste,
Set fire to *Carthage*, lay her Glories waste;
Melt all their hoarded Treasures down, and pour
Into their thirsty Throats the scalding Ore.
Bom. Go on, Great Sir; their trusty Coffers burn,
Their towring Pride to Desolation turn.
Mah. How I should laugh to see their Ermines smoak!
May sulph'rous Flames their gorged Vitals choak.
Han. *Maherbal*, stay; tho *Carthage* us'd me ill,
Spite of my Wrongs, she is my Country still:
My Father, the great Master of our Arms,
(Who while he gave me Life, heard loud Alarms)
Swore me *Rome*'s Foe, when in my Age's Bud,
Wean'd me from Milk, and nurs'd me up in Blood,
And taught me to be obstinately good:
Rome, the World's Giant Empress to invade,
Till her bright Fame should shrink into a Shade
And all her golden Spirits in Dust were laid.
Bom. *Carthage*, and *Rome*, which did so long divide
The troubl'd World, to prop their weighty Pride,

Will

Will brook no more each other's mighty Sway,
The Gods to this or that muſt give the Day:
Since ſuch Majeſtick Power to both is given,
As each might take up all the Care of Heav'n.
Mah. Beſides the natural Hate to *Rome* you bear
With *Scipio*, Love obliges you to War,
Since *Roſalinda* is a Priſ'ner there.
Heavens! ſhall he dare to keep your Love in Bands?
Beauty, like hers, Swords, Hands, and Hearts commands.
Han. O, my *Maherbal!* thou wert always kind,
See'ſt all my Good, but to my Ills art blind.
Had I by thy Advice my Soldiers led,
Hot with their Joys, and ſtriding o'er the Dead,
To *Rome*, to *Rome*, my Warrior —— But, 'tis loſt,
That Hour, that did ſo many laſt Hours coſt!
The Gods and Opportunity ride Poſt.
Melting at *Capua* I in Pleaſures lay;
And for a Miſtreſs gave the World away. (ſubdue,
Mah. Grudge you the World? Cou'd I ſuch Hearts
Were I great *Jove* himſelf, I'd give Heaven too.
But I am rough, and not for Woman made,
In Nature's coarſeſt Mould my Fortune laid.
Han. Haſte to the *Roman* Camp, *Bomilcar* fly,
Take Scouts along, unſeen as Spirits pry,
And learn the Poſture of the Enemy.
Learn, if thy Knowledge may ſo happy be,
Where *Roſalinda* mourns for Liberty:
Seek her as thou wou'dſt Wreaths for Glories Toil,
As after Conqueſt thou wou'dſt ſeek for Spoil. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *drawn, diſcovers a pleaſant Grotto, King* Maſſiniſſa, Maſſina, *and* Menander *ſitting under on a Bank. Soft Muſick is heard.*

K. *Maſ.* Since Love, the brightneſt Jewel of a Crown,
That fires Ambition, and adorns Renown;
That with ſweet Hopes does our harſh Pains beguile,
And midſt the Javelins makes the Soldier ſmile;
Since this great Trophy's loſt, quite loſt to me,
What wretched things muſt Fame and Empire be!

Men. Yet once your Soul was of another ſtrain,
And ſtill you talk'd how God-like 'twas to reign,
In myſtick Empire to be plac'd alone,
And your Cheeks burn'd when you beheld a Throne;
Ev'n in your Nonage haughty were and bold,
And ſmiling would your Father's Sceptre hold;
And talk'd, when young, how you would rule when old.
K. *Maſ.* Ambition then I lov'd; but now abhor.
Maſ. What is Ambition, Sir?
K. *Maſ.* The Luſt of Power.
Like Glory, Boy, it licenſes to kill;
A ſtrong Temptation to do bravely ill;
A Bait to draw the Bold and Backward in,
The dear-bought Recompence of higheſt Sin:
For when to Death we make the conquer'd yield,
What are we but the Murd'rers of the Field?
Men. In gallant Souls, Ambition is no more
The Bawd of Empire, or the Luſt of Pow'r,
Than lawful Mirth is Leudneſs in a Bride,
Or Neatneſs, in a Veſtal Virgin, Pride.
K. *Maſ.* Then be it ſo; yet I will out no more,
Since Love has wrack'd me on the long'd for Shore.
No, but had I a Soul cou'd Storms outwear,
Durſt againſt Rocks, or over Quick-ſands ſteer,
For Love, if *Venus* had like *Juno* bid,
I durſt as much as e'er *Alcides* did:
But I am loſt; nothing, *Maſſina* now;
With Love's each Blaſt, I like a Bulruſh bow.
Am I not alter'd much of late?
Maſ. Alas!
You look like wither'd Flowers, or Mountain Graſs.
K. *Maſ.* *Sophonisba*, Oh!
Maſſ. Why [illegible] my Lord?
Speak; for I will revenge you with my Sword.
What cruel Vulture's this that tears your Breaſt?
Like feſter'd Wounds, it takes away your Reſt.
You will grow mad, I think, you watch all Night,
And with your Groans the croaking Ravens fright.
Who is it that theſe killing Griefs has wrought,
That bends your Brow, and turns you into Thought?

K. *Maſ.*

K. *Maſ.* My Sorrows Load, alas! thou canſt not bear.
Maſ. Think you my Soul is capable of Fear?
What is it for your ſake I cou'd not bear?
K. *Maſ.* *Maſſina*, thou art all that I wou'd have;
There's nothing after thee, but a low Grave:
Obdurate ſtubborn Heart, ſtill wilt thou hold?
Obſerve me, Boy, when thou ſhalt ſee me cold,
Grown by my Death a longer Line of Woe,
Pale as wrong'd Lover's Ghoſts, that ſigh below;
Then learn to curſe the Author of my Fate.
Maſſ. What horrid things are theſe, which you relate?
K. *Maſ.* Thee from thy Childhood I have train'd with (Care,
I'th' painful Diſcipline of tedious War:
In Mountains bred thee, and on barren Sands,
And led thee near the Sun, through high parch'd Lands;
Show'd thee to chaſe wild Boars upon the Heath,
And taught thy Infant Hands the Trade of Death.
When I by *Boccar* hotly was purſu'd,
And forc'd to plunge into the rapid Flood,
Thou leap'dſt in after me.
Maſſ. I did, my Lord.
But you forgot the Whirl-pool in the Ford;
Where when I ſtruggl'd, and my Strength grew ſlack,
You daſh'd my Fate, and bore me on your Back:
So through the *Helleſpont Europa* rode,
Half dead with Fear, tho mounted on a God.
K. *Maſ.* But, my *Maſſina*, there's one Danger more,
More dreadful than all thoſe we paſs'd before:
Vile Woman!
Maſſ. Women, Sir, I oft have ſeen
Dancing with Timbrels on the Flowry Green,
Or like ſmall Clouds upon the Mountains flow;
But never thought they Thunder-bore till now.
I know they are all black, have rolling Eyes;
Thick Lips, flat Noſes, Breaſts of mighty ſize.
K. *Maſ.* Thou never yet in ſhining Courts haſt been;
Nor the fair part of Woman-kind haſt ſeen,
Who cloſe in *Africk* Palaces reſide,
And from th' injurious Sun their Faces hide;

T

To whom compar'd, theſe ſeem all hideous Night;
But thoſe, like *Cinthia*'s Silver Creſcent, bright.
Maſ. Is it a Sin to be acquainted, Sir,
With thoſe white Maids, that are ſo fine and fair?
K. *Maſ.* Shun 'em *Maſſina*, as thou wou'dſt thy Fate;
As things which by Antipathy we hate.
Not all the Horrors of a bloody War,
Nor Lions, Tygers, ſuch hid Fury bear:
Thoſe appear Monſters, but theſe ſeem all mild:
None ever yet deſtroy'd, but ſtill ſhe ſmil'd.
They are all Grief, when they appear all Joy;
Like Lightning, while they glitter, they deſtroy.
Lie down, ſweet Youth. A fair white Woman was,
Of what thou ſeeſt me now the cruel Cauſe;
Tho clear her Form appear'd, without one ſtain,
Bright as thoſe Bodies which o'er Darkneſs reign,
Her Soul is blacker than the Skin of *Moors*;
For Fraud with Beauty does his Lodging take.
Maſſ. Then Beauty's Breaſt is like a Bank of Flowers,
That fairly hides a foul and ugly Snake.
K. *Maſ.* There's not one ſafe, and fair; all Seas of Sin;
Shou'dſt thou be us'd, alas! as I have been,
'Twou'd make thee grey; hear not my Story told.
Maſ. Will Women, if they uſe me, make me Old?
K. *Maſ.* I had a Miſtreſs once,
For her I fought, and did her Cauſe maintain
Againſt the World, upon the liſted Plain:
The Gods too know with what obliging Smiles,
And bluſhing Joy ſhe prais'd my mighty Toils:
And when to kiſs her Hand I bended low,
She made it meet my Lips, and preſt 'em too.
All this in Publick; but from ſight remov'd,
Fierce were our Joys, and with a looſe we lov'd.
Maſſ. You may remember, Sir, that I was by,
Call'd as a Witneſs to the ſacred Tye,
Thrice we invok'd the God of Marriage there;
With rich Sabean Scents perfum'd the Air,
And utter'd ſacred Vows, and binding Prayer.

K. *Maſ.*

K. *Maſ.* When you were gone,
And none but I left with a charming Maid,
What furious Fires did my hot Nerves invade?
With open Arms upon my Bliſs I ran,
With pangs I graſp'd her, like a dying Man:
Like Light and Heat, incorporate we lay;
We bleſt the Night, and curſt the coming Day.

Maſſ. Now as I love bright Arms, the Story's fine!
Tell it all Night, my Lord, the Stars will ſhine.

K. *Maſ.* Soon as the Birds did on the Morning call,
Her brighter Eyes a ſhow'r of Tears let fall:
Which in my panting Boſom trickl'd down,
She preſt me cloſe, and cry'd, muſt you be gone?
Then round my Neck her ſnowy Arms did twine:
She ſigh'd; but will you be for ever mine?
Will you be true?——and then our Lips did join.

Maſſ. Kind, pretty Heart.

K. *Maſ.* Her laſt words were,
Hear me, ye Gods, may I be never bleſt,
If *Maſſiniſſa* be not to this Breaſt
The ſweeteſt, deareſt, everlaſting Gueſt.
Yet ſhe, this fair, this ſoft deluding ſhe,
Forgetting all her Vows, forgetting me,
While I for *Carthage* follow'd War's Alarms,
Reſign'd her ſelf up to another's Arms.

Enter Lelius, *and* Varro.

Lel. At length he's found: Riſe *Maſſiniſſa*, riſe;
Shake off theſe Clouds that hang about your Eyes;
Glory's in view, and courts us with her call,
New Storms of War like Hail around us fall.

Var. Fury, that ſat at home on maſſy Shields,
Now heaves 'em up, and ranges through the Fields;
With all her hundred Whips of wire ſhe comes,
And drives deſpairing Monarchs to their Tombs.

Lel. Syphax and *Aſdrubal* their Forces join,
With Arms the Mountains and the Vallies ſhine:
Ha! what unwonted Charm your Soul enchains?
Is your high Blood congeal'd within your Veins,

Tha

That from the dusty Field you thus retire,
And seek cool Shades, when all the World's on Fire?
Var. Kings cast their Silks, and Amour make their Robe;
Instead of Lutes, shrill Trumpets charm the Globe;
Yet you from this great Race of Honour run,
Wave falling Palms, and courting Laurels shun:
Why shou'd you *Sophonisba*'s Loss bemoan,
When *Syphax*, who enjoys her, cries, Come on.
K. *Mas.* Ha! That the base Usurper did but dare
Meet me alone without his Crowds of War!
Lel. If you die here so silently, you'll fall
As if Fate knew not of your Funeral:
And cens'ring Fame will say, when you are gone,
His Thread of Life was by a Woman spun.
But, *Varro*, we mistake; this is not he,
This is some Porer on Morality;
Some studious Youth, who does the Heav'ns survey,
And in dull Science fools his Life away.
K. *Mas.* Awake! Where hast thou been my drowsy (Soul
In *Lethe* steep'd, or freezing near the Pole?
I feel her now my denumb'd Limbs inspire,
My Spirits shoot, and dart, and mount up higher,
Like Sparks that scatter from a kindling Fire:
The Plots of Love inglorious are and dark,
Blindly he aims, and Night is all his Mark;
Like Day I'll dart him through and through; I will;
To cure my Honour, I my Love will kill;
Kill her my self, cut piece-meal all her Charms.
War; how it sounds! away, to Arms, to Arms!
Let's go where the Illustrious *Scipio* calls;
I'll be the first shall scale proud *Carthage*' Walls:
[illegible] Glory, come, my Friends, let's fly,
To conquer brave[illegible] bravely die.
Lel. Spoke like your self, thus we our Homage pay;
So look'd *Achilles* when *Troy* lost the Day.
Var. Fierce and Majestick as young *Mars* you stand:
'Tis fit that Look this *Africk* should command.
K. *Mas.* As Lovers, big with Expectation, burn;
My Soul to Battel does all fiery turn:

Swift

Swift as the Gods, in haſte out-ſtrips the Wind,
And leaves the Courſers of the Day behind.
Yet ſtay; methinks I am uneaſy ſtill:
What real Pleaſure can it be to kill?
Lel. Frail Prince! how wavering all his Actions be,
By Paſſions toſs'd in Love's tempeſtuous Sea?
War fires the Brave.
K. *Maſ.* Yet War contracts a Guilt,
And the Brave grieve when many Lives are ſpilt:
Love like a Monarch, merciful and young,
Shedding no Blood, effeminates the ſtrong;
But War does like a Tyrant vex us more,
And breaks thoſe Hearts, which Love did melt before.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Scipio, *K.* Maſſ. Menander, Lelius, *and* Varro.

Scip. THE Scouts of *Hannibal*, have they ſurvey'd
The Camp?
Lel. Your Will exactly was obey'd.
Scip. I hear, my gallant Friend, and grieve to hear,
That you the Chains of *Sophonisba* wear;
In Glory's ſchool you had the foremoſt Name,
Skill'd in the dark myſterious Book of Fame;
Did thoſe worn Characters with pleaſure read,
Which told the Stories of the mighty Dead:
But by this act of Softneſs you will du[illegible]
Thoſe noble Lore, and forfeit your Renown;
Truant to all the Honour that you had,
Drunk with Love's Tears, with Smiles of Beauty mad.
K. *Maſ.* I ſtrove, Sir, by your great Achievements (taught
To drive this Beauty from my lab'ring Thought

But I as well to Heaven might carry Wars,
And quench the influence of our croſſer Stars:
Like thoſe with fatal fires ſhe gilds my way,
And leads me on that I may further ſtray.
Scip. Then I muſt angry grow, ſince you are frail,
And Corroſives apply, where Cordials fail:
To me prove civil; for your ſelf be wiſe;
You have my Friendſhip, therefore I adviſe.
K. *Maſ.* Mean you, my Lord, not *Sophonisba* love?
Scip. As ſhe's the Foe of *Rome*, I diſapprove
All Treaties with her: ſhake her off in time,
Or againſt Honour you commit a Crime.
K. *Maſ.* And wou'd you have me live?
Scip. When ſhe is dead:
Why ſhou'd you wiſh her Life, that has betray'd
Both you and *Rome*? *Syphax*, whom I had wrought,
Her cunning Tongue to ſide with *Carthage* brought;
By Heaven I ſwear, if ſhe my Captive be,
I'll uſe her as the *Romans* Enemy.
K. *Maſ.* You'd have me ſhake her off and live; I'd know
Whether this Fleſh you wear you can forego,
And be the ſame. Here through my Boſom run
Your Sword; and when the bloody Deed is done,
When your Steel ſmoaks with my Hearts's reeking Gore,
Bid me be well as e'er I was before.
Scip. You are reſolv'd, it ſeems, to croſs my Will:
But from a Friend I'll conſtrue nothing ill.
K. *Maſ.* O then endure yet more, and let me ſpeak,
Without ſome vent my lab'ring Heart will break:
'Tis as a Friend your Life, your Life I ſpare,
Not as you more than King, *Rome*'s Conſul are,
The far-fam'd *Scipio*, and God of War.
Can any Man be brave,
His Miſtreſs Injuries with patience hear?
Let any other in your Cauſe appear,
And juſtify the words that you have ſaid;
By the Immortal Powers, I'll ſtrike him dead.
Lel. My Lord (*As the King moves forward,* Lelius *lays his Hand on his Sword.*

Scip.

Scip. Your gen'rous Temper, *Lelius*, hold;
He ſhall be hotter yet, to be more cold:
My Virtue all the Storms of Paſſion knows,
Has tried its Calms, its wondrous Ebbs and Flows.
Since a Requeſt ſo ſmall you can deny,
From greater Proofs how wou'd your Friendſhip fly?

K. *Maſ.* Try me, my Lord, but any other way,
Heavens! with what readineſs would I obey?
While Blood kind Warmth does to theſe Limbs afford,
While I can ſhake a Spear, or wield a Sword,
You ſhall be ever *Maſſiniſſa*'s Lord.
Go on and wander the wide Ocean o'er,
Go ſail to ſome inhoſpitable Shore,
Where dreadful Monſters guard the horrid Land,
Tho down to Hell I ſink, at your Command
I'll throw my Body on the untried Sand.
Wou'd you have all the *Carthaginians* ſlain,
Or ſee their Cities level'd with the Plain?
With chearful Toil the buſineſs ſhall be done,
Give me but *Sophoniſba* for my Crown.

Scip. To conquer Enemies abroad 's no more
Than every Tribune here has done before:
Search all the Army thro, and find that one,
Who, if I bid, the Force of Fire dares ſhun,
Or will not from a Precipice leap down.
At my Command, *Lelius*, would you refuſe
To die?

Lel. My Fate for Empire I'd not loſe:
At thy Command, Temples and Shrines ſhould blaze,
I'd ſpoil their Gods, their Statues, Altars raze,
And with my Fury make them dread thee more,
Than I fear them when all their Thunders roar.

Scip. To conquer Kingdoms, and on Sceptres tread,
Is but to inſtruct great Heroes dead.
Shou'd you your Arms to the World's Limits bear,
The mighty *Alexander* pierc'd as far:
But if ungovern'd Paſſion you can bind,
And quench th' inglorious Ardour of your Mind,
Your Fame ſhall with that haughty Victor's vie,
Which all the Eaſtern Beauties cou'd defy.

If ſtill you are reſolv'd her Charms to truſt,
The World may truly term you raſh, unjuſt,
And when you periſh, ſay, he died for Luſt.
K. *Maſ.* You tax me, Sir, with Crimes I do not know:
But urge me not too far; for I may grow
Beyond all Limits, juſt Revenge purſue,
And, blinded by my Rage, let fly at you.
Scip. Unhand him——by the Gods, your worſt I dare;
A ſingle Arm *Rome*'s Conſul cannot fear:
I ſhine above thee, like a Star fix'd higher,
Whom tho you cannot reach, you may admire.
K. *Maſ.* Like Meteors rather you falſe Glory take,
Whoſe ſhort-liv'd Blaze low earthy Vapours make;
Yet, ſince with fancy'd Fires you fill the Sky,
Shall not one Prince at your dread Aſpect die.
Scip. How have I err'd? Your Trial's at an end:
Heav'n! That I e'er ſhould call this Man my Friend.
How could my Soul ſo groſly be o'reſeen?
From all Mankind wert thou ſelected then,
O moſt ungrate, ill-temper'd, barb'rous King?
No Good did ever from this *Africk* ſpring.
Did I for this each *Roman* Friendſhip ſhun,
And to thoſe ſavage Arms for Refuge run?
When with the weighty Cares of War oppreſt,
Lean'd all my Troubles on that ſullen Breaſt;
Took no Petition, granted no Command,
But what was giv'n by *Maſſiniſſa*'s Hand.
What Triumphs did I ever yet deſign,
Wherein your Glory might not equal ſhine?
Yet for a Woman, and a falſe one too,
Your Fame, your Faith, and Friendſhip you forego.
Still let the Great of Favourites beware;
They moſt deceive us, who moſt truſted are.
[*The Conſul turns away.*
K. *Maſ.* Stay, Conſul, ſtay, my Friend, my noble Lord;
Cou'd you then caſt me off for one raſh Word?
Forſake me ever? O you never lov'd
Maſſiniſſa, who cou'd thus be moy'd.

Go

Go if you pleaſe, leave this ungrateful King,
This ſavage, barb'rous, indigeſted thing.
Whate'er my Paſſion did, ſhould pardon'd be;
For, I confeſs, you are a God to me:
Yet it had been more friendly and more kind,
Not to have met the Tempeſt of my Mind.

Scip. But was it poſſible in this our Strife,
That *Maſſiniſſa* ſhould attempt my Life?

K. *Maſ.* Pronounce my Death, cut off theſe curſed Hands,
Send me to *Syphax*, bound with ſhameful Bands,
That I may all the ſubtleſt Torments bear,
And after Death no more Reproaches hear.

Scip. By this return of Virtue I am made
For ever yours——Say, do I now upbraid?
Are theſe Reproaches?

K. *Maſ.* O ye Powers, look down,
And hear me ſwear by your eternal Throne;
Whatever this your Likeneſs ſhall command,
Tho *Sophoniſba* from my trembling Hand,
I will obey—— or curſe me where I ſtand.

Scip. As your firſt Trial, ſtrait to *Cirta* fly,
And perjur'd *Syphax* at his Gates defy.
Our Troops muſt conquer when led on by you:
Chiefly his Wife endeavour to ſubdue,
Whoſe ſubtile working Wit wrought all his Care,
And with her beauteous Griefs renew'd the War.

K. *Maſ.* This Youth, my Kinſman, as a Pledge I leave;
My Ally, the Darling of my Soul receive.
As I in War ſhall falſe or faithful be,
So may juſt Heaven do both to him and me.

Maſſ. Ah! if I am that Darling of your Heart,
How can you leave me thus forlorn behind?
Take me along, or I ſhall think 'twas All
That made you ſeem ſo pitiful and kind.

K. *Maſ.* Now all the Gods thy precious Life defend;
Something that's fatal ſure theſe Tears portend;
I was not us'd to weep.

Scip. Nor muſt not now.
At your requeſt we will to *Zama* go;

From hence to *Bagrada* our Forces draw,
To try our Strength with deſp'rate *Hannibal*,
And keep that famous Conqueror in awe,
They talk'd of giving Laws i'th' Capitol.

K. *Maſ.* My Blood boils in my Veins and catches Fire;
Such Words, ſuch Courage would the Dead inſpire:
Yes, we will fight, my Lord, with *Hannibal*,
To bloody 'ccount his boaſted Valour call.

Scip. Like ſome vaſt ill-built Tower ſo high he grows,
His Marble Front nods with each Blaſt that blows.

K. Maſ. Our Arms, like Thunder, levell'd at his Crown,
Shall all at once, hurl'd by our Rage, ruſh on,
And in a Moment roll his Glory down.

[*Manet* Maſſina *ſolus.*

Maſ. Was ever Youth unfortunate as I?
But I will be revenged on him and die.
Perhaps to loſe me in his Wars he fears,
As if my Soul did not outgo my Years.

Enter Roſalinda.

Roſ. I've ſcap'd with much ado the Tribune's Hands,
But 'tis the Conſul who muſt break my Bands,
And ſend me with a paſs-port back——Who's there?
What are you?

Maſſ. Firſt inſtruct what you are,
And how you came to be thus heavenly fair;
What is it makes your Cheeks ſo freſh and bright,
The Red of Roſes, or the Lillies White?

Roſ. Were you ne're thus before?

Maſſ. I never knew
Such Agues in my Blood, and Fevers too.

Roſ. I'll leave you, Sir.

Maſ. You cannot if you wou'd,
[illegible]ay, as eaſily forego your Blood:
[illegible] that, I'll bluſhing creep about you ſtill,
And my ſick Thoughts with ſilent Pleaſures fill.

Roſ. What is't you'd have?

Maſſ. Alas ! I do not know ;
Something there is which Nature will not ſhow :
Whene'er you ſpeak, as at melodious Strains,
There's ſomething purls and trickles thro my Veins ;
Like Quickſilver it moves ſo cold and faſt,
Then my Eyes twinkle as they'd look their laſt.

Roſ. It ſhews like Love : but in its Birth deſtroy
A Paſſion which ſcarce Pity can enjoy.

Maſſ. Perhaps you think me born of common Race ;
But royal Blood does my high Lineage grace.
Ah ! do not then put out this harmleſs Flame,
Since from your Eyes the tingling Torment came.

Roſ. In vain your Paſſion's Ardour you alledge,
The Fort's impregnable, break up your Siege ;
No Force nor Art can the leaſt Outwork win,
There's one for you too mighty enter'd in :
The haughtieſt, braveſt, foremoſt Man on Earth,
Who from the Blood of Gods derives his Birth.

Maſſ. To his immortal Kindred leave him then ;
You may be better plac'd with Blood of Men.
Beſides, who knows but his Divinity,
As Gods will ſometimes very forward be,
May chance take pet as you in Love engage,
And thunder you to pieces in his Rage ?

Roſ. 'Tis true, in War moſt dreadful he appears,
All cruel, glorious, Dangers thick he wears :
Not to amuſe you, when you have nam'd all,
That's great and lovely, think on *Hannibal*.

Maſſ. Is't poſſible !
In Age can Beauty ought that's lovely ſpy ?
Can Dreams of Glory waking Youth [illegible] ?

Roſ. Tho his Blood mov'd like freezing Currents ſlow,
Were his Head whiter than the *Alpine* Snow,
My Youth his [illegible] into one Piece ſhould grow.

Maſſ. All you have ſaid I know in jeſt was ſpoke ;
What ſhould you do with ſuch a ſapleſs Oak ?
When a young pleaſant Vine ſo near you ſtands,
And bows with all his Cluſters to your Hands.

Roſ. Honour to Youth and Beauty I prefer,
I'm for the beſt and braveſt Man in War ;

And ſince the World knows none ſo great as he,
None elſe ſhall Lord of my Affection be.
In ſhorter Joys let other Maids delight,
Thoſe tranſitory Pleaſures of a Night;
But I more laſting Happineſs deſign,
In my illuſtrious Warriour's Heart to ſhine,
And have my Name on his high Tomb engrav'd,
This, this is ſhe who *Hannibal* enſlav'd.

Maſſ. Tho I no Dawn of Comfort can deſcry,
Yet in this hopeleſs Love I will engage,
And every Thought of Royalty caſt by,
Thro all the World attend you as your Page:
For all my Pains I will not beg one Kiſs,
That were to wrong your mighty Man of War;
Give a kind Look, and I will prize the Bliſs
Above thoſe Hopes which the Ambitious bear.

Roſ. Since then you are reſolv'd a while to wait,
As your firſt Task, ſhew me the Conſul ſtraight:
My Beauty like a Comet ſhall ariſe
That temperate Lord of Nations to ſurprize,
I'll thunder in his Ear, and lighten in his Eyes.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The* Carthaginian *Camp.*

Hannibal *is diſcover'd in his Tent, ſitting at a Table with Lights.*

Han. How great's the Care, the Toil and lingring Pain,
That racks a General's Breaſt, and breaks his Brain!
Argus a hundred Lights had, I but one,
Yet all the Day 'tis watchful as the Sun;
And all the Night 'tis watchful as the Moon.
When ſhall I ſleep, from Noiſe and Buſineſs freed?
'Tis hush'd, but Buſineſs does ſucceed:
Beauty which *Jove* could draw from Heav'n's high Tower,
When Nymphs in Groves his God-head ſtoop'd t'adore,
[illegible]uch he lov'd Delight above Almighty Power:

In his deep Blood the ſoft Contagion ran,
Staining his Son, that vaſt immortal Man,
The great *Alcides*, who a Diſtaff made
Of that huge Club which Nations could invade;
Wou'd in his Miſtreſs' Glaſs kind Looks deviſe,
Leſs'ning the Glories of his God-like Eyes,
And turn'd his mighty Voice to tender Cries.
Since Gods themſelves, and God-like Men have lov'd,
Why ſhould not I with Beauty's Charms be mov'd?
The higheſt Power has Love's blind Mazes trod;
Then *Hannibal* love on, and imitate a God.

Enter Bomilcar.

Bomilcar here? So ſuddenly return'd?
You look as if your Journey you had mourn'd.
Bom. My Lord, we were diſcover'd.
Han. Ha! How then?
Was your loſt Freedom given you agen?
Bom. The gen'rous Conſul knowing who we were,
Commanded us to diſſipate our Fear:
Then to his Officers gave ſtrict Command,
To let us take a view of every Band;
But ſuch brave Men, and ſuch ſtrict Diſcipline!
Han. You ſpeak, *Bomilcar*, as you knew not mine.
Bom. My Lord, your Pardon, if I ſay theſe Eyes
Ne'er yet beheld ſuch gallant Enemies.
When we had ſeen what might leſs Spirits damp,
He generouſly diſmiſs'd us from the Camp.
Han. This civil Brav'ry has obliged me ſo,
I ſhall to Battel with half Fury go:
Doubts enter here, which yet my Breaſt ne'er felt;
Doubts beget Fears, and Fears my Courage melt.
But of my Love, Couſin, you nothing ſaid;
Is ſhe alive? How I that Anſwer dread!
Or is it poſſible ſhe can be dead?
Bom. Tho in the Search our utmoſt Wit eſſay'd,
We nought could hear of that illuſtrious Maid.
Han. Perhaps his Heart for Temperance ſo renown'd
From her all-conquering Eyes might take a Wound,

And now he keeps her close: Which should he dare,
With Fire and Sword we'll carry on the War.
Yes, we will instantly our Bodies join;
The World's at stake, let her be his or mine.
Bom. Throw boldly at the Sum which the Gods set;
A hundred thousand Lives at once are met,
That on your side will all their Fortunes bet.

Enter Maherbal.

Mah. Come forth, my Lord, haste from your Tent, (behold
Sights that may chill the Fiery, daunt the Bold:
Shrill Trumpets eccho thro the Arch of Heaven,
Battels proclaim'd, and bloody Signals giv'n.
Two Suns their gaudy Chariots Curtains furl,
And at each other brandish'd Lightning hurl;
Red Bolts rush flaming thro a bloody Sky,
Wounding the Air, vast pointed Splinters fly,
Immortal Spirits drop down, and seem to die:
A Host of heavenly Warriours bright and gay
Appointed stand, and ready for the fray;
In golden Arms their shining Chiefs appear,
Helmets and Shields of Diamonds they wear,
And Spears, with Stars of value set, they bear.
Han. The End of all things sure is drawing nigh.
Mah. Thro the void Place swift Darts obliquely fly:
Black swarthy Demons hold a hollow Cloud,
And with long Thunder-bolts they drum aloud;
Their Trumpets all with Sun-beams are inlay'd,
Where dreadful Sounds by fiery Breath are made;
Mountains are buried in the Womb of Earth,
A Grave they find where first they had their Birth:
Our Houshold Gods sweat as they stand, and all
Your Garlands from their Temples untouch'd fall.
A Wolf but now, his Jaws all blooded o'er,
And by his side a savage foaming Boar,
Your Out-guards fac'd, and Slaughter there began,
Nor stop'd they, but thro all the Army ran,
'Till satiated with Blood, the Monsters fled,
Banish'd from Sight, dark Forests hid.

Han. Lead to the Place from whence we may deſcry
Theſe dreadful Prodigies that fill the Sky.
Command our Prieſts a Sacrifice prepare,
T'appeaſe the angry Demons of the Air. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *drawn diſcovers a Heaven of Blood, two Suns, Spirits in Battel, Arrows ſhot to and fro in the Air; Cries of yielding Perſons,* &c. *Cries of* Carthage *is fallen,* Carthage; &c.

Re-enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. What mean the Gods by theſe fantaſtick Forms?
And unprovok'd why do they raiſe ſuch Storms?
Mah. When dreadful Prodigies like theſe appear,
The ſure Deſtruction of ſome State is near.
Our General's mov'd, his angry Looks dart Fire,
And noble Rage does his griev'd Soul inſpire.
Han. Can this be true? Anſwer ye Powers Divine,
Shall in our Death the *Roman* Glory ſhine?
Has Fate our Ruin fix'd? Is it decreed,
That *Carthage* fall, and *Hannibal* muſt bleed?
Yet with unſhaken Souls our Doom we'll wait,
And periſh bravely, tho unfortunate:
Yes, ye malicious Powers, this *Hannibal*,
Whom you untimely to Deſtruction call,
Still what he was, ſhall like a Soldier fall.
Let *Hanno* ſhiver in the Arms of Death;
But loud Reports ſhall wait our parting Breath,
We'll drown the talking Gods with our laſt cry,
And Earth ſhall thunder back upon the Sky. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Roman *Camp.*

Enter Scipio, Lelius, *Attendants*, Varro, *Guard.*

Scip. 'TIS ſtrange that we no News from *Cirta* hear:
No Soldier thence? (hear:
Lel. None, Sir, does yet appear.
Scip. 'Twere fit ſome Tribune with our Horſe ſhou'd go,
And the Intents of *Maſſinaiſſa* know.

Enter Roſalinda *and* Maſſina.

Roſ. Where is the General? By your Majeſty,
And auguſt Garb, you ſhould the Conſul be:
If ſuch you are, I charge you ſet me free.
Scip. Your ſtrict Commands are told in ſuch a way,
The Conſul doubts whether he ſhould obey:
Nor know I, Fair-one, what, or whoſe you are,
Wrongfully held, or Priſoner of War.
Roſ. By right or wrong, when Beauty pleads like mine,
'Tis fit you ſtrait my Liberty enjoin;
To keep me here againſt my Will, is wrong,
Since I to *Hannibal* the Great belong:
Dare you detain what's his?
Scip. We all things dare,
But would not willingly offend the Fair:
None ſhall preſume your Freedom to deny,
If with the Gift we may your Friendſhip buy.
Roſ. My Friendſhip! No; to Death I hate you all,
All that bear Arms againſt my *Hannibal*:
A Man ſo great, I tho a *Roman* born,
Can for [illegible] Friends, my Country ſcorn;

Who drives the braveſt of you from the Field,
As I in Cities make all Beauties yield.
Rome! ſhe's not fit tho ſhe her Head lay down,
To be his Foot-ſtool, when he mounts a Throne.
Scip. My yet unſhaken Soul, with Virtue bound,
No force of War, or Love cou'd ever wound:
But *Mars* and *Cupid* now at once appear,
And ſtrike me with an Object fierce and fair..
How her Eyes ſhine! what killing Fires they dart!
And all within I feel the fatal Smart.
Away with her, ſhe is a Sorcereſs, go.
Maſſ. Stay, ſtay, my Lord, remember ſhe's your Foe;
Beſides I love her; and if ſhe departs
Or ſuffer any Wrong, 'twill break my Heart.
By all thoſe Noble Promiſes you made, [*Kneels.*
When *Aſdrubal* in *Spain* before your fled,
And I your Priſoner was, you lov'd me then,
With Gold and Jewels ſent me home again,
And hung about my Neck a Diamond Chain.
Scip. At your Requeſt, ſhe ſhall not go, but ſtay
With me.
Maſſ. With you? Diſpatch her, Sir, away.
A Rival in my Love I cannot bear:
Love toys, my Lord, below your Greatneſs are,
They'll take you off the Buſineſs of the War.
Scip. Tho War uſurp the Day, Love claims the Night,
At leaſt we'll ſpy this am'rous new Delight.
Maſſ. Yes you may try, but ne'er can pleaſe like me;
You'll ſtill be dreaming, Sir, of Victory,
Of ſtorming Forts, and digging Trenches deep,
And call for Arms, and break your Miſtreſs' ſleep.
Roſ. The ſerious Trifles of your Love adjourn;
For know I view you both with equal Scorn.
O mighty *Hannibal!* thou all Divine,
This loyal Heart ſhall never be but thine;
How little theſe compar'd to thee? how low?
Scip. Trophies as great, and Conqueſts we can ſhow,
Noble as thoſe which his fam'd Arms adorn,
From as dire Dangers Victory hath torn.

Roſ.

Roſ. 'Tis true, ſome Glory you atchiev'd in *Spain*,
And *Carthagena* by ſurprize did gain;
For your late Conqueſt poorly did conſpire,
Pretending Peace, you ſet the Camp on Fire:
Yet you would loudly talk of *Roman* Fame,
When all your Eagles Dove-like flew ſo tame.
But *Hannibal* with Noiſe to War proceeds,
Makes the World ſtart at his unequal'd Deeds;
He like ſome rolling Whale, who as he laves,
With his bright Armory gilds the Waves;
Daſhes the frighted Nation from his ſide,
That pale and foaming Furies far off ride,
O'er all the watry Region does command,
The Ocean's Lord and Tyrant of the Land:
While your tame Legions, like the ſmaller Fry,
Glide ſilent on, and only twinkle by.

Scip. Take her, *Maſſina*, bear her from my Tent,
To Freedom, Chains, to Death or Baniſhment:
Bear her where I may never ſee her more.

[Maſſina *leads her off.*

She's gone, and now I am as heretofore,
My panting Heart with Thirſt of Glory burns;
Fame flies before, and beck'ning Fortune turns,
Bevers and Bucklers, Swords and maſſy Shields,
And all the wonted Objects Fancy yields,
Black Hills, and duſty Plains, and bloody Fields.

Enter Maherbal.

What art thou? 'Tis the Conſul ſpeaks.

Mah. From *Hannibal* I come with you to treat,
E'er Fortune make the frighted World defeat:
The Grace which for his Spies you did command,
He thanks you for; but with his Sword in Hand,
He who ne'r yet a Parley wiſh'd with *Rome*,
Since War is to the dreadful upſhot come,
Would hold Diſcourſe with you of the Earth's Doom.

Scip. 'Tis granted; where's the Place?

Mah. On *Zama*'s Plain,
Attended only with five hundred Men;

Soon as the Morn's firſt Bluſhes ſhall appear,
Expect the Terror of your Armies there. [*Exit.*

Scip. Wou'd it were done, the great Deciſion made;
Rome crown'd, and in the Duſt great *Carthage* laid.

Enter Trebellius.

Treb. Laurels, and all the Trophies Conqueſt yields,
Colours and Standards, bought with Blood in Fields,
King *Maſſiniſſa* does to *Scipio* ſend,
His godlike Maſter, and his warlike Friend.

Scip. Relate in brief the Progreſs of his Arms.

Treb. Soon as King *Syphax* heard our dread Alarms,
He ſent ſome Troops of Horſe abroad to ſcout,
Which were by equal Number put to rout.
Urg'd with Deſpair, and by his charming Wife,
Whoſe Beauty has been fatal to his Life,
He came in Perſon forth, to end the Strife.
Our Battels join'd, and fiercely it was fought,
Till to the laſt Extreams our Troops were brought;
When *Maſſiniſſa* more than Man appear'd,
And with his overflowing Valour clear'd
Thoſe mighty Odds, which firſt our Soldiers fear'd.

Scip. Some wondrous Act of Fortitude was ſhown,
Which could reſettle Troops half overthrown.

Treb. Where'er our General turn'd, Death mark'd his Look,
And whom he ey'd, with his cold Arrow ſtrook;
Like ſome vaſt Flame he made his glorious Way,
And all about him Deſolation lay.
Syphax, whoſe Name he made to Heav'n reſound,
With Cries of ecchoing Joys at laſt he found,
Trembling, tho with his Guards encompaſs'd round;
Swift as Revenge could dart, he on him flew,
Whom from his Horſe with his Hands force he drew,
And pierc'd his Heart in both the Armies View:
Which ſeen, with one Conſent the Soldiers fled,
As if all Hopes were with their Monarch dead.

Scip. Cirta ſhould after ſuch a Loſs, in courſe,
Surrender to the Victor's dreaded Force.

Treb.

Treb. It did, Great Sir: To *Massinissa* now
The gravest Lords with willing Homage bow;
Where, as I did amongst the Foremost ride,
'Twas wish'd the Queen might prove the Victor's Bride.
Scip. I rather wish thou coud'st not Conquest boast.
And that the King were with the Battel lost.
To *Cirta*, *Lelius*, instantly repair,
And make that subtile Queen our Prisoner:
If *Massinissa* should oppose you, say,
'Tis my Command, who swore you to obey. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, *and* Bomilcar.

Han. My *Rosalinda* freed, and in my Tent?
But wherefore was that Stranger with her sent?
Thou hast a Tempest rais'd within my Mind;
Speak, was this Youth so fair, and she so kind?
Bom. Your *Rosalinda*'s Beauty did appear
Bright as Noon-day; all piercing, sprightly clear:
But he who led her seem'd so soft and young,
As if that Pity handed Love along;
And Tears did so his blushing Cheeks adorn,
Methought the Sun came usher'd by the Morn.
Han. Cease thy unwelcome Praise; what did she say?
Bom. That she wou'd there for your appearance stay:
I bow'd and went, but being curious grown,
I stoop'd a while to mark that Fair unknown:
When she with languishing Intreaties said,
Is this your Love? shall I not be obey'd?
Be gone, be gone; if *Hannibal* should come,
And [illegible] inspect, Death were a certain Doom.
Han. Peace, Harbinger of Fate; with Ravens dwell,
Thy Tale at Midnight to the Dying tell:
Oh! it has pierc'd me like a poison'd Dart,
Which by degrees infects the Blood and Heart;
And now it higher mounts, divides my Head,
Where like a Plague its pointed Venoms spread,
My Brain ten thousand various Tortures turn;
Now Agues chill me, and now Fevers burn.

Oh!

Oh *Roſalinda!* Falſe ungrateful Maid,
Am I for loſs of Glory thus repaid?
But let's away, to my Pavilion lead;
That Raviſher of all my Hopes ſhall bleed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roſalinda, *and* Maſſina.

Roſ. Why will you ſtay? If you did ever love,
Let me conjure you, from this Place remove.
Maſſ. Permit me as your menial Servant ſtay,
And near your Perſon ſigh my Life away:
Is that ſo much?
Roſ. It cannot, muſt not be,
That you ſhould idly ſpend your Hours with me:
You, like the golden Planet of the Day,
Should, as you riſe all glorious, ſet all gay;
A generous Pity does my Heart ſubdue,
Which bids you now eternally adieu.
Maſſ. Say, your Diſdain——Alas! how can I part?
Methinks I go as if I had no Heart:
But ſince you are reſolv'd it muſt be ſo,
Near to ſome murmuring Brook I'll lay me down;
Whoſe Waters, if they ſhould too ſhallow flow,
My Tears ſhall ſwell 'em up that I will drown.

Enter Hannibal, Bomilcar, Aſper.

Roſ. *Maſſina*, ſtay; I ſtrictly charge you live.
Han. Not Heav'n nor Earth can grant him a Reprieve,
Since *Hannibal* has vow'd that he ſhall die:
Bomilcar bind him, bind him inſtantly.
Falſe *Roſalinda!*——Bear him from my ſight,
And ſhade his Beauties with Eternal Night.
Is it for this at laſt we meet again?
Wou'd you had ſtill the Conſul's Captive been!
Roſ. Oh *Hannibal!* can you reſiſt my Tears?
What change is this your ſtormy Temper wears?
He ſhall not die, *Bomilcar*, *Aſper*, ſtay,
'Tis I command you; dare you diſobey?

Han.

Han. Be gone, he dies who liſtens to her Pray'r;
Pull off his Bracelets, let him Shackles wear,
With Fetters fret his ſoft and ſupple Skin;
Too light a Penance for ſo foul a Sin.
[Maſſina *is taken away.*

Roſ. If *Roſalinda* yet has any part
Left in that cruel, yet renowned Heart,
This Stranger's Freedom inſtantly enjoin,
And you ſhall ever be the Lord of mine.

Han. How dar'ſt thou plead for him, falſe as you are?
Falſer, if poſſible, than thou art fair:
In his behalf no Interceſſion make,
His Torments ſhall be doubled for thy ſake.

Roſ. Henceforth wrong'd Innocence from Courts re-
Thou beſt, but rare Companion of the Great: (treat,
Since thus abus'd, ah! viſit him no more,
But reſt thy Sorrows at ſome Shepherd's Door.

Han. Oh Guilt! canſt thou to Innocence appeal,
Who to this Youth ſuch Kindneſs didſt reveal?

Roſ. If Pity Kindneſs be, I was moſt kind,
Who all my Softneſs to his Griefs reſign'd:
And what but Marble Hearts cou'd ſee him mourn,
Yet ſo much Sweetneſs with ſuch Sorrows ſcorn?

Han. Pity, like yours, that does ſo ſwiftly move,
Is the Fore-runner of approaching Love.

Roſ. Unworthy of the Honour you poſſeſs;
My Paſſion's great, wou'd I cou'd make it leſs:
Know, moſt Unjuſt and Jealous, therefore vain,
For Jealouſy's great Weakneſs in great Men.
My conſtant Soul did for thy Glory wave,
The Rich, the Young, the Beautiful, and Brave.
My Charms the cold and temp'rate Conſul felt,
Whilſt Beauty's Beams did fiercely on him play:
The Froſt, which long had bound his Heart, did melt,
And Love like Sun-ſhine thaw'd his Ice away.

Han. Your Looks methinks have quite another Air;
Nor doubt I but your Beauty has been try'd,
So faint Love's Colours in your Face appear,
Like Silks that loſe their Gloſs by being dy'd.

Roſ.

Roſ. That *Scipio*, nor this Prince, whom cruel Fate
Have bound, cou'd nothing on my Heart prevail,
Is as Heav'ns high Decree moſt juſtly true;
And I am innocent, as thou art frail.

Han. Alas! 'twas Innocence to ſay, be gone;
If *Hannibal* ſhou'd but inſpect, you're dead.

Roſ. Compaſſion, for a Love I could not own,
Urg'd me to ſpeak: what you have heard, was ſaid,
Therefore releaſe him inſtantly from Bands,
And yield him ſafe into the Conſul's Hands:
Without delays or murm'ring free him ſtrait;
Or may your Laurels never more be green,
Nor may your Arms in War be fortunate,
Nor *Roſalinda* but with Frowns be ſeen.

Han. Stay, Madam—Haſte, the Captive Prince unbind:
My Heart to others rough, the Soldier's Crime,
As Rocks to Seas, or ſtubborn Oaks to Wind,
Shall bow to you, as thoſe muſt yield to Time:
Forgive my Temper, harden'd with the Steel,
In which I ſtood almoſt Immortal Man,
Till Love let fall a Blow, that made me reel,
And pointed Beauty through my Armour ran.
Can you forgive the Rudeneſs of my Mind?

Roſ. Forego your Jealouſy, and I'll be kind.

Enter Maſſina *unbound.*

Han. May a raſh Man, wrong'd Prince, your Pardon crave?

Maſſ. No, Sir, my Pardon you ſhall never have;
For know I hate thee on a double Score,
Much for thy Love, more for Tyrannick Pow'r;
Princes who have like me diſhonour'd been,
Should bluſh to be diſhonqur'd ſo again;
Fall, die, diſpatch, to Fortune's Malice bow,
Thy Royal Uncle would not own thee now.
Life proffer'd with the World I wou'd not take;
Yet I could live for *Roſalinda*'s ſake:
Speak *Hannibal*, wilt thou thy Share reſign?

Roſ. He may, but I can never part with mine.

Maſſ. How, never?

Roſ.

Roſ. Never.
Maſſ. O unkind hard Heart!
Love when he ſhot me, ſure miſtook his Dart,
Or chang'd with Death, whoſe quick deſtroying Shaft
Thus drinks my Blood, thus with a full deep Draught.
[*Stabs himſelf.*
Roſ. Hold cruel Prince! the Dagger from him wreſt.
Han. Too late, alas! I drew it from his Breaſt.
Roſ. What have you done?
Maſ. Only my Body drain'd
Of that ſick Blood, which *Hannibal* had ſtain'd:
What leſs than Death could I to Honour give?
And Love neglected charg'd me not to live.
Now you may take him, take him to you all,
This cruel, haughty, happy *Hannibal.*
Han. The buſ'neſs of our Life's a ſenſeleſs thing;
Why burns th' ambitious Man to be a King?
Or to what purpoſe does the Warrior call
For Arms? or Gown-men buſtle in the Hall?
Sport for the Gods, they whirl us here and there,
As Boys blow watry Bubbles in the Air.
My Help!
Maſſ. Ah! let me not be touch'd by thee,
If Foes may capable of Pity be.
Your *Roſalinda* ſeize, and with her fly
To Golden Beds; embrace her faſt, while I
Within my dark and duſty Dungeon lie.
[*Dies.*
Han. Crouds of ill-boding Thoughts my Soul diſmay.
His Body to the *Roman* Camp convey,
Hears'd in a mourning Chariot ſoftly tread,
And look ſo ſad that they may think you dead.
[*They bear off the Body.*
Roſ. This your Suſpicion of my Honour was:
See the Effects where Jealouſy's the Cauſe.
Ah cruel Victor, I cou'd curſe thee now;
With all thy Laurels blaſted on thy Brow.
Love ſickens with this Deed, my Tranſports fade,
Would we were both in Earth's low Cavern laid;

Cur-

Curtain'd with ſhady Horrors, where the Sun
And Stars their fiery Courſes never run,
But all the Buſineſs of the World is done.
[*Exit.*

Han. Oh that my Heart her future State could find;
Know to what Good or Ill this Life's deſign'd.
Prudence againſt ſuch Knowledge may adviſe:
But who of all Mankind was always wiſe?
For the great Secret to the Gods I'll go;
And if they fail me, fathom for't below,
Tho hid by Fate under a thouſand Rocks,
And drag it up by the dark jetty Locks.
Let it as ghaſtly as a *Gorgon* come,
Stiff with the View, I will out-gaze my Doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE *the City of* Cirta.

Enter King Maſſiniſſa, *and* Menander. [*Trumpets ſound a lofty March.*

K. *Maſ.* Was ever Victory ſo ſwiftly won?
We ſcarce had leiſure to demand the Town:
Their Gates were open'd with ſuch Haſte and Fear,
As if our conquering Swords enchanted were.
Men. Syphax, the great Uſurper of your Throne,
Is to revenging Furies downwards gone:
In Hell's low Valleys grown the darkeſt Weed,
And fells the Stings that make Ambition bleed.
K. *Maſ.* Straight to the Palace bid our Forces turn,
Where *Sophonisba* does her Loſſes mourn.
We'll viſit that forſworn illuſtrious Fair,
To let her ſee how unconcern'd we are.
Men. Since you have promis'd that you would forſake,
Why ſhould your Virtue needleſs Trials make?
Love, tho ſcarce warm, within your Boſom pent,
Fann'd with her kindling Sighs, may get a Vent;
Like Heat which ſtifled in ſome cloſer ſpace,
If any Air gets in, fires all the Place.

K. *Maſ.*

K. *Maſ.* Dar'ſt thou ſuſpect? I ſay, it cannot be;
Has Air, or Running'd Rangers, Liberty?
Looſe, like the Wind, as the wide Ocean free,
My enlarg'd Soul rolls wantonly along,
Can hear unmov'd the warbling *Syren's* Song;
Braving her Eyes, her Falſhood I'll upbraid,
For thoſe rude Wrongs ſhe on my Virtue laid.
Men. Your Majeſty beſt knows what's fit to chuſe;
I humbly offer'd what you may refuſe.
K. *Maſ.* Perhaps my preſent Rage I may not keep;
For ſhe has Words would make the Cruel weep.
And Charms as powerful as *Circe's* Wiles,
As raviſh'd Virgins Sighs, or Infants Smiles.
But I more blind with Rage than ſhe with Tears,
Maugre the Cunning which her Sorrow wears,
Her Hopes will laugh at, and deſpiſe her Fears.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *The Palace.*

Enter Sophonisba, Rezambe, *and* Merna.

Soph. Reme and the World againſt my Life combine;
Methinks I'm ſtill a Queen while this is mine.
The *Maſſiniſſa* has the King o'erthrown,
And his victorious Troops poſſeſs the Town;
Yet *Sophonisba* is, and ſhall be free,
Spite of the frighted Senators Decree.
They bluſh to ſee this Life ſo glorious ſhine,
And fear their Eagles Eyes ſhould dazzl'd be with mine.
Merna, if I have ought from thee deſerv'd,
Be grateful thus, [illegible] nobly ſerv'd.
Mer. Not for the World.
Soph. Rezambe, thou art brave,
Strike, and the *Carthaginian* Glory ſave:
How will the Juſt, the Valiant, and the Wiſe,
Extol thy Virtue, and thy Courage prize?
Who durſt the Softneſs of thy Sex forego,
And free thy Country with one deſperate Blow;
A Deed that will even *Hannibal* out-do.

Rez.

Rez. Rather than I would live to [illegible],
Which Kings have kiſs'd, fetter'd with *Roman* Bands;
That Body like a Pageant Wretch adorn'd,
Gracing the Victor's Wheels your Greatneſs ſcorn'd;
Rather than this endure, by all that's good,
I'd bathe this Dagger in your Life's warm Flood,
Till the Haft reek'd with your Heart's Royal Blood.

Soph. O thou moſt noble martial Maid,
If by thy Eyes my Soul could be ſurvey'd,
Thou wouldſt believe what cannot be expreſs'd,
How dear thou art to *Sophonisba*'s Breaſt.
Thy Voice like ſad, but pleaſing Muſick flew;
Like dying Swans, 'twas ſweet and fatal too.
Now ſtrike, and bravely act thy tragick part;
Juſt here, ſtrike thro and thro this wretched Heart.

Rez. Death's our laſt Remedy, as 'tis the worſt:
'Tis fit you try the Victor's Mercy firſt.
Prince *Maſſiniſſa* lov'd you once; who knows
But the ſame Paſſion in his Boſom glows?
Blow it into a Flame, try all your Charms;
Love laughs at brandiſh'd Swords and glittering Arms.

Mer. Never was Man like *Maſſiniſſa* kind,
By Nature mild, and amorouſly inclin'd.
Not vanquiſh'd *Syphax* dying fell ſo low,
As his charm'd Prince will to your Beauty bow.

Rez. Imputed Treachery you ought to clear;
Let Guilt ſhrink back, and Innocence appear:
I'll hide the Poniard in my Robe; if he
Dooms you a Slave, this gives you Liberty.

Soph. When breach of Faith join'd Hearts does diſengage,
The calmeſt Temper turns to wildeſt Rage:
He thinks me falſe, tho I have been moſt true;
And thinking ſo, what may his Fury do?

Rez. His Trumpets Clangors make the Palace ring;
Here wait your Fate, and this victorious King.

Enter King Maſſiniſſa, Menander, *Attendants.*

K. *Maſſ.* Madam, I come to tell you that you are
No more a Queen, but Priſoner of War.

The

The King, whose loss 'tis probable you grieve,
To whose lov'd Memory those Tears you give,
For Judgment is to Heav'n's Tribunal gone,
And I now come to claim my Father's Throne.
You in the War have been unfortunate;
Not but your Cause deserv'd a better Fate.
Soph. Of Empire's Joys to you a Gift I make,
More willingly than I did ever take.
Freely as ever *Syphax* made it mine,
To *Massiniſſa* I my Crown resign. (spise:
K. *Maſ.* Not as your Gift; Crowns I. should then de-
But as my Right by Birth and Valour's Prize,
My Father *Galla*'s Diadem I'll bear,
And all the Royalties of *Cirta* wear.
Soph. These Springs of Grief Unkindness now supplies.
K. *Maſ.* *Syphax* deserv'd that Tribute from your Eyes.
Soph. There is a Cause more worthy of these Tears.
K. *Maſ.* More worthy! what, than *Syphax?* for your (sake
Did he not Fame and Empire Victims make,
Giving Love over-measure, when at last
He threw his Life up for you as a Cast?
Soph. If what I spake might kindly be receiv'd——
But Misery can never be believ'd.
K. *Maſ.* Not you believ'd! O God, is it clear day,
So manifest are all things that you say.
Not you believ'd! what harden'd Infidel
Shall dare to doubt the Oracles you tell?
Soph. I will, when Sorrow shall permit me, speak;
But sure my Heart must with Unkindness break.
K. *Maſ.* 'Tis possible; yet, Madam, e'er I go,
Express your Will, for I have much to do:
My Men I have not plac'd; my Father's Throne
We have not fill'd; I must, I must be gone.
Menander, do we triumph?
Men. Bravely, Sir;
All like your self, and more than Conqueror.
Rex. Merna, we're lost: for with a haughty Scorn
He turns away, and swells to see her mourn.
Soph. Are you not *Massiniſſa* call'd?

K. *Maſ.*

K. *Maſ.* I am.

Soph. Have you not heard of *Sophonisba's* Name?
She who unmov'd your high Diſdain endures;
Yet *Sophonisba*, who was always your's. ——

K. *Maſ.* Oh Heavens!

Soph. Whom waſting Cares did all the day devour,
Who watch'd all Night, counting each tedious hour:
And never found that there were Joys in Power.

K. *Maſ.* Ha! *Sophonisba!* yes, I knew her well,
That Angel fair, and lov'd her e'er ſhe fell.
Oh, *Sophonisba*, hadſt thou but a Mind
Half beauteous as the Caſe where 'tis enſhrin'd,
Thou wert —— but ſhe is dangerous to name;
My Reaſon's ſnatch'd by my tempeſtuous Flame.
Menander help ——
Or I ſhall ſink in the Abyſs of Thought,
My Vows, my Friendſhip, Glory, all forgot:
As when we launch into the Sea, the Land (Strand.
Goes backward, with the Trees, and all the neighb'ring

Men. Be gone, my Lord, you're ruin'd if you ſtay.

K. *Maſ.* What, from the Vanquiſh'd ſhall we run away?

Men. Still there's ſome hopes, ſince at her Name he
And now he eyes her with a kindling Look. (ſhook,

Sez. With that laſt Glance methought Love ſhot him
there.

K. *Maſ.* Yes, Madam, this is *Maſſiniſſa* here;
I am (to thy Confuſion be it known)
A walking Grave with Sorrows over-grown,
With rooted Cares, and every baneful Weed,
That nightly Watchings and pale Troubles breed.
Once I was free from thee, and flouriſh'd fair,
Like a tall Tree I bloſſiend in the Air,
My chearful Friends like Birds about me ſung,
Free from the Charms of thy deceitful Tongue,
And ripening Hopes blooming around me hung;
Till thou, fair Murd'reſs, didſt like Lightning fall,
And blaſted Bloſſoms, Branches, Root and all.

Soph. O, *Maſſiniſſa*, hear I this from thee?

K. *Maſ.* 'Tis equally a Truth from him or me,
Or any here —— why, Madam, not from me?

But

But if my Preſence ſhould a Trouble prove,
I will for ever from your ſight remove.
Soph. Stay, *Maſſiniſſa*, ſtay, my Life, my Soul;
Why do your Eyes with ſuch ſtrange Motion roll?
Your Fury in this Heart that loves you hide.
K. *Maſ.* Where does the Searcher of the Soul reſide,
Who thro blind Tracks finds out a Woman's Heart?
Lo here's a bar, a ſtop to all his Art:
Who would not ſwear that ſuch a Love is true?
Soph. Do I not love you? by the Gods I do.
K. *Maſ.* Oh thou Diſſembler; Once this would have done;
But all thy practis'd Wiles at laſt are known.
Juſt ſo ſhe talk'd, and ſo ſhe wept before,
And with that beauteous honeſt Look ſhe ſwore.
Gods! if I ſtay, I ſhall believe again;
Farewel thou greateſt Pleaſure, greateſt Pain.
Soph. By all your Loves, this cannot, muſt not be;
Thoſe cruel Words could not be meant to me:
To me, who love you with a Heart entire,
A Flame more laſting than the Veſtal's Fire:
To me, who am indeed all one Deſire.
Ah, Prince, thy Love is all my Light and Health,
The Treaſure I would hoard, my only Wealth:
Take not that from me.
K. *Maſ.* 'Tis but vain Delay.
Soph. Unkindly urg'd; why do you turn away? [*Kneels.*
You ſhall not go till you have left me dead.
My Tears till now were never vainly ſhed.
O hear my Sighs, my Vows, ye Powers above,
If any Power like me could ever love:
Let looſe your Fires, and thaw this frozen Heart;
And thou, dread God of Love, ev'ry Dart.
You ſha'not ſtir. [*Weeps.*
K. *Maſ.* What means this riſing Flood?
Soph. Nature will ſtart at ſuch Ingratitude;
Revenge on after Ages this Diſgrace,
And only Monſters make of human Race:
Inhuman thou.
K. *Maſ.* She ſhall not; yet ſhe ſhall:
She graſps my Heart, and cries, ſhe'll have it all.

'Tis

'Tis so, her Eyes resistless Magick bear,
Angels I see, and Gods are dancing there.
Rise, Madam, rise; each Sigh, each softning Glance,
Lulls my loud Wrongs; I'm hush'd, and in a Trance.

Men. His Sighs flow from him with so strong a Gale,
As if his Soul would thro his Lips exhale.

Soph. Cou'd you be thus? on your poor Mistress frown?
What was my fault, alas! what have I done?

K. *Mas.* Nothing; why, nothing; only this thou art,
My Life, my Soul, my Spirits, Blood, and Heart;
Whose Hands least thrilling Touch does please above
The very Act of any other Love.
Gods, how she charms! none sure was e'er like thee;
Nor wild as I; Storms borrow Rage of me,
But thou are soft, and sweet, and silent all,
As Births of Roses, or as Blossoms fall.

Soph. This Rose that sticks so near your Heart will fade,
When planted by your Hand in Death's cold Shade.

K. *Mas.* By mine! Not Savages would harm thy Breast;
On whose refreshing Pillows *Jove* might rest,
And with immortal Sweets be ever blest.
So fair, 'tis well thou art not faithful too;
I could not bear my Bliss if thou wert [illegible]

Soph. Think me not false, tho I did *Syphax* wed,
Who ever was a Stranger to my Bed.
[illegible] Father's positive Command,
I must confess I [illegible]'d him my Hand:
Heaven curse me if I ever granted more;
Cou'd I be his, having been yours before?

K. *Mas.* Why do you [illegible]? still as a Statue low
I stand, nor shall the [illegible] to blow.
Speak, and it shall [illegible]ight: not one shall dare
To sigh, tho on the Rack he tortur'd were,
Nor for his Soul whisper a dying Prayer.

Soph. Make your Love long, and let it burn less fast;
These sudden Raptures are too hot to last.

K. *Mas.* Right, Madam; long if we such Joys should
The furious Transports of Delight would kill. (see)

Me-

Menander to the Temple lead away,
By my clear Fame this is our Marriage-Day.
Soph. Your Fame does far above all Cenſure ſit,
Free from the Taunts of low repining Wit.
Kings tho they err, ſhould never be arraign'd;
But if I yield, my Glory will be ſtain'd.
What will the World report of ſuch a Bride,
Who marry'd the ſame Day her Husband died?
K. *Maſ.* Since *Scipio* is your mortal Enemy,
It muſt be ſo upon neceſſity:
Who yet will not moleſt you, being mine.
Soph. Then to the Gods let me my Breath reſign.
K. *Maſ.* Can you conſent, rather than be my *Wife*,
To hazard Honour, Liberty, and Life?
Soph. But, Sir——
K. *Maſ.* But, Madam, ſay what you can ſay,
You ought not, muſt not, and I cannot ſtay,
One Minute more caſts both our Lives away.
Soph. Know, mighty Prince, I was, and am the ſame;
And tho the World this Act may juſtly blame,
I will be your's, and in that way you name:
But firſt by all the Gods and Glory ſwear,
Rather than yeild me up *Rome*'s Priſoner,
That you ſome fatal Token will preſent,
To free me from inglorious Puniſhment.
K. *Maſ.* I ſwear by Heaven, by Glory, and by Arms,
By ſomething more, by your own conquering Charms,
You ſhall be ever from the *Romans* free;
Or I by Death will give you Liberty.
Soph. Now lead me where you pleaſe.
K. *Maſ.* A Taſte of Bliſs:
The God of Marriage ſeal our Vows with this: [*Kiſſes her.*
Nectar, and Flames, the Sweets of *Love* grow,
About her Lips Ambroſial Odours flow.
Let melancholy Monarchs Counſel take,
Wed by Advice, and ſullen Nuptials make;
But I prefer what thus my Arms infold,
To all the Wealth that Earth or Seas can hold,
To Rocks of Diamond, or to Hills of Gold.
Spite of proud *Rome*, and all her haughty Mien,
She was my Miſtreſs, and ſhall be my Queen.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Bellona's *Temple*.

An Altar is ſhown, with a Soldier lying upon it, arm'd all but his Head: Aglave, Cumana, *ſtanding each upon a Tripos, with Daggers in their Right Hands, and Cenſers in their Left.*

Agla. E'ER we our ſolemn Rites begin,
The ſacred Cavern purge from Sin;
About the dreadful Altar go;
About it Incantations blow.
Cum. The dire Oblation thus we drain,
And with his Blood our Temples ſtain.
The Screech-Owl warns us with her Note,
Strike your Dagger in his Throat;
Waſh him deep, and ſuck his Blood,
Prepare his frighted Ghoſt a Shroud.
Agla. Riſe, ye ſulph'rous Flames, ariſe,
Conſume the baleful Sacrifice;
That of his Limbs we now take,
And clotted Cinders with 'em rake,
And Viands for *Bellona* make.
Cum. Our Goddeſs ſmiles: 'Tis done, 'tis done;
The *Romans* have the Victory won.
From yonder Battlements of Heav'n
I ſaw the *Carthaginians* driv'n.
They fly, they fly; the Conſul there
Purſues 'em thro long Tracks of Air;
He puts their General to rout,
And drives them like a Storm about.
Agla. Our Goddeſs ſhall have Death enough;
Her Shrine with Fat of thouſands ſtuff,

With

With sacry Heads her Altar fill;
And Tuns of Blood upon 'em ſpill.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Cum. But lo, who comes, what, what are theſe,
That pry into our Myſteries?
Speak, Speak, *Aglave*; I'll be gone,
Their Buſineſs know, I'll come anon;
The Fit of Prophecy's come on.
Our Goddeſs does the Tunnel wind
And ſacred Horrors ſwell my Mind. [*Exit.*

Agla. What are you? and what is it you would know?

Han. Men call me *Hannibal*, *Rome*'s dreadful Foe;
Who after many Battels loſt and won,
Reſolve to periſh, or my Conqueſt crown.
One Day the World's great Empire muſt decide;
But, what the Gods and that great Day provide,
We wiſh to know, who dare the worſt abide.

Agla. Cumana to the ſacred Tunnel cleaves,
Her Breaſt enlarg'd, the Goddeſs now receives;
And now ſhe rages like a *Bacchanal*,
With Furies acted, rends the Holy Veil:
Full of the Deity, about ſhe roams,
Stares, gapes, and on the hallow'd Curtain foams;
Cuts her hot Fleſh, grovels upon the Ground,
Sings, dances, kicks the golden Tripos round.

Enter Cumana *ſcratching her Face, ſtabbing a Dagger into her Arms; Priests following her.*

Sings.

Beneath the Poplar's Shadow lay me,
No raging Fires will there diſmay me:
Near ſome Silver Current lying,
Under ſleepy Poppies dying.
I ſwell and am bigger than Typhon *ever was;*
With a ſtrong Band of Braſs, O bind me about,
Leſt my Body ſhould burſt, for the Secret to paſs,
And a vent being given, the Fury get out.

I cannot, I will not be vext any longer.
While I rage, I grow weak, and the Goddeſs grows ſtronger.

She ſpeaks.

If *Hannibal* to *Zama* tend,
His Valour *Scipio* ſhall commend ;
And near *Bagrada*, on the Plain,
There ſhall be thouſand *Romans* ſlain.
Thou with thy old *Italian* Band
Shalt put the Conſul to a ſtand.

Sings.

Hark, hark, the Drums rattle,
Dub a dub to the Battle;
Tarara, tarara, the Trumpets too rattle.
Now, now they come on, and pell-mell they mingle.
What ruſling and buſtling ;
And Splinters of Lances with broken Arms jingle,
Gold Trappings, bright Bevers, Swords, Bucklers and Daggers ;
The ſtout Man flies on, and the faint-hearted ſtaggers.

See, the Saddle-Girts burſt,
And the General's unhorſt ;
But he rallies agen,
And brings up his Men,
Spite of Fortune and Fate,
And the Gods that oppoſe,
He hacks, and he hews,
Thro the Hearts of his Foes.

Ceaſe, Goddeſs, ceaſe thy Servant to torment ;
My Lungs are with prophetick Fury ſpent.
The ſtruggling Fates within my Boſom turn,
And heavenly Fires my trembling Heart-ſtrings burn.
When will thy Godhead let me reſt,
Too mighty for a mortal Breaſt ?
Agla. Cumana, to a Period haſte ;
You ſhall have Eaſe when you have done,
And ſweet refreſhing Slumbers taſte
Upon the Borders of the Moon.

A Dance of Spirits.

Cum. Lo, afar off the curſt *Bithynian* Band,
A poiſon'd General rules upon the Sand.
Gods! how he ſwells! how bloated is his Look!
Death from the Pummel of his Sword he took. [*Exit.*
Han. Shall *Romans* fall by *Carthaginians* Swords,
And *Carthage* ſink? what mean theſe myſtick Words?
A fooliſh Bard as much as this might tell;
Or a white Witch, without the Aid of Hell.
More I muſt know; ſpeak *Roſalinda's* Doom:
Let all the Loſſes of a Battel come,
May *Scipio* in the Duſt our Glory foil,
We'll bear the Frowns of *Mars*, if *Cupid* ſmile.
Agla. Too curious Mortal, ſeek not what once known
May ſnatch your Sleep, and make you ever groan.
Your Fate crouds back, and would not come in view;
Do not too far th' unwilling Gods purſue:
Like one who raſhly dares give Spirits chaſe,
They fly awhile to ſome dark ruin'd Place,
Thro Caverns run, thro Cloiſters dog him round,
Or dance before him over fairy Ground;
Till wre'd too far, a Face all pale and ſad
Turns quick upon him, and the Fool runs mad.
Bom. Let's go, my Lord; I am not us'd to fear,
And yet methinks I dread to tarry here.
Mah. Heaps of the Slain I often have beheld,
And with my Battle-ax have hundreds ſell'd;
Yet here I'm ſhaken, th' Objects too funeſt,
I'd rather ſee a Javelin at my Breaſt.
Han. *Aglave*, by our Goddeſs' Arms I ſwear,
We will not from the ſacred Cavern ſtir,
Till you have clear'd my Doubts; tho every Star
At your dread Call ſtart from his flaming Sphere;
Tho from her Orb, cloſe mantled in a Cloud,
The Moon ſlide down to wander in this Wood,
Tho with your Charms the Sun diſſolve in Blood:
Fathom the Depth of Deſtiny below,
And all the Terrors of your Magick ſhow.

Agla. Beneath thoſe burden'd Branches ſtand,
Safe from the Spirit I command.
Ariſe, appear, thou whom his Soul does love,
His Heart with viſionary Horrors move.

Roſalinda *riſes in a Chair, pale, with a Wound on her Breaſt; two* Cupids *deſcend, and hang weeping over her.*

Han. Shall *Roſalinda* then untimely die?
'Tis falſe, and all theſe damn'd Deceivers lye.
Facing thy Fate, with my Sword I'll ſtand,
Back'd with my conquering old *Italian* Band,
With the ſame haughty Fierceneſs ruſhing on,
Which the *Saguntines* City thunder'd down;
Like *Troy*'s young Hero;
Who, while the World about him did admire,
His Father bore thro Night, Death, Blood and Fire,
Spite of oppoſing Hell, and War's worſt Arms,
So I will bear my Love upon my Arms.

Bom. To Horſe, my Lord; and leave this curſed Place:
Let's go and inſtantly the Conſul face.

Mah. No more, in this damn'd Sorcereſs confide;
Permit, my Sword her Body to divide:
Or from her Corps cut her enchanted Head,
And her black Brains upon the Altar ſhed.

Han. We'll go, *Maherbal*; with to morrow's Dawn,
On the vaſt Plain our Squadrons ſhall be drawn.
Yet for ſome Minutes Battel ſhall decline;
We'll ſee this Conſul e'er our Bodies join;
And if on equal Terms a Peace may be,
For *Carthage* ſake I'll court my Enemy.

Bom. 'Tis juſt you ſhould deliberation take,
With Caution deal, and manage the laſt Stake.

Mah. Your Armies are the Cards which both muſt play;
At leaſt come off a Saver if you may.

Han. But like *Sol*'s Offspring, ſwell'd with dang'rous Fires,
He to the Management of all aſpires;
Alone the Scepter of the World would ſway,
Alone would rule the Heaven, and drive the Day.

Like

Like that indulgent God, I'll firſt adviſe;
Shew him the Tracks thro which Ambition flies:
If deaf to all, let him aſcend the Throne,
Snatching at Glories which muſt weigh him down;
Like *Jove* we'll toſs him from his gliſtering Chair,
Sing'd in the Clouds, hiſſing thro liquid Air,
And dart him headlong like a falling Star.

Exeunt.

Enter Scipio, *meeting* Lelius *diſarm'd*; Varro, Trebellius.

Scip. Lelius return'd and ſad! tell the Event.
Lel. Too late, my Lord, I was to *Cirta* ſent;
For e'er ſome thouſand Paces got from hence,
I *Maſſiniſſa* met, that wretched Prince;
Not as I us'd, arm'd with a Warriour's Grace,
Like *Mars* when thundring on the Plains of *Thrace*,
But in a Chariot drawn by milk-white Steeds,
Like ſoft *Adonis* driving thro the Meads,
And *Sophonisba* leaning on his Breaſt,
Like *Venus* with her wanton Huntſman bleſt.
Scip. Are theſe his Vows? Some new way we muſt try;
Rather than live diſhonour'd, he ſhall die.
Lel. Soon as the Tyrant *Syphax* was o'erthrown,
With Menaces he forc'd the frighted Town;
Which enter'd, ſtraight he to the Palace flew,
Forgetting all his Vows, he lov'd anew.
The Conquer'd did the Conqueror ſubdue.
In ſhort, her Tears, and Beauty won ſo far,
In view of all the World he married her.
They are arriv'd, and now upon the Plain,
In a Pavilion Royal do remain.
Scip. Trebellius, go, this ſubtile Charmer bring:
Take all our Guards t'aſſiſt againſt the King;
And ſay that we'll attend him in his Tent,
But firſt expect the Queen be Priſoner ſent:
Tell him ſhe is the *Romans* Foe; and ſhall
A Sacrifice for Blood of thouſands fall.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter King Maſſiniſſa, Sophonisba.

K. *Maſ.* Let him arm all his Pow'r againſt this Breaſt,
My Heart unmov'd ſhall ſtand the mighty Teſt.
What I have ſworn ſhall like thy Virtue laſt;
I'll hold thee to me as my Heart-ſtrings faſt.
Thou Soul of Love! all charming Excellence!
Whoſe very Looks drives ſtormy Troubles hence,
Does all the Bleſſings of the Gods diſpenſe.
Why doſt thou tremble? let not ſaucy Fear
Make thy Heart pant, or cauſe thee ſhed a Tear.

Soph. Alas, my Lord, 'twere better I were dead,
In my cold Grave, ſafe from theſe Troubles laid;
Rather ten thouſand Racks let me endure,
Than once be brought into the *Roman* Pow'r.
'Tis true, that you have deeply ſworn you would
Defend me.

K. *Maſ.* To my Heart's laſt Drop of Blood;
Or may I by ſome Coward mangled lie,
And Dogs and Vultures tear me as I die.
The Tygreſs will revenge her raviſh'd Young,
'Midſt Darts, and Spears, and Javelins ruſh along:
The Clown, ſo low and ignorant of Fame,
Will venture Life to ſave his ſwarthy Dame:
And ſhall not I for thee waſte all this Blood,
Thou ſofteſt Bleſſing, and the ſweeteſt Good?

Soph. I know not what the Gods for you intend;
But 'tis moſt certain I am near my End:
Not that Death's darkeſt Horror I can fear;
But Bondage is a Load I cannot bear.

K. *Maſ.* Quit all thoſe Fancies that diſturb thy Reſt,
And caſt thy Melancholy on this Breaſt.
This Heart is ever thine.

Soph. O my lov'd Lord;
If you ſhould break —— but you will keep your Word;
Keep all your Oaths; yet Heaven and you know beſt,
Some ſurfeit with their Love, as on a Feaſt,
And then they loath when once they're ſatiated;
But you'll remember me when I am dead.

From

From theſe dear Eyes to endleſs Shades remov'd,
None e'er will love you ſure as I have lov'd.

Enter Trebellius.

Treb. Guards wait without——My Lord you muſt re-
The Queen, whom I have Orders to confine. (ſign

K. *Maſ.* Touch her not for thy Life, but ſtreight retire,
Safer thou may'ſt with Thunder play, kiſs Fire,
Grapple with Death, a Peſtilence invade,
With all his fatal purple Pomp array'd.

[Trebellius *goes to ſeize her,* Maſſiniſſa *kills him.*

Treb. Cut off in my full Growth! curſe on your Striſe;
To die thus, when I Buſineſs had for Life.
Juſt *Scipio* will revenge my Death, beware;
I feel I'm going, tho I know not where. [*Dies.*

K. *Maſ.* Nought but thy Blood cou'd waſh thy Guilt away,
What durſt the Rancour of thy Heart diſplay,
And fully with rude Hands the faireſt Piece
That the Gods ever drew? Your Troubles ceaſe:
I'm in; and now no hope of Safety's nigh,
Yet ſtill a King, we will attended die.
Like a brave Merchant,
Who when his long toſs'd loaded Veſſel hits
Againſt ſome Rock, and with loud Horrour ſplits;
Firſt graſps one Casket which does all contain,
Then fearleſs, ſhe's himſelf into the Main:
So I with thee, my only Wealth, my All,
Amidſt the numerous Slain at laſt muſt fall.
The Noiſe come near: Here ſafe retire from view,
Glory and Love ſhall teach us what to do. [*Exit Soph.*

Enter Scipio, Lelius, Varro, *Guards.*

Lel. Trebellius ſlain! and in a Woman's Cauſe!
Shame to our Arms, Diſgrace to Honour's Laws.
What Flames of Miſchief from this Spark might riſe?
'Tis juſt with Rigour you his Fault chaſtiſe.

Scip. Yet *Maſſiniſſa*, thou ſhalt dearly buy
Thy ill-got Love, and fatal Gallantry:

Curl on in wanton Ways, bask in her Charms,
By *Mars* ſhe is a Victim to our Arms.

King Maſſiniſſa *meets him.*

K. *Maſ.* Your high Diſpleaſure in your Face I ſpy:
When the great *Scipio* frowns, great Danger's nigh.
The Fact I muſt confeſs, done in defence
Of Beauty wrong'd, and helpleſs Innocence.

Scip. Where is that fair Incendiary fled;
E'er to extremeſt Rigour we proceed,
I ſtrictly charge thee bring her forth to bleed;
Or on thy Perſon I will vengeance take,
And thou ſhalt periſh for thy Miſtreſs' ſake.

K. *Maſ.* With greedy Joy I offer you my Life,
If by the Gods you'll ſwear to free my Wife.

Scip. You ſhall not for her ſake have leave to die,
Nor will I give her Life or Liberty.
For *Rome*, not for your ſake, this War was wag'd,
You only as a Voluntier engag'd:
Therefore whatever Towns or Captives fall
Into your hands, they are the *Romans* all.

K. *Maſ.* Then thus I know; think it not Inſolence,
For it's not meant, Sir, in my own defence,
But to preſerve a ſacred Innocence.
From their bright Thrones perhaps the Gods will glide,
And range themſelves in Battel on my ſide:
Beneath a Cauſe ſo juſt I cannot fall,
I and the Gods will fight it with you all.

Scip. Tho' deemſt thy Luſt an Action great and good;
Death ought to cool this Fever in thy Blood.
With me contending, againſt Fate you ſtrive,
Yet I will pity ſhew; take him alive.

K. *Maſ.* Inglorioufly you have a Conqueſt made,
That Breaſt my tim'rous Arm durſt not invade.
My Heart, tho prompted by her powerful Charms,
Fainted before the Maſter of my Arms.
Nor ſhall you yet my Soul's lov'd Treaſure reach,
My Body thus ſtams up the narrow Breach:
And he who dares——

Raſhly

Raſhly on this forbidden Earth to tread,
I'll graſp his Soul, I'll ſpurn him to the dead.

Trumpets within, enter Menander.

(Sound

Scip. What means this mournful Noiſe, whoſe tragick
With ſolemn Horror does my Thoughts confound?
Men. O ſacred Sir!
Scip. What, Soldier, all in Tears?
Men. Sorrow her ſelf cloſe Mourner now appears;
The Prince *Maſſina* ſlain: ſee blaſted there,
The hopes you lov'd, the darling of the War.
That beauteous Captive who with you did treat,
He to the *Carthaginian* Camp did wait:
Where *Hannibal* of 's Beauty jealous grown,
Caſt him in Bands; but when his Birth was known,
As ſoon unbound; but then deſpair did move,
Deſpair of Glory, and deſpair of Love:
Which when the Royal Youth had raſhly weigh'd,
And Fate with murmuring Thoughts awhile delay'd;
A Ponyard from his Robe unmark'd he took,
And to his Heart the deadly Weapon ſtrook.
Scip. Behold, of furious Love the dire Event!
Yet *Maſſiniſſa*, wilt thou not repent?
Behold the Pledge you left, for your default,
By Heaven's high Juſtice to Perdition brought.
K. *Maſ.* Was ever Man thus wretched, and durſt live?
Yet will I not one Tear to Nature give;
Leſt Bankrupt-like I laviſh what's not mine,
Since all my ſtock of Sorrow, Love, is thine.
Scip. Remove the Prince's Body from his Sight,
Leſt too much Grief ſhould to Diſtraction fright.
Yet if thou'lt bring her forth, we will forget
This daring Raſhneſs which is Paſſion's heat;
Thy Glory with Lawrels we'll advance,
And with due Praiſe thy valiant Acts inhance:
Thy Pile of Honour this Right-hand ſhall build.
Why doſt thou weep?
K. *Maſ.* Becauſe I dare not yield;

No, Sir, my Love I never can betray,
Tho you have touch'd me in the nobleſt way.
Scip. Canſt thou both Promiſes and Threats refuſe?
K. *Maſ.* Death, or what's worſe, you only bid me chuſe.
Scip. Bring forth thy Love, and Life thou ſhalt enjoy.
K. *Maſ.* Is that a Life? Your purpoſe act; deſtroy:
Turn all your Javelins Points againſt this Breaſt;
But let it not of Love be diſpoſſeſt.
Scip. Muſt I, who can command, thus vainly ſue?
K. *Maſ.* My ſtubborn Heart, Death only can ſubdue.
Scip. Then take that Death which you ſo little dread.

Enter Sophonisba.

Soph. Stay, Tyrant, hold; firſt thou ſhalt ſtrike me dead:
Come on, with thy brave Sword rip up my Breaſt,
And fix my panting Heart on thy proud Creſt;
There let it hang, thy Valour's Trophy grown,
To all the wondring World let it be ſhown:
That none but Fools the Conqueſt may deplore,
While all the Brave admire the Conqueror:
A Conqueror ſo great, with one ſole Blow,
He cou'd even *Hercules* himſelf out-do.
O Heavens! he durſt attempt, (what ſhall I ſay?
What words his Heart's fierce Grandeur can diſplay?)
In heat of Blood he durſt a Woman ſlay!
Scip. When Ladies rail, a Soldier ſhould be mute:
Beſides, I have no leiſure to diſpute.
As *Helen* did to *Troy* Perdition bring,
Where'er you come, your Eyes Deſtruction fling.
When will your thirſty Charms with Blood be cloy'd?
Two Kings you have like that fair *Greek* deſtroy'd:
Spite of your Pride, you ſhall to *Rome* be led;
And there, for all your Witchcrafts, loſe your Head.
Soph. On with thy Threats, thy violent courſe purſue;
Enjoy thy bloody Wiſhes, Tyger, do;
Barbarian, for in *Rome* thou wert not born;
By ſuch a Wretch her Glories are not worn;
Unleſs when dreſt up to be ſacrific'd:
To thee, the *Moors* and *Goths* are civiliz'd.

Gorge thy ſelf, *Saturn*, make my Fleſh thy Food,
And laugh when thou art drunk with a Queen's Blood.
K. *Maſ.* All will be well; fair Excellence, retire;
Add not freſh Fuel to the dying Fire.
Soph. To you, and Heaven, my Heart muſt ever bow;
Conſul, with thee I am not angry now.
Scip. Obſerve, ungovern'd Prince, with how much eaſe
This Royal Foe we, if we would, might ſeize;
Yet, on your promiſe that he ſhall not go,
Till we the Fate of War at *Zama* know,
We will permit her in your Tent remain.
But O my Friend, break this inglorious Chain,
Contrive ſome means to keep your Faith with me;
And ſet your Heart from that curſt Charmer free. [*Exit.*
K. *Maſ.* O rigid Honour, muſt we ſeparate then!
Loſe all the ſweets of Life to purchaſe Pain!
Men. If ſhe were dead, your Glory were ſecure.
K. *Maſ.* But could I then this wretched Life endure?
Without her live? it's fatal to refuſe,
And Glory ruins me if Love I chuſe.
What help, *Menander?*
Men. 'Tis the Sport of Heav'n,
When Ships on Rocks are in the Harbour driv'n:
Having through thouſand ſtormy Dangers paſt,
In proſpect of your Bliſs, you're wrack'd at laſt.
K. *Maſ.* Like one, who having ſcap'd the Waves, (arrives
To ſome lone [illegible], and there more wretched lives;
Half famiſh'd, on the rugged Flint he ſtands,
Viewing with watry Eyes the diſtant Strands,
And paſt his call Men walking on the Lands:
With ſighs he ſwells the Wind; and looking round,
Mourns his ſad choice, or to be ſtarv'd or drown'd.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Hannibal *and* Scipio.

Han. ART thou the Chief whom Men fam'd *Scipio* call?

Scip. Art thou the much more famous *Hannibal?*

Han. Since by our partial Fate it is ordain'd,
That I, who have ſuch dreadful Battels gain'd,
That, Torrent like, which from ſome Mountain falls,
Ran from the cloudy *Alps* to *Rome's* proud Walls,
Should now at laſt for Peace inglorious ſue;
I thank the Gods that they have choſen you
To reap that Honour by this Interview.

Scip. In civil Praiſe, and from ſo brave a Foe,
True Courage does a ſenſe of Pleaſure ſhow:
Thy Words inſpire me with ſuch vaſt Delight,
'Twill ſcarce be more to vanquiſh thee in fight.

Han. 'Twas much the Gods to our Fore-fathers gave,
That you ſhould *Italy*, we *Africk* have.
Our *Africk* Arms much *Roman* Blood have ſpilt,
And *Carthage* has the *Roman* Fury felt.
What ſay'ſt thou, *Scipio*, is it Peace or War?
Th' Invaſion made by us we will repair:
We'll give you *Sicily*, *Sardinia*, *Spain*,
And all the Iſlands which our Arms did gain
'Twixt *Italy* and *Africk* on the Main.
Thy boiling Courage does to War incline,
And Glory more than Profit you deſign,
Such Fortune once did on our Genius ſhine:
But long Experience, and the chance of War,
Makes me at preſent certain Peace prefer.

Graſp

Graſp not at Scepters, which may turn to Rods;
To day is yours, to morrow is the Gods.
Scip. That your late Landing upon *Leptis'* Coaſt,
Reſtor'd thoſe Hopes which drooping *Carthage* loſt,
All muſt confeſs; we know you are that Man,
Whoſe Glory to the utmoſt *Thule* ran;
Born in a Winter's Camp, in Battels bred,
Whilſt yet a Stripling durſt an Army head,
Whoſe very Name could make the *Romans* mourn,
And forc'd dead Groans from every hollow Urn:
The boldeſt Senators begun to droop;
Yet when all fainted, I alone ſtood up,
And fac'd that Storm which threaten'd from afar;
Shot warmth, and roſe upon 'em like a Star:
To *Africk* came, and in few Months retriev'd
All that your Arms for many Years atchiev'd.
Peace I refuſe, unleſs you offer more:
You give nought yet but what was ours before.
Since all the neighbour Kings our Actions eye,
It reſts at laſt we ſhould our Fortune try;
Let one victorious be, the other die.
Han. Gods, that the glorious *Hannibal* ſhould bow
To be refus'd! It ſhall be Battel now.
Forgetful Hero, couldſt thou court the Son,
Twice by whoſe Force his Father was o'erthrown?
Scipio, thou mayſt too late repent thy Pride,
And vainly in thy Death this Fury chide.
On *Fabius* think, *Rome*'s Shield, her Guard from harms;
Her Sword, *Marcellus*, broken by my Arms:
Remember great *Emilius* ſlain by me;
And then think laſt what may thy Fortune be,
E'er yet the Day be done,
With Seas of Gore we'll drown the neighbouring Wood,
And yonder Sun ſhall ſet in *Roman* Blood.
Scip. Prepare to hear thy laſt Alarms.
Han. In Battel we ſhall meet; to Arms, to Arms.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Roſalinda *in Man's Apparel.*

Roſ. Thus dreſt, and with this warlike Weapon (drawn,
What hinders but an Army I lead on?
O cruel Nature, why didſt thou diſgrace
So brave a Spirit with a Female Face?
All Women wou'd, but ſure no Woman can,
Be chang'd into that lordly Creature Man.
However with this Garb I fit my Mind,
Whoſe high Ambition has great Things deſign'd:
I'll out, and chaſe, if *Hannibal* ſucceeds;
And if he falls, then *Roſalinda* bleeds.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. Both Wings are loſt, the *Carthaginians* yield,
Fierce *Caius Lelius* drives them through the Field:
The *Gauls* and the *Ligurians* quit their Ground;
The *Maſſiſilian* King does all confound:
With ſuch ſwift Force his Arms our Troops aſſail,
As Hurricanes toſs Showers, and ſcatter Hail.
Bom. Wild as our Elephants, about he raves,
And tramples on thoſe mercenary Slaves,
Who ſcouring through the Field avoid his Stroke,
And fly like Flocks of Doves before a Hawk.
Mah. Your valiant old *Italian* Troops ſtand faſt,
Reſolv'd to fight your Battel to the laſt.
The conquering Conſul riding o'er the Plain,
With all his Officers and braveſt Men,
The *Haſtati* and *Triarii*, this way comes,
With Trumpets ſounding, and with beat of Drums.
Han. Auſpicious *Juno*, thou that didſt e'er while
Favour our Cauſe, and on our *Carthage* ſmile;
Proſper our Arms this bloody dreadful Day,
And *Hannibal* ſhall the Foundation lay
Of ſuch a Temple ſacred to thy Name,
As ne'er was found in the Records of Fame. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter King Maſſiniſſa, Lelius.

K. *Maſ.* Their Flight has wing'd the Cowards; let 'em fly,
Not worthy by ſuch conquering Swords to die.
'Tis time we to the Conſul ſhould repair,
Rejoin our Forces, and conclude the War.

SCENE *of* Hannibal *and* Scipio *fighting, the Conſul gives Ground.*

Enter King Maſſiniſſa *and* Lelius, *and beat* Hannibal *off.*

Scip. Gods, what prodigious Valour have you ſent,
And what rewards are worthy to preſent!
O *Maſſiniſſa!*
With what impetuous ſwiftneſs Fortune's Wheel
Turn'd with thy Strokes! how did the Valiant reel!
Lel. As when ſome diſtant Lab'rer hews an Oak,
We ſee his Arm rais'd for a ſecond ſtroak,
E're the firſt blow's report can reach our Ear;
So flagg'd our Senſe; nor could it reach him there.
Scip. Th' *Italian* Troops ſhrunk from his Martial Fire,
But *Hannibal* himſelf did laſt retire:
All Lion like,
Whom a bold Band of Huntſmen having found,
And dar'd to rouze, he rouls his Eyes around,
Laſhing his Sides, and tearing up the Ground,
With Trouble from th' unequal Skirmiſh goes,
Majeſtick ſtalks, and turns upon his Foes;
So from the Fight went the great General,
Proud in his Loſs, and riſing in his Fall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Soldiers skirmiſhing, Roſalinda *falls.*

Roſ. Heav'n thou haſt done thy worſt, there needs no more;
Bold with my Overthrow, I brave thy Pow'r,
And ſhake the Glaſs that meaſures my laſt Hour.

O *Hannibal!* did I for this deſign
This Heart, this Youth and Beauty only thine?
Pride and Neglect on every Lover hurl'd,
Scorn'd him that conquers thee, and all the World?
From me, loſt Hero, learn, be great and die:
The Brave ſhould bleed for loſs of Victory.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. Carthage is loſt, and *Hannibal* o'erthrown;
What is there left that we may call our own?
The bleeding World *Rome* does by Conqueſt claim,
And ſwells the Prize with our revolted Fame:
Yet ſpite of Fate our length of Earth we have;
Thus vanquiſh'd, Glory ſhrowd thee in a Grave.

Bom. Hold, General; the Gods your Death forbid;
Vengeance is due, firſt let falſe *Hanno* bleed,
Who cut the wings of Conqueſt till ſhe fell.

Mah. By me he ſhall be headlong ſent to Hell,
Where Fiends for Treaſon kindle double Fire:
Then let the famous *Hannibal* expire.

Roſ. Sure I the Name of *Hannibal* did hear;
Maherbal, tell me, is the General there?

Mah. Approach, my Lord, view well this wounded (Fair:
Sure in your *Capuan* Miſtreſs I have ſeen
The ſame majeſtick Air, and charming Mein.

Han. Ha! thou haſt rouz'd a Thought that racks me (more
Than all the Loſſes I in Battel bore.
Either I dream, or in this cloſing Eye
Mu[illegible]zzled Senſes *Roſalinda* ſpy.

Roſ. Where do th' ambitious reſt? O *Hannibal!*

Han. What art, that doſt upon the wretched call?

Roſ. One that's more wretched, and more raſh than (thou,
That would to Fate, and not to *Scipio* bow.
Diſguis'd, and dying *Roſalinda* [illegible]
Who mourns in Death thy Loſs of Victory:
That laſt Diſgrace.

Han. Dire Goddeſs, of this War
Too true I find all thy Pro[illegible] are.

[illegible]he

The Gods have given a double Overthrow;
Wou'd I had bravely periſh'd by my Foe,
Stretch'd in the Field, this Loſs I had not known,
Nor ſhould my tortur'd Soul thy Ruin moan.
Roſ. Is it ſo hard our wiſhes to obtain?
Sad Hearts with bleeding loſe Love's burning Pain.
Han. O dying Fair, look up, revive awhile;
With one ſhort Joy eternal Care beguile:
The ſetting Sun, all curtain'd round by Night,
At his departure gives a larger Light.
Roſ. Flow faſter Blood; it will not be, I fear,
The Wounds too ſmall, Death cannot enter here:
But ſhall I ſtay behind when Honour's fled?
Han. Live, and I'll raiſe that Honour from the dead.
Roſ. Renown runs on, like Time, but ne'er turns back.
Han. Then we that ſwift Renown will overtake:
We'll haſte where Glory baits, to every Hold,
And mount new Fame till we out-ſtrip the old.
Roſ. Dear *Hannibal*, alas! I wiſh I cou'd:
But 'twill not be; Life trembling takes the Flood,
Till well nigh ſwallow'd up in Waves of Blood.
The *Roman* Glory ſhines too fatal bright,
And with its gathering Luſtre dims my ſight:
Eternally adieu: my Body take,
Chaſte and entire I kept it for your ſake:
'Tis the leaſt Preſent that I now can make.
[*Dies.*

Han. For ever gone! all her ſweet ſtock of Breath
Spent in one ſigh; the Riot of rich Death.
Now by my Arms the Gods too partial are,
Or elſe they envy'd my full Trade of War;
Which cou'd ſo vaſt a ſtate of Beauty buy,
As far ſurpaſs'd the Manors of the Sky.
Dead *Roſalinda*——
Bom. Raiſe you from the Ground,
And let not Love your Virtue's Force confound;
Where is that Heat and Haughty Courage gone,
Which againſt Nature's L[illegible] your Troops led on?
Mah. Think you for [illegible] the Gods ſuch Valour gave?
You ſhould prop Thrones, and falling Kingdoms ſave.

Bury'd

Bury'd in Thought, and deaf to Honour's Call,
Your Soul beneath her mighty pitch does fall.
Han. Maherbal, no; aſtoniſh'd thou ſhalt be;
We dare be brave in ſpite of Deſtiny.
Tho rob'd of all the Riches Love could give,
And ſtript of Glory too, yet will we live:
Courage is form'd of the Etherial Mold,
And round it Bands of Adamant are roll'd.
To this ſtill haughty Breaſt ſuch Fire is given,
I could the Summons meet of Hell or Heaven:
Could, like the great eternal Mover, ſway
The World in Arms, and teach him to obey.
'Twas noble Grief that lately chang'd my Form,
But I am ruffled now into a Storm.
Bom. Your Miſtreſs' Body hence we will convey,
And in ſome hallow'd Vault her Relicks lay.
Mah. Like Pilgrims once a Year we'll mourning go,
And on her Urn ſad Yew with Cypreſs throw,
And all our ſtocks of Tears and Sighs beſtow.
Han. For ever, brighteſt of thy Kind, farewel,
Who wert too worthy, therefore early fell.
As the young *Phœnix* does, in ſacred Myrrh,
His Father's Duſt to the Sun's Temple bear,
So in Fame's Houſes ſhalt thou honour'd be,
And every God ſhall have a grain of thee.
Mah. Since Glory with her laſt breath ſhe profeſt,
May wiſh'd Dominion widen all your Breaſt.
Han. Haſt, haſt, *Maherbal*, and freſh Levies make;
Honour that did but now calm Slumbers take,
Shall like the Ocean in a Tempeſt wake:
We'll paſs new *Alps*, new Conſuls overthrow,
To *Rome* with far more dreadful Armies go,
Forcing the *Appian* and *Emilian* way,
To the *Saburra* we'll purſue the Fray;
Nor ſtop till *Roſalinda*'s Statue crown'd,
Sits in the Capitol with Gods enthron'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Scipio, *King* Maſſiniſſa, Lelius, *&c.*

Scip. I grieve, brave Prince, ſo often to deny;
She muſt a Captive be, or we muſt die.
K. *Maſ.* I know ſhe muſt, if you will have it ſo;
But Pardon may be granted to a Foe:
O ſpare her then; as you would be forgiven
At your laſt Hour, when you prepare for Heaven.
Scip. Learn to ask Bleſſings; thoſe you ſhall not want:
This is a Curſe, which I can never grant.
Like one, who in a burning Fever lies,
And begs for Water, if he drinks, he dies:
I like a wiſe Phyſician, thwart your Will,
And vanquiſh your Diſtemper with my Skill.
K. *Maſ.* For the Gods ſake, for Friendſhip, Glory, Love,
By all that's good below, or bleſt above,
Let not at laſt my well-taught Courage droop;
Break not the Heart, which you have foſter'd up.
Oh *Sophoniſba!*——Give her to my Prayers,
To theſe faſt riſing Sighs, and falling Tears:
No other Crown I ask as Valour's due,
For all that I have done, or all that I ſhall do.
Lo, at your Knees behold a Monarch fall;
Yet more, your Friend, and then I have ſaid all.
Scip. Let not your Paſſion Royalty degrade;
Riſe, valiant Prince, I've thought of what you ſaid;
And as your Friend, my Temper cannot keep,
Mourn your Misfortunes, and like you can weep;
Curſe *Roman* Tyranny, and wiſh you were
For ever join'd with that unhappy Fair.
K. *Maſ.* O you have bleſt me!
Scip. Maſſiniſſa, ſtay;
You only heard what Friendſhip bid me ſay:
But as *Rome's* Conſul, and the Lord of Powers,
I now command you never ſee her more,
Unleſs the View to her may fatal be;
This is my laſt immutable Decree.
K. *Maſ.* Is your feign'd Pity come to this? your Tears
Falſer than thoſe which *Egypt's* Monſter wears?

Tyran-

Tyrannick *Rome!* barb'rous are all thy Laws;
Have I for this, in thy accurſed Cauſe,
Starv'd Life, by laviſhing her precious Food,
My Spirits loſt, emptied my deareſt Blood,
Fought till I Rampiers made of Bodies round;
So mark'd with Fate, that I appear'd one wound!
Yet rais'd thy bleeding Eagles from the ground?
Scip. Think no more on't; her Memory forget.
K. *Maſ.* Cut me to Atoms, tear my Soul out; yet
In every ſmalleſt Particle of me,
You ſhall the Form of *Sophonisba* ſee:
All like my Soul, and all in every Part;
Bath'd in my Eyes, and bleeding in my Heart.
Scip. Lelius, ſecure the Queen.
K. *Maſ.* Stay *Lelius*, ſtay;
I've done, my Lord, and will your Power obey:
The Queen ſhall die, on a King's word ſhe ſhall;
She muſt a Victim for the Empire fall.
How am I now?
Scip. For *Sophonisba*'s Loſs,
Your Arms *Numidia*'s Empire ſhall engroſs.
For your late Gallantry at *Zama* ſhown,
Kind *Rome* preſents you an Imperial Crown,
Salutes you King. Now all your Griefs defy;
Thus we embrace thee as our brave Ally,
Give your Grief Truce: thus prais'd, and thus adorn'd,
Let all the Beauties of the Earth be ſcorn'd. [*Exit.*
K. *Maſ.* Scorn'd be your Glory more, and *Roman* Pride,
While I in Winding-ſheets embrace my Bride.
For 'tis decreed that we muſt never part,
We'll be one Spirit, as we're now one Heart:
Traverſe the glittering Chambers of the Sky,
Born in a Cloud, in view of Fate I'll lie;
And preſs her Soul, while Gods [illegible] and wiſhing by.
Men. My Lord, If you would hear.
K. *Maſ.* What canſt thou ſay?
Men. Reaſon's a Rebel when high Paſſions [illegible]
K. *Maſ.* And ſuch art thou [illegible] ſpeak, what ſhall I do?
Inſtruct me to be greatly falſe, [illegible] true.
Men. The Queen muſt die.

[illegible] *Maſ.*

K. *Maſ.* Ha! muſt? no more.

Men. She to the Gods is given, or *Roman* Power.

K. *Maſ.* Neither; ſhe ſhall not die, nor ſhall ſhe live, a
The *Romans* Slave; I'll give her a reprieve.

Men. But how?

K. *Maſ.* Why thus: I'll kill my ſelf, kill thee,
Rome, *Carthage*, all the World; and then ſhe ſhall live free.

Men. Glory or Beauty 'tis ordain'd you loſe.

K. *Maſ.* O *Rome!* O Heaven! both equally my Foes!
Was ever Heart thus miſerably torn?
Were ever Woes like mine ſo calmly born?
From the Contagion of my Troubles take
As much as might the Spring a Winter make,
Freeze the hot Blood of a crown'd Conqueror,
Damp the wiſh'd Joys of a young bridal Pair;
Yet then I ſhall have more than Man can bear.

Men. When Virtue thus oppreſs'd Mankind does ſee,
What fearful dreaming Fool will pious be?
Martyrs no more ſhall Racks or Flames require,
Nor dying wiſh; but only Life deſire,
To murder Prieſts, and Temples ſet on fire.

K. *Maſ.* Why, ye immortal Gods, is all this care?
Why do you drive your Creatures to deſpair?
Had I upon my Throne ſat King of Fears,
The Orphans wrong'd, or drunk the Widow's Tears;
Had I brav'd Heav'n by ſome outrageous Sin,
For theſe Afflictions there had reaſon been:
But 'tis all well, I no Injuſtice have;
The Gods but take the Being which they gave.
Menander, haſte, two Bowls with Poiſon fill;
And, when I call, like Fate, come forth and kill.

Men. 'Tis a dread Deed to which you urge my Hand.

K. *Maſ.* It's glorious too, diſpute not my Command.

Men. I'll not preſume to fathom your deep Thought;
But ſtraight your Will ſhall by your Slave be wrought.
[*Exit.*

K. *Maſ.* Love and Ambition have their utmoſt done,
'Twas Love allur'd, Ambition led me on.
Like a raſh Boy, who a Tree's Mountain climbs,
Big with brave Thoughts of reaching Heaven betimes,

He

He puffs and blows, and mighty pains he takes,
Plies all his Strength, and much ado he makes ;
But having reach'd the Top, he views aloof
The fancy'd Heav'n, and all the painted Roof ;
So did Ambition draw me with a Wile,
And fleeting Love my tow'ring Hopes beguile. [*Exit.*

Enter Sophonisba.

Soph. The Conſul is return'd with Conqueſt crown'd ;
Triumphant Voices rend the ecchoing Ground ;
And to the Heav'ns the Trumpets Clangors ſound ;
Yet I no News of *Maſſiniſſa* hear :
Should he be ſlain, which I with Reaſon fear,
Moſt loſt of Women, deſperate, undone,
What couldſt thou do ? what Gods couldſt thou atone ?
Abhor'd, thou muſt to angry *Rome* repair,
And all the Cruelties of Bondage bear.
No, *Sophonisba*, think what thou haſt been,
The Miſtreſs of two Monarchs, twice a Queen.
If thou muſt fall, bravely reſign thy Breath,
And be above the *Romans* in thy Death.

Enter King Maſſiniſſa.

Oh my lov'd Lord ! are you then come at laſt ?
Are you alive ? and do I hold you faſt ?

K. *Maſ.* Beſt of thy Sex, and dearer than my Life,
The faireſt Miſtreſs, and the gentleſt Wife !
So great and glorious, Emperors envy thee ;
And art ſo good that the Gods envy me.
They ſent thee here, but as an Angel Scout,
With a ſhort light'ning View, to gaze and out :
Torments of Hell, and Racks of Deſtiny !
Thou muſt, Oh that I live to ſpeak it ! die.

Soph. Bleſt Sound ! we ſhall not then to *Rome* be led ;
But ſolemn Triumphs have in Honour's Bed.
This laſt Alarm my drooping Spirits cheers,
As when the Warrigur his loud Trumpet hears,
His martial Blood begins to warm apace,
And boils, and flushes in his kindling Face,
And much he longs to ſtrive in Glory's Race.

Speaks

Speak Death again, my Guard and ſure Defence;
It bears a mighty Sound, and mighty Senſe.
K. *Maſ.* O keep thee there, now while thy Virtues
And dart Divinity, I'll give the Blow. (glow;
Come forth, *Menander*, with thoſe fatal Bowls,
Whoſe Juice, tho it the Body's Force controuls,
Revives the Mind, and ſlakes the Thirſt of Souls.

Enter Menander, *with two Bowls.*

Give me the Draught.
Soph. What means my Royal Love?
K. *Maſſ.* By your bright ſelf, by all the Powers above,
No Angels Eloquence my Soul ſhall move.
To die with thee, and thy dear Honour ſave;
What greater Glory could th' Ambitious have?
'Twill build a Palace for me in the Grave.
Not but that in the Agonies of Breath,
I tremble when I think upon thy Death.
Soph. Thou beſt of Men, whoſe Fame where'er it flies,
Shall draw up bleeding Hearts, and weeping Eyes,
Let not your Soul tremble for me; for I
Can fear no Torment, but to ſee you die.
K. *Maſ.* Then cheerfully let's go: here's to my Love,
And to our meeting with the Bleſt above. [*Drinks.*
Soph. Give me the Bowl, mark if my Hand does ſhake,
Or the freſh ſpringing Blood my Lips forſake;
Undaunted to my Lips the Draught I lift,
'Tis to my Lord, this is his Nuptial Gift. [*Drinks.*
K. *Maſ.* *Menander*, faithful Confident, farewel,
Haſte, and our Story to the Conſul tell.
On thy Allegiance go without Reply,
Thou ſhouldſt rejoice to ſee me bravely die. [*Exit* Men.
How fares my only Love? my firſt, laſt Dear!
The Sweets of thouſand Springs are blowing here.
All in thy Sighs!
Soph. Ah! [illegible] your Kindneſs o'er,
Or we ſhall live and feel the Roman Power.
Methought Death touch'd me with a chilling Pain;
But your warm Kiſſes ſhort'ning every Vein
A kinder Heat, and kindled Life again.

K. *Maſ.*

K. *Maſ.* Thus let us launch into Eternity;
Sink in Death's bottomleſs and boundleſs Sea:
Like drowning Friends, link'd in Embraces faſt,
Our Arms, Love's Nets, about each other caſt.
Soph. What could long Life, or Empire give like this?
K. *Maſ.* Thy Love is Empire and eternal Bliſs.
Soph. I go, where ſhall we meet? [*Dies.*
K. *Maſ.* The Gods can tell;
Heaven's Peace, and golden Slumbers with thee dwell.
[*Dies.*

Enter Scipio, Lelius, *and* Menander.

Men. See there, great Sir, th' Effects of your raſh Doom,
The Victims you have offer'd up to *Rome.*
Lel. What cruel Eyes could Pity here reſtrain,
Beholding two ſuch royal Lovers ſlain?
Scip. Theſe unexpected Objects ſo amaze
My Reaſon, I could ever on 'em gaze.
Since thou, moſt great and lovely Prince, art dead,
War's Marches *Scipio* ſhall no longer tread:
With *Carthage* Peace we'll inſtantly conclude,
Which, hadſt thou liv'd, our Arms might have ſubdu'd;
To *Rome* our drooping Eagle then ſhall ſteer,
Where after tireſome Honours, we'll repair
To ſome ſmall Village, *Lelius*, thou and I,
And ſtudy not to live, but how to die.

NERO,

NERO,

Emperor of *Rome,*

A

TRAGEDY,

ACTED

At the Theatre-Royal, by His Majesty's Servants.

By NATHANIEL LEE *Gent.*

To the Right Honourable

The Earl of *Rocheſter*.

My Lord,

POETS for the moſt part in their Dedications miſs of their Deſign, which ſhould be to pleaſe that Honourable Perſon, whoſe Protection they deſire. For what Pleaſure can a noble Spirit, whoſe Ingenuity equals its Height, receive from an exorbitant Praiſe and ill-tim'd Applauſe? Not that the ſevereſt Cynick ſhould ſnarl at juſt Commendations and due Encomiums; ſuch as the Epiſtle of *Horace* to *Auguſtus*, *Pliny*'s Panegyrick to *Trajan*; which ſort of pond'rous Eloquence ought to be as grateful to a brave and elevated Mind as Adorations to the Deity. My Buſineſs, waving Inſinuation, is to pray not to praiſe; and I hope I ſhall appear leſs troubleſom to your Lordſhip under the Form of a Beggar, than that of a Flatterer. Your Protection and Favour is implor'd by this humble Supplicant in the behalf of a civil Tyrant,

rant, at leaſt one whom I have ſo repreſented, and for which I have been ſufficiently cenſur'd, perhaps unjuſtly enough; ſince 'tis not impoſſible for a Man to love and hate, to be brave and bad. From the Criticks, whoſe Fury I dread, thoſe Kill-men, and more than *Jews*, I appeal to your Lordſhip, as the Saint did to *Caſar*: To you whoſe Judgment vies remark with your Grandure, who are as abſolutely Lord of Wit, as thoſe Prevaricators are its Slaves? To you, who by excellent Reading and Converſation with the pleaſantly wiſe, have juſtly limited the mighty Sallies of an overflowing Fancy; whoſe Sayings aſtoniſh the Cenſorious, and whoſe Writings are ſo exactly ingenious, Princes treaſure them in their Memory as things divine. This is ſo far from Flattery and Untruth, that it appears rather an impertinent kind of aſſerting what every Man knows; as if I ſhould gravely tell the World 'tis Day at Noon: Which I had rather another ſhould be ſmil'd at for, than he who is in higheſt Truth and loweſt Humility,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Humble,

and Obedient Servant,

NAT. LEE.

PR

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *HAINES*.

GOOD Plays, and perfect Senſe as ſcarce are grown,
As civil Women in this damn'd loud Town.
Plain Senſe is deſpicable as plain Clothes,
As Engliſh *Hats, Bone-lace, or woollen Hoſe.*
'Tis your brisk Fool that is your Man of Note;
Yonder he goes, in the embroider'd Coat:
Such wenching Eyes, and Hands ſo prone to ruffle;
The genteel Fling, the Trip and modiſh Shuffle;
Salt ſoul and flame, as gay as any Prince:
Thus Taggs and Silks make up your Men of Senſe.
I'm told that ſome are preſent here to Day,
Who e're they ſee reſolve to damn this Play,
So much wou'd Intereſt with ill Nature ſway.
But Ladies, you we hope, will prove more civil,
And charm the Wits that damn beyond the Devil;
Then let each Critick here, all Hell inherit,
You have Attractions that can lay a Spirit.
A bloody fatal Play you'l ſee too Night,
I vow to Gods, 't has put me in a fright.
The meaneſt Waiter huffs, looks big, and ſtruts,
Gives Breaſt a blow, then hand to hilt he puts;

'Tis a fine Age, a tearing thundring Age,
Pray Heav'n this Thund'ring does not crack the Stage!
This Play I like not now———
And yet for ought I know, it may be good,
But ſtill I hate this fighting, wounds and blood.
Why what the Devil have I to do with Honour?
Let Heroes court her, I cry, Pox upon her;
All Tragedies 'Gad to me ſound odly,
I can no more be ſerious, than you godly.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *HARRIS.*

HOW dull, how grave, and how preciſe ye ſit,
As if ye had acted Love, not taſted Wit.
When the Tricks done, like Wine unſtopt ye pall:
After Enjoyment, thus it's with you all.
Your modiſh Plays like jaunty Miſſes ſhew'd,
Be bravely dreſt, high flown, more fine than good;
For Clothes attract ye more than fleſh and blood.
Like cover'd Viands Beauties hid from ſight,
Raiſe drooping fancy up to new delight:
For you Gallants, ye gay brisk witty Men,
He knows your killing Trade, your damning ſtrain;
Ye can as well Wenches and Drink refrain.
Yet faith for my ſweet ſake be kind to night,
Or may this heavy Curſe upon you light:
May each Gallant that has an aſſignation,
Be jilted after four hours expectation;
Or if the marked Gentlewoman come,
Spite of her Scarf, may ſhe be dogg'd from home.
May ye
In height of Titillation hear a rapping,
And then the jealous Cuckold take ye napping.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Nero, Emperor of *Rome*,		Mr. *Hart.*
Britannicus, true Heir of the Empire,		Mr. *Mohun.*
Petronius, *Nero*'s Favourite,		Mr. *Burt.*
Otho, Husband to *Poppea*,		Mr. *Winterſhal.*
Piſo, her Brother,		Mr. *Lydall.*
Seneca, *Nero*'s Tutor,		Mr. *Cartwright.*
Druſillus,	Romans.	Mr. *Clark.*
Plautus,		Nr. *Coyſh.*
Silvius,		Mr. *Watſon.*
Mirmilon,		Mr. *Powel.*
Flavius, Friend to *Britannicus*,		Mr. *Harris.*

Poppea, *Otho*'s Wife married to *Nero*,	Mrs. *Marſhal.*
Agrippina, the old Empreſs, Mother to *Nero*,	Mrs. *Corey.*
Octavia, *Nero*'s firſt Wife, Siſter of *Britannicus*,	Mrs. *Cox.*
Cyara, Princeſs of *Parthia*, Miſtreſs of *Britannicus.*	Mrs. *Boutell.*
Syllana, *Poppea*'s Confident.	Mrs. *Uptiel.*
Roman Gladiators.	
Caligula's Ghoſt.	Mr. *Griffin.*

SCENE, *Rom*

NERO,

Emperor of *ROME*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Otho, Sylvius, Cyara *diſguis'd*.

Syl. WHY doſt thou droop, and hang thy penſive Head,
As if there were no end of thy diſtreſs?
His Sighs more frequent than the Minutes are;
Tears hang upon his Cheeks like Morning Dews
On Roſes: Yet I cannot blame thy Grief.
Otho. Sir, you amaze me with your ſad relation.
That fatal Night Prince *Alamander* fell,
I, and ſome more, were in our General's Tent,
(Great *Corbulus* he's call'd) who with ſucceſs,
Has often led our gallant *Roman* Troops
Againſt your *Parthian* Horſe; as I remember,
'Twas midnight when our Scouts, all pale with Fear,

Came, flying with the News of your approach:
Our General undiſturb'd, ſtrait gave Command
That every Captain ſhould his Charge perform,
With as much Silence as was poſſible;
No Drums, no Trumpets ſounded, all was huſh'd;
Order in whiſpers, was by all receiv'd:
So your Surprize was anſwer'd with Surprize,
And gain'd Advantage, without Victory;
For 'tis our Cuſtom frequently to ſleep
Whole Nights in Arms, never to reſt ſecure.

Cya. Our Loſs, indeed, was great; but Oh! that Loſs
Of Loſſes, our dear Prince, ſurpaſſes all!
For him, our Court now mourns; Sorrow, like Night,
Eternal Night, ſpreads Horror all around:
All Noble Hearts are cover'd with deſpair;
For our bright Sun muſt never ſhine again.
Some dawn of Hope we had, he might be here
A Priſ'ner, and unknown; but Fate decrees
We ſhall not be ſo happy.

Oth. Sir, wherein
My Service may prove beneficial,
Or yield you any Comfort; pray command it.
Captives of every ſort, as time permit,
I'll bring before you: if your Eye can read
A line, that is your Prince in any Face,
Examine it to the full. Mean while, be pleas'd
To take a ſtrict Survey of all the Court,
The greateſt, and moſt flouriſhing on Earth.

Syl. So every Tongue reports it; a full Orb
Of matchleſs Glory, where your Emperor
Rules like the Sun, and gives each Noble warmth.

Oth. Nothing appears, alas, as heretofore;
The Darkneſs of his horrid Vices have
Eclips'd the glimmering Rays of his frail Virtues.
His Cruelties, like Birds of Prey, have pick'd
All Seeds of Nobleneſs from his falſe Heart;
And now it lies a ſad dull lump of Earth,
Impatient of wiſe Counſel and Reproof.
To day he dooms his Mother to be ſlain;
Swears, that ſhe plots againſt his Crown, and Life:

Sen-

Sentence is paſt, and the poor Queen's betray'd.
See where ſhe comes.

[*Emperor*, Octavia, Britannicus, Seneca, Druſillus, Piſo, Plautus; Agrippina, *led by two Virgins, all in white, a Dagger, and a Bowl of Poiſon carry'd before her: Courtiers and Guards following.* Britannicus *kneels.*

Cya. O *Sylvius*, I am loſt! there, there he kneels;
My Flames increaſe, my Soul new Paſſions feels.
My Flight from *Parthia* I'll no more regard;
All was too little for ſo great Reward.
Ner. To me?
Plau. Dread Sir, the Prince *Britannicus.*
Ner. Say you?
Plau. He kneels.
Ner. Sir, would you ought with me?
Brit. Not for my ſelf, but for the Queen, thus low I fall, and beg you would ſome pity ſhew.
Caſt from your Breaſt, this rank and pois'nous Hate:
Alas, how many do repent too late?
In acts of Love, Kings are beſt underſtood:
Hell makes ſome great; 'tis God-like to be good.
It is your Mother———
Oh that that Sacred Name ſhould not avert
Your Wrath! nor, with its ſoftneſs melt your Heart!
Your Mother 'tis, whom you command to bleed;
What will the cenſuring World think of this deed?
Ner. Why, let it think: if Aſſes bray, muſt I
Regard? I ſay again, that ſhe ſhall die.
Why is ſhe not to Execution led?
She's plotting now. *Druſillus*, ſee her dead.
Sene. If for the guilty we to Heaven may pray,
Can you the Innocent———
Ner. Old Fool, away.
Brit. Juſtice is robb'd, his Sword and Scales you move;
Sweet Mercy ſhrieks, and ſtriking, flies above,
Where, to the Gods, ſuch horrid Tales of you
She does relate, as they can ſcarce think true:

Fate

Fate trembles, as ſhe writes 'em in her Book;
Ev'n *Jove*, with horror of this Fact, is ſhook,
New points his Thunder, brandiſhes i'th' Air
Dread Lightning, and with *Rome* intends a War.
Ner. Let him begin; my Purpoſe I'll maintain,
Tho he ſhould ſcorching Showers of Sulphur rain,
Tho he ſtood near,
And from ſome neighbouring Cloud, did hurl down fire,
With freſh recruits of Men his Arm I'd tire,
And ſhe at laſt ſhould ſpite of him expire.
Would he were here, to end the grand debate:
But why with you do I capitulate?
My Word's an Oracle, and ſtands her Fate.
Octa. Ah *Cæſar*, if you can thus cruel prove
To her, and lay aſide all filial Love,
What muſt I then expect, who am your Wife,
But that you ſhortly too ſhould take my Life?
By all the pleaſures of our Mariage-bed ———
Ner. I ſwear, ſpeak one word more, and thou art dead.
Brit. Tyrant, this muſt not be, while I draw breath.
Ner. Then thou dy'ſt too.
Brit. Lo, thus I brave my death.
Ner. Ha! does he ſmile!
By all the Gods, I'll quickly change your Mirth;
With my own Hand I'll cut thee from the Earth.
Oth. Dread Sir ———
Ner. Was ever ſuch an inſolence?
Brit. Sir, what I did was in my own defence:
When e'er I riſe againſt your ſacred Head
In thought, may loads of Thunder ſtrike me dead.
You are my Maſter, and *Rome*'s Emperor;
May you live long, and make right uſe of Pow'r.
Cya. Guard him, you Gods, and ſave his Innocence.
Ner. So Sir: yet ſhe ſhall die. Go, take her hence.
Octa. Oh, how my tender Heart does ſympathize!
Grief ſtrikes me dumb, and Pity fills my Eyes.
Agr. Thou ſavage Monſter, Seed of Rocks, more wild,
More wild than the fierce Tygreſs of her young begu'il'd,
Barbarian! who in ſome dark Cave wert bred,
Made drunk with Poiſon, with Corruption fed,

Off-ſpring

Offspring of Hell! But, oh, my lab'ring Mind
Cannot get vent, nor fit Expreſſions find,
Why was I made ſo ſtrong? Oh my accurſt!
Grief ſwells me up, and yet I cannot burſt.
Ner. Why ſhould ſhe thus in Torments here remain?
I pity her; go put her out of pain.
Agr. Tyrant, wherein have I deſerv'd this baſe
And barbarous Uſage? —— Oh my foul diſgrace!
Ha! ſhall I tell it to the World or die,
And in my Urn let all in ſilence lie?
My Soul doth ſtruggle with its Load of Woes;
Woes much more horrid than thoſe painful Throes,
My Body felt, when firſt I brought to light
This curſed Son, now Baſilisk to ſight.
Ner. Am I to be obey'd? how dare you ſtay?
Furies and Hell! be gone, take her away.
Agr. Oh, ſtay awhile, e'er yet I loſe my Breath,
Hear my laſt words, more dreadful than my Death.
Bear me ſome winged God, and fix me high
On ſome tall Pyramid, that hits the Sky;
Place all the World on the vaſt Rounds below,
And make my Voice ſo loud, that all may know:
This Monſter, under *Tyrian* Purple hid,
Did force a Paſſage to his Mother's Bed.
Where are thy dreadful Bolts? (to *Jove* I call)
Strike him, or me, amiſs they cannot fall.
Oh horrid Fact to tell! it wounds my Ear:
The Day and Night together mingled were.
Monſter of Men, who alter'd Nature's courſe,
The Stream ran backwards, and found out the Source.
Ner. The Beldame raves; *Druſillus*, take her hence.
All this is forg'd; Heaven knows my Innocence.
A Moment's Reſpite will not afford,
But when ſhe's dead, let *Otho* bring me word.
[*Exeunt ſeverally Ner. and Agrip.*

Manent Piſo, Plautus, Mirmilon.

Piſo. Very well. Hark ye, Gentlemen, may we talk?
Plau. Treaſon? No.

Piſ.

Piſ. Then I'll hold my peace.

Mir. Faith, I know not, but there was a Stranger here yeſterday hang'd for looking ſuſpiciouſly.

Piſ. Very good; 'twas an excellent Memorandum, therefore I'll ſhut my Eyes, and not look at all, or hereafter always in Company wear a Maſque.

Plau. Not ſo, Sir, if you tender your Safety; ſuch Reſervation argues Thoughtfulneſs. Now the Emperor can't endure a Man that's given to Meditation; hates a Philoſopher as much as he loves a Fidler: *Seneca*, to my knowledge, is a burden to him; in my hearing he call'd him crazy Caterpillar, and venerable Book-worm.

Mir. Right, *Plautus:* Therefore, *Piſo*, be not thoughtful; 'tis dangerous. A Friend of mine (hark ye) this Morning, by the Emperor's Order, had his Throat cut for being thoughtful.

Piſ. The good Empreſs——

Plaut. How, Sir?

Piſ. Well, the Empreſs then. Alas, how ſudden, from the Top of Glory——

Mir. Alas! do you pity her then?

Piſ. I, Sir? Greatneſs and Goodneſs are——

Plau. What, Sir?

Piſ. I know not, nor where, unleſs in the other World.

Mir. You weep, *Piſo*, have a care, a ſort of liquid Treaſon.

Piſo. 'Twas your Hair hit my Eye, and cauſed this Rheum. I'll to the Country again. Farewel, Gentlemen. Long live the Emperor! that's no Treaſon.

Mir. No, Sir, no. Adieu, good *Piſo*. He wears an honeſt Heart. *Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Court.*

Nero, Otho, Seneca, Druſillus, *&c.* Agrippina *dead.*

Oth. She is, as you would have her, Sir, no more: See where ſhe lies, all ſtained with her own Gore.

She

She ſaid, an antient Man bid her beware
Of ever ſeeing you made Emperor;
For you, at laſt, would cauſe her to be ſlain:
Then let me die, ſhe ſaid, ſo he may reign.
Ner. How wiſely then did I her Death decree!
For 'twould have been a great Impiety
To let her live, and mar the Prophecy.
Oth. Choice of two Deaths, by your command we gave,
But ſhe cry'd, both; a double Death I'll have:
One poys'nous drop for Heaven I would not ſell;
Each drop will ſink his Soul more deep in Hell.
In her right Hand the Dagger ſhe did hold;
And with her left ſhe heav'd the fatal Gold,
And drunk the Venom off: that being done,
Deep in her breaſt the keen Stilletto run:
With many Wounds ſhe made her Boſom gay;
Her Wounds like flood-gates did themſelves diſplay,
Thro which Life ran in Scarlet Streams away.
Ner. Remove her hence. My Soul now free does walk,
And ſhall no more be clogg'd with moral Talk.
My Statue ſhall be made of laſting Steel;
Before it Lords of *Rome* ſhall humbly kneel.
Great *Julius* and *Auguſtus* you adore;
And why not me who have their very Pow'r?
To them you daily offer Sacrifice:
I am a God; my ſelf I canonize.
Sen. 'Mongſt Gods their Glory ſhines now they are gone,
Becauſe, with us, like Stars their Virtues ſhone.
Ner. Virtue's a Name; Religion is a Thing
Fitter to ſcare poor Prieſts, than daunt a King.
Swift, as quick Thought, thro every Art I range:
Who but a God, like me, could Sexes change?
Sporus, be Witneſs of my mighty Art;
Sporus, now Lady, once Lord of my Heart.
At my command the fragrant Winds do blow,
The willing Floods in waves of Balſam flow:
This Hand does all the Sweets of Nature ſow;
I ranſack Nature; all its Treaſures view;
Beings annihilate, and make anew,
This can I, your God-like *Nero*, do.

Sen.

Sen. What Fiend is this, which in his Breaſt, unſpy'd,
Bears up his Soul on ſuch large Wings of Pride?
Let me not die for ſpeaking what is true:
All this you would, but, alas! cannot do.

Ner. Ha!

Sen. If you do well, and noble Acts atchieve,
Whene'er you die all honeſt hearts will grieve;
Each *Roman* will to after Ages tell,
How good, how great, how excellent you fell;
What pity 'twas that you ſhould die ſo young!
Thus ſhall your Honour ſound from every Tongue:
But tho your Fame ſurvive, your Body muſt
Rot, and be crumbled into common duſt.
Each grain of which, becauſe you once did reign,
Will not turn Gold, nor any Luſtre gain:
Your's, and the Beggar's duſt alike muſt paſs,
Inſtead of Sand, to fill Time's Hour-glaſs.

Ner. Gown-man, thou ly'ſt.—
The World's eternal, and *Us* Monarch I:
Then how is't poſſible for me to die,
Yet give me Creature Immortality?
If when I leave this World, Men ſhou'd debate
The manner; ſay, I did my ſelf tranſlate.
The Glory of my Godhead I will ſhrowd
Not in a Mantle, but in a perfum'd Cloud.
In ſmoak of Incenſe I will mount above,
And, in his Throne, take the right Hand of *Jove*.

Sen. O murd'ring Pride, thou doſt all Reaſon kill!
You will have Altars too?

Ner. Yes, Slave, I will;
Altars of Gold, in Chryſtal Temples built:
No Blood of Bulls, nor Goats, ſhall there be ſpilt;
Such coarſe rank Smoak may ſooty *Vulcan* pleaſe,
Pluto, or horned *Pan*; dull Deities!
The beſt of human Gore ſhall waſh my Shrine;
Heroes ſhall bleed, and they are half Divine.
In Caſes made of Diamond entire,
Stars ſhall inſtead of Lamps lend their bright Fire.
Each common God ſhall, in his turn, be Prieſt,
And for your lower World make his requeſt:

Then

Then offer up a grateful Sacrifice,
Kings Heads, Queens Hearts, and charming Virgins Eyes.

Enter Petronius.

Sen. O Heaven! his Blaſphemies no Limit have;
His brutiſh Impudence our Gods does brave:
Without controul he does their Pow'r defy,
And I, like midnight huſh'd, ſtand trembling by.
I'll ſpeak, altho he blaſt me with his Breath;
Repentance too may win him for my Death.
Dread Sir, if you would pleaſe ——
Ner. Fond Preacher, hence:
Gods! can I ſtill endure his Inſolence?
Guards, ſeize him; go, let him in Priſon houl,
And ſolace there his melancholy Soul.
[*Ex.* Otho, Seneca, *and Guards.*
But, dear *Petronius*, how ſhall I requite
Thee, who ſole Author art of my Delight?
When my Heart ſickens, ſtill thou bring'ſt me eaſe,
And doſt my Fancy with new Objects pleaſe.
Pet. To ſooth your Soul, ruffled with this late Storm,
My care found out ſo ſweet, ſo rare a Form,
So full of blooming Graces in each part,
As well deſerves the Conqueſt of your Heart.
Not purple Violets i'th' early Spring,
Such grateful Sweet, ſuch tender Beauties bring.
The orient Bluſh which does her Cheeks adorn,
Makes Coral pale, vies with the roſy Morn.
Not *Venus*, ſprung from the Sea's ſnowy Foam,
Neptune's bright Seed, her Whiteneſs can o'ercome.
Cupid has took a Surfeit from her Eyes;
When e'er ſhe ſmiles, in lambient Fire he fries;
And when ſhe weeps, in Pearls diſſolv'd he dies.
Ner. Hold, hold; I'm o'ercharg'd with this Exceſs;
Thy Deeds are great, but make thy Boaſting leſs:
What is her Name, and where does ſhe lie hid?
Pet. She is the Partner of Lord *Otho*'s Bed,
Poppea named. With Gold I brib'd her Maid,
For which the eaſy Slave her Truſt betray'd.

Not

Not far from *Rome* this Beauty does reſide;
Chaſte ſhe is thought, becauſe yet never try'd.
Her quick black Eye does wander with Deſire,
And, if I judge aright, bears wanton Fire.
Oft, as *Syllana* told me, when to Court
Her Lord was gone, eager of unknown Sport;
She ſigh'd, and in her Boſom hid her Face,
And with fierce Action would the Wench embrace.
Dreſs'd like *Diana*, ſhe in Woods is fear'd,
And gives ſwift chace to all the ſavage Herd:
With vigour maſculine ſhe rides along,
Her Quiver full of Shafts behind her hung;
Her right hand holds a Dart, her left a Bow;
Her long black Locks on her fair Shoulders flow,
As thickning Clouds o'er the Sun's Brightneſs grow.

Ner. Thou dear Procurer of my moſt-lov'd Joys,
Fly, fly, the leaſt delay my Life deſtroys.
Now try thy Skill; this is indeed a Task:
Win her, and thou haſt more than thou caſt ask.

[*Exit* Petronius.

Let phlegmatick dull Kings call Crowns their Care;
Mine is my wanton, and does Beauties ſhare
Above my Miſtreſs' Eyes. On, *Nero*, on,
Spend thy vaſt ſtock, and riot in thy Throne.
If there be pleaſure yet I have not found,
Name it, ſome God; 'tis mine, tho under ground:
No Nook of Hell ſhall hide it from thy ſight,
But I will conjure't into open light.
My Scepter, like a charming Rod, ſhall raiſe
Such Sports as would old *Epicures* amaze;
Pleaſures ſo rich, ſo various, and ſo new,
As never yet the Gods, my great Forefathers, knew.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Drusillus, *and a* Roman.

Drus. BArbarous and horrid! O the raging Fiend,
Where will his black Impieties have end?
The great, the wise, the worthy *Seneca*,
Is by this bloody Monster made away.
Poor City! whither are thy Founders fled,
To what low distant Regions of the dead,
That at their Country's Call they will not rise,
And this ungovern'd Tyram's Rage chastise?
Ro. I saw the best and wisest of Mankind,
The Pilot of the Will, the Guide o'th' Mind,
Dying and pale; from every gen'rous Vein
Base Executioners his Life did drain:
By *Nero* kill'd, by *Nero* whom he lov'd,
Whose Youth by painful Studies he improv'd,
And warm'd so long the Viper in his Breast,
That the kind Host was poison'd by the Guest.
Drus. In vain we mourn: Some noble *Roman* shou'd
Care to be glorious, dangerously good,
And kill this Tyrant; kill him gorg'd with Wine,
Forcing a Day, and making Black Night shine:
Debauch'd, and sordidly ambitious grown,
'Midst all his Revels, would the Deed were done.
Ro. Guilt, the Mind's Wild-fire, lick his Spirits up;
Press him good Gods, press him until he droop,
Sink, and be damn'd, beneath the lowest Hell:
After his Death we may in Safety dwell.
Drus. But, while he lives, no honest *Roman* may
Pass Night in rest, or view one peaceful Day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *The Country.*

Otho, Poppea, Petronius, Piſo.

Pet. Why ſhould ſuch godlike Forms inhabit here,
And bleſs th'ignoble ſort?
Oth. Prithee, no more;
She ſha' not go to Court, there's diſcord in't.
Pet. Now by your Lady's lovely Eyes I ſwear,
That Country ſounds not half ſo well to me.
Is it more Harmony to hear a Clown
Whiſtle his dull Tunes, which you conſtrue ſolemn,
Than ſee a Lady ſoftly touch her Lute,
And breathe an Air to the melodious Strings?
Her Beauty, and her Voice ſo raviſhing,
That each Spectator's Soul is left in doubt
Where firſt to mount, into the Eye or Ear.
The Court's,
Now, by my Honour, dearer than my Life;
And, as I action love, I think the Court
May well be term'd the noble Randezvous
Of gallant Spirits: 'Tis a Circle, Sir.
Oth. More I'll allow, it is a golden Circle;
But, like the *Carthaginian* Hero's King,
It carries Poiſon: 'Tis a fatal Circle,
Upon whoſe Magick Skirts a thouſand Devils,
In chryſtal forms, ſit tempting Innocence,
And beckon early Virtue from its Center.
Piſo. Now, by my Life, I think you counſel ill.
I view thee, and o'th ſudden, ſomething calls
Thee Traitor.
Brother, I never lov'd this Man; that's all. *Exit.*
Pet. Why ſhould you loſe me on a bare Suſpicion?
The Gods ram Curſes on me thick as Hail,
If e'er I harbour'd in this Breaſt a Thought
But what was noble, of your ſpotly Loves.
I muſt be bold to ſay you've done me wrong;
And, but I have by Oath inviolable
Sworn you a Friendſhip firm as Deſtiny,

Piſo.

Protecting you and yours, I ſhould not thus
Tamely put up your angry Brother's Terms.
Oth. Your pardon, generous Friend, he was to blame;
Let my Repentance ſet all right again:
Indeed I am aſham'd for what was paſt.
Pet. See, our Contention has diſturb'd your Lady,
And call'd the precious Dew into her Eyes.
Oth. No more, my dear: nay, if thou love me, ceaſe.
Pet. I wonder that the Emperor's ſo long!
I wrote to have him call *Otho* to Court,
Employ him there, and come in Perſon hither.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Court.*

Octavia, Britannicus.

Oct. Ah! deareſt Brother! be not too ſecure;
Syrens moſt dreadful are, when they allure:
I dread him moſt, ſince your laſt noble Strife,
And fear he is plotting 'gainſt your precious Life,
Of which you ought to have a tender care,
Becauſe your Siſter claims ſo deep a ſhare:
For, hear me Gods, the Doom which you decree
This gallant Prince, ſhall prove my Deſtiny.
Brit. Fear not my Life; he cannot be ſo baſe:
I have ſome Friends, that all his Miſchiefs trace;
If ought againſt me move, their Care will find
Some means to let me know what is deſign'd.
Oct. Heav'n ever ſhield you from his Violence;
His Kindneſs to you is but mere Pretence,
And if he ſmiles, 'tis at your Innocence.
The Chryſtal of his Eye is clouded o'er,
That his dark Thoughts my Genius can't explore.
E'er while I met him,
The Fates ſit working on his gather'd Brows;
Slow ſteps he takes, and murmurs as he goes,
Starts, and fix'd Looks upon the Terras throws.
Brit. Mild as calm Martyrs, I could Death receive;
Two Reaſons only make we wiſh to live:

Two

Two Debts remain to pay, moſt nobly due;
Love claims the firſt, t'other I owe to you.
Oct. Within your Breaſt does Love chief Regent ſtand?
I thought that Reaſon there had ſole Command.
Brit. Never was Heart ſo pitifully kind,
So capable of Love's Impreſſion made.
With me all Beauties gentle Uſage find;
The humble charm, the mighty to invade.
Laſt Year, unknown to *Parthia*, I did go,
And view'd the Court; beheld the gallant Foe
Of *Rome*, Prince *Alamander*, whoſe great Name
Sounds loud, and almoſt cracks the Cheeks of Fame.
Bellona then, as Goddeſs of our Arms,
I did adore; but ſoon felt ſofter Charms:
The curious Prince within my Looks did find
Something that wrought upon his noble Mind,
Diſcours'd me, call'd me Friend, and did confeſs
He never lov'd a Man to ſuch exceſs.
One Day, (Oh Day moſt fatal to my reſt!)
After a thouſand Kindneſſes expreſt,
He took me by the Hand, and gently ſaid,
Dear Friend, there is a young and noble Maid
That fain would ſee you. Bowing, I replied,
Sir, I am your's, and to your Service tied.
Octa. Your Story yet has no great cauſe to fright.
Brit. At length we came; but ſuch a glorious Sight,
Such a bright Flux of Rays on tender Senſe,
Such charming Softneſs, ſuch ſweet Excellence,
Words may deſcribe, but never can define;
The Sun ne'er ſaw an Object ſo divine;
Fancy can't teach it; above Fiction fair;
All the ſweet Lines of Beauty center'd there.
Unlike to *Caſar*'s was my amorous Doom,
I came, I ſaw, but was my ſelf o'ercome.
It was his Siſter,
Cyara nam'd, that royal charming Maid;
My Soul was wrapt with Joy, tho ſhook with Dread.
So Angels when they ſtoop to mortal ſight,
Strike us with Awe, yet raviſh with Delight.

Octa.

Octa. Why did you not your noble Love declare?
Brit. I did; but firſt committed to her Ear
The Secret of my Birth, which ſhe receiv'd
With modeſt Joy, and generouſly believ'd:
Our Loves too happy were to flouriſh long;
Froſt-nipt i'th' Bud, they wither'd as they hung.
Some *Roman* Slave, I know not whom nor where,
Gave the old King private Intelligence;
But the young Prince moſt watchful ſent me word,
Haſten'd my Flight, and would not time afford
To hear my Thanks, ingrateful ſo I came
To *Rome*, but nouriſh'd ſtill my former Flame.

Enter Cyara *and* Silvius *at one Door, the Emperor and* Plautus *at another.*

Cya. Yonder he ſtands, the Gods great Maſter-piece!
Oh, I could ever on that Object gaze,
And loſe my Senſes in that goodly Maze!
With gay and vig'rous Youth his Eyes are crown'd,
Preſence and manly Graces all around
His noble Form, do make their bright abode,
Like Beams of Luſtre circling in a God.
Ner. He dies, that bold Comptroller of my Will;
He has obliged me ſo, that I muſt kill.
Why with dull Thoughts do I my Fancy pall?
When I look ſad, whole Hecatombs ſhould fall.
Ha! who are they? my fretting Blood does riſe:
Hands reſt, I'll try to blaſt him with my Eyes;
Make me a Baſiliſk but one ſhort Hour,
Some God that would be *Nero*'s Emperor.
Plaut. Oh you juſt Pow'rs! where is *Aſtrea* fled?
Foul Vice triumphs, trampling on Virtue's Head.
Here ſam'd *Democritus* his Teeth might ſhow,
And *Heraclitus* might his Tears beſtow.
Nero. I hate him deadly,
As Poverty, Diſeaſes, or old Age;
For his wiſh'd Death, my Empire I'll engage.

Not

Nor Hell nor Heaven my fierce Reſolves ſhall daunt;
Firſt I will act; and then I'll think upon't.
Octavia, follow me. [*Exeunt ambo.*
Brit. What does he mean?
He frowns on me, and ſmiles upon the Queen.
Theſe ruddy Drops ſome ſay ill Omens are;
Gods be my Guard, but I'm not worth my Care.
I bleed within; there, there's the mortal Wound,
For which no Cure, no Balſam can be found.
In Dreams, *Cyara*, I behold thy Charms,
With fix'd Imagination of high Pleaſure;
Thy beauteous Form ſhall flow into my Arms,
And I embrace it as a real Treaſure. [*Exit.*
Cyar. How dull this Place appears now he is gone!
Night's Emblem, it bemoans the abſent Sun.
Sylv. Madam, 'tis fit you ſhould diſcover now;
Put off the Cloud, and fair *Cyara* ſhow.
Cya. E'er I reveal my ſelf, his Love I'll try.
Syl. You doubt him.
Cya. No, it is Curioſity. [*Exeunt.*

Nero, Octavia.

Ner. Your Sentence dooms me to be curſt or bleſt;
Can you deny me? 'tis my firſt Requeſt:
All things are eaſy to a willing Mind;
'Tis quickly done, if you will prove but kind.
Oct. My Soul doth with convulſive Horror ſhake;
Name it again, for ſure I did miſtake.
Ner. That you the Prince your Brother's Blood would ſpill;
No matter how, ſo you but ſwear to kill.
Here with my Dagger let the Deed be done:
You often find him ſleeping and alone.
Oct. Sleeping! Oh Gods! can you your Vengeance keep?
Where is your Thunder? No 'tis you that ſleep:
Sure elſe your Juſtice would his Vice confound,
And drive this Monſter quick into the Ground.
Hell to his Soul ſuch Impudence has giv'n,
That he in time will ſtorm your Fort of Heaven.

In Blaſphemies his Spirits do exhale;
Your high bright Walls his Giant Crimes will ſcale.
Oh, my Heart's full.
Ner. Here's that will give it vent. [*Stabs her.*
So, now go tell the Gods my black Intent.
Britannicus his Death I will deſire;
'Tis pretty well I've made an end of her.
Now I will haſte to meet *Poppea*'s Arms:
Oh, Love, aſſiſt me with thy mighty Charms,
And I will raiſe thy wanton Altars higher;
Old Men and Eunuchs ſhall in heaps expire,
Becauſe uncapable of thy ſoft Fire.
This Day my fatal Brow no Clouds ſhall wear;
Till I return, *Rome* lay aſide thy Fear;
I and the Gods of Wit ſmile once a Year.
[*Exit.*

Oct. Oh, my *Britannicus*, my Brother!——Oh,
Might I but ſee thee once, yet e'er I go,
And wander in the wide dark Dens of Death:
But, oh! my Soul is almoſt out of Breath.

Enter Britannicus.

Brit. He ſent me here; for what I can't deviſe.
Oct. Ah me! look here, with Pity glut thy Eyes.
Now I am well: for thy ſake I would live.
My dear, my gentle Brother, do not grieve.
Brit. Gods! Gods! but they are deaf, or will not hear.
No hopes of Life? Oh my prophetick Fear!
Sigh Heart, weep Eyes, I draw each chryſtal Spring;
But 'tis my Blood muſt be thy Offering.
Oct. Hold, hold; *Cyara*, 'tis *Cyara*'s call:
My Share I give to her, ſhe claims you all.
Give me your Sword; ſo now I've loſt my Fears:
You weep too much, and yet I love thoſe Tears;
It was a gen'rous Proffer, 'twas indeed.
Upon thy Boſom let me reſt my Head;
'Tis a ſoft Pillow, ſweetly now I reſt,
And figh my Soul into thy gentle Breaſt. [*Dies.*

Brit. O ſtay, my dear, my moſt-lov'd Siſter, ſtay;
But one Word more. Her Soul is on its way:
She's gone, ſhe's gone: thou flow'ry Sweet farewel,
Oh where, to whom ſhall I my Sorrows tell!
In every Grove and melancholy Bower
Thy ſad untimely Loſs I will deplore;
Thy Name's dear Character each Tree ſhall bear,
On every Letter I will drop a Tear.
How quickly Fate our faireſt Hopes beguiles!
Oh, thou ſhort Solace of my many Ills,
Adieu! Adieu, my Star, my deareſt Light!
Now thou art gone, I am all dark, all Night:
One Lump I grow, and know not how I move,
All ſad and gloomy, as the Eyes of Love.
Truſt me, thy Sweetneſs I ſhall ne'er forget;
Stiff with my Sorrows, on thy Tomb I'll ſit,
Till I at laſt into cold Marble turn,
And with my pious Figure grace thy Urn. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Britannicus *with a* Boy.

Brit. WHAT is the Earth to me? why do I ſtay,
Since thou, my Joy, my dear *Octavia*,
Art raviſh'd hence? To *Parthia* I will fly,
And in thy Preſence, fair *Cyara*, die;
My only Comforts on thy Truth depend;
If thou art chang'd, my Grief ſhall have an end.
Go ſing the Song without.

SONG.

SONG.

WEEP, weep, you Muſes, drain the Springs,
Such Notes go warble to the Strings,
Such Dirges as the Ravens ſound
When Ghoſts run trembling thro the Ground:
The faireſt of her Sex is dead,
Her tender Limbs are wrapp'd in Lead;
Her Eyes, Stars Envy, the Earth's Pride,
The broad black Hand of Death does hide:
In Death's dark Chamber now ſhe lies,
Pale as the Snow, and cold as Ice.

CHORUS.

The Grave, the lovely Grave will bring us eaſe,
There ſhall we ſleep in downy Peace;
There no Diſtractions nor Jealouſies be,
But all from inord'nate Paſſions are free:
The cold Tomb is free from hot Love and Deſire;
It has Aſhes good ſtore, but admits of no Fire:
There Men do never groan, nor Women cry,
But all things huſh'd, in ſolemn Silence lie.

Brit. Enough, enough. Oh, my ſick Heart, not yet?
Break, break, for ſhame, let Nature have her Debt.

Cyara, Sylvius.

Cya. Withdraw good *Sylvius.* How ſad he looks!
Was ever Man ſo goodly? Oh my Heart
Bear up! and yet I dare not ſpeak to him.
If there be any Charms in Womens Tongues,
If there be any Words that can infuſe
Soft Love into a Boſom, and create
A gentle Paſſion, good Heaven grant it now.
Sir, may I interrupt without Offence

Your ſerious Thoughts? I've ſomething to relate
Which is your near Concern.
Brit. Mine, pretty Sir?
Say on, I hear you. What would his Buſineſs be?
Cya. 'Tis from a Lady who made me her Agent,
A ſorry one I fear, and much unable
To tell what ſhe commanded me; a Story
So lamentable, that I cannot think on't,
But ſtreight my Eyes o'erflow with Tears. Pardon me,
Only a little reſpite, I'll go on.
Brit. Thou raiſeſt ſomething in me, which as yet
I cannot give a name to. What can this mean?
Cya. Cyara, Sir, the *Parthian* Princeſs——
Brit. Ha!
Com'ſt thou from her? a thouſand Bleſſings on thee.
Cya. A thouſand Curſes, rather, for my News.
My Name's *Coralbo*, her unhappy Kinſman;
To my poor Faith ſhe did the mighty Honour
Of telling the ſad Stories of your Loves.
It was her chance, a diſmal chance indeed,
That Day you fled, as ſhe was ſitting at
The Palace Window, ſtriking of her Lute,
Thoughtful, and Virgin-like, alone, to caſt
Her Eye upon your Perſon; ſtreight ſhe bluſh'd,
Wondring to ſee you in that Equipage;
But ſoon her Brother did unriddle all:
Amazement ſeiz'd her firſt; but when the Prince
Was gone, ſhe loos'd the Reins Grief had full ſtopp'd:
She trembled, fetch'd heart-breaking Sighs,
As if her Eyes were Springs; ſhe made Complaints
So languiſhing, and with ſo ſad an Accent,
I wonder that it kill'd her not till now.
Brit. I hope you come not to abuſe me.
By Heaven, if you do——
Cya. Indeed I do not:
Let that convince you, if you know her Hand.
I find he's noble, his Looks are chang'd o'th' ſudden:
I fear I've gone too far. How do you, Sir?
Brit. Well, Boy. O Gods! Devils! Hell, Heaven,
and Earth!

Reads

Reads. *If in the other World I can behold ought there, it will be you; pray love my Memory: 'Twill be a Satisfaction above the Thoughts of Paradise to your dying* Cyara.

I feel a mortal trembling ſhoot along
My Arteries: I'm cold. *Octavia! Cyara!* Oh! [*Falls.*
Cya. Help, help: My Lord, *Cyara* lives; return.
What have I done? upon thy dying Lips
I'll print my Soul, but I'll bring back thy Life.
Fool that I was, for a Fancy, thus
To play away that Pearl, for which I would
Have ſold my Breath, my vital Spirits, my All.
O, he returns. *Cyara* is not dead:
Look up, my Lord; do you not know this Face?
Brit. Cyara! Heavens, 'tis ſhe! Thou charming Fair,
How am I raviſh'd with thy glorious Preſence?
O, who would live on Earth, ſultry and hot,
Under a Load of Care, did he once taſte
The Pleaſures of theſe cool immortal Shades?
O the refreſhing Sweets which the Winds blow
From ever-budding Flowers eternal Spring!
Cya. Where, Sir?
Brit. Why, here in bleſt *Elizium.*
Cya. O he is loſt, diſtracted!
Brit. Look, look, my dear, prithee let's walk along,
The Graſs does ſhine with pure Emerald Green,
Each purling Brook like liquid Plate appears,
And every Pebble ſeems a Diamond;
Tall burniſh'd Trees with Fruit of maſſy Gold,
Upon whoſe Boughs all fair and heav'nly Forms
Sit ſweetly warbling to their Loves below.
See yonder's *Octavia*, my Siſter, look,
Pale and forlorn, in a cloſe gloomy Shade,
Her airy Subſtance thus I will condenſe,
And to ſqueeze Water, 'cauſe I cannot weep.
Cya. Ah Prince! *Cyara* lives, and I am ſhe.
Brit. Thou art a lying Boy: O Gods, my Head!
Cya. Do you not know me, Sir? look wiſtly on me.

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Brit. Cyara's Picture; juſt ſuch charming Eyes;
Such ſnowy Hands, ſuch Lips, ſuch winning Smiles,
Such Tenderneſs; ſuch was her every Grace:
But Oh! you told a falſe, a fatal Tale,
The Accent of thy Voice is different,
She could not lye, for ſhe was all Perfection:
All Beauty ſicken'd when ſhe left the World.
Cyara, Oh thou Fair-one! glorious Saint,
Thou could'ſt not die for me, deſerveleſs me.

Cya. She is not dead, but lives and loves you, Sir.

Brit. Thou doſt aſſociate with Lawyers ſure,
And Travellers.

Cya. Who I Sir? why?

Brit. Becauſe
Thou ly'ſt extremely, Boy: No, ſhe is dead;
The Canopy of Heav'n is hung with Sable;
The Sun, like a great Mourner, drives her Hearſe,
Wrapp'd round with Clouds; each Star withdraws
His golden Head, and burns within his Socket:
The whole Cope is dark, black, diſmal,
And mourns the ſudden Loſs of fair *Cyara*.
Ha through; yonder flies a Night-Raven,
In each black Eye there rolls a Pound of Jet.
See how he fans with his huge wicker Wings
The dusky Air. Come, Boy, be gone,
I'll ſave thee, tho I die my ſelf; go in,
Run, run, I ſay, I'll fetch my Bow, and ſhoot him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Country.*

Petronius, Poppea. Piſo *over-hearing.*

Pop. I muſt not hear you, Sir.

Pet. Can you deſpiſe
A Flame whoſe matchleſs Splendour drowns the Stars,
And Luſtre vies with the great Eye of Day?
O ſcrupulous Virtue, art thou grown ſo cold,
That the reflected Beams of doubled Honours,

Beating

Beating upon thee with inceſſant Glories,
Cannot approach thee thro thy Walls of Ice?
With all their fiery Points, cannot once pierce thee?

Pop. High Minds ſhould not be tempted with Appearance,
Nor drawn to dangerous Courſes from homely Cells,
Where honeſt Pleaſures with ſafe Plenty dwells.

Pet. But what Converſe, what Nobleneſs is here
To deck your Thoughts, that claim a vaſter Sphere?
Thro all the Heaven they ſhould, like Eagles, roam,
Not ſtay in ſuch a ſolitary Home. (Breaſt?

Pop. What unknown Gueſts are theſe that tear my
Like Slaves in golden Mines, they dig their way:
A Crown they ſhew, which my frail Heart adores;
Before my Thoughts a royal Scepter flies,
At which my Fancy graſps; but when it comes,
And its bright Glories offers to my Hand,
I fain would reach, and yet refuſe to hold.

Pet. Madam, conſider 'tis a mighty Proffor;
'Tis not this Province, or that Colony;
He gives you all: All is a Gift ſo great,
As none but *Jove* to *Cæſar* can beſtow.
What is it deters you from your Happineſs?

Pop. Oh, I am loſt in Honour's Labyrinth.
No Clew to guide me, but my own Deſire,
And that would lead me out, but knows not how.

Piſo. Oh Heavens, what will this Earth come to! Was it for this my noble Brother was ſent for in ſo much haſte? And is it for this he harbours that Viper in our Houſe, to tear his Darling hence, and eat his Heart out? O Laws of Hoſpitality, why are you ſacred? Why is my Hand ſo backward to puniſh that Raviſher of our Honour?
Methinks I ſee that Genius of our Houſe
Start from his Monument, and ſtalk along
Shaking with panick Fears, and with an Eye
That darts its poiſon'd Beams of Indignation
Aſſure: Methinks I ſee him chide my ſlow
Revenge.

Pop. My Brother has loſt his Senſes.

Piſo. I would I had, and with them loſt my Life,
So thou couldſt find thy Honour : Oh thy Honour !
More worth than all that golden Pageantry,
High Tops of Fortune, glorious Pinnacles,
And Heav'n knows what, that ſwim in thy fond Fancy ;
Thoſe wanton Sepulchres have ſwallow'd it :
Thy Eyes, thoſe Graves of Nobleneſs and Glory,
I've known the time, when, had I look'd but thus,
Thus curiouſly upon thee, ſtreight a Bluſh
Would mount into thy Cheek ; there's nothing now
But pale Diſhonour. Prithee do not ſpeak,
Thy Words are peſtilent, the blaſting iſſue
Of a corrupted Heart, diſeas'd, and deadly.

Pop. How ſhould he know this ? ſure he overheard
Petronius talking with me ; It muſt be ſo.
But pray why is't a Sin to go to Court ?
I am not guilty of one wicked Thought,
And yet you make me a moſt wretched Creature.

Piſo. Indeed thou art a ſinful wretched Creature :
Thou art the wretched'ſt thing I ever ſaw ;
Thy Blood is all o'fire, the Emperor,
That Dog-ſtar, has inflam'd it ; I pity thee.
O that my Tears could make thy Heart relent,
Or quench thoſe Fires that will devour thee :
Then I would drain thoſe chryſtal Sources dry ;
Rivers I'd weep, and long luxuriant Streams,
My Eyes ſhould play the Waſtons, not thy way.
If thou haſt any Senſe of Shame, look back ;
Thy Feet upon the Brink of Ruin ſtand,
But one Step more, and thou art loſt for ever.
Glorious Deſtruction, glitt'ring Miſeries
Will keep thee waking till Death cloſe thy Eyes. [*Weeps.*

Pet. Fy, fy, my Lord ; were your Surmiſes true,
This is too much, it ſhews unmanly.

Piſo. Ha!
It will not be ; rather than ſuffer this,
Let me be ever branded, baſe, and barbarous.
My Rage is kindled, and I'll bear no more ;
Be gone, thou Monſter, fly, thou Harpy, fly,
Put on thy Wings of Horrour, and be gone.

Or

Or, by my Honour, were this House a Temple,
Thy base black Blood should stain the sacred Floor.
[*Exeunt* Petro. *and* Poppea *smiling on him.*
Piso. I am troubled; yet there's one way left:
Revenge, Revenge! O thou art sweet and lovely!
I'll go to *Rome*, and with wrong'd *Otho* join.
[*Trumpets sound.*
What means this Noise?
Servants running over the Stage.
[*Within. The Emperor, the Emperor!*
Plau. The Emperor, my Lord, is come in Person (hither.
Piso. Ha! is it so? then all fond Hopes farewel;
Diseases be his welcome. O, I am mad.
This Night he whores my Sister. Hell, hear my Pray'r!
Despair, Revenge, and Murder, come along;
Bring all your cursed Crew and come along:
In fatal Business I'll employ you all,
With this sole Arm Heav'ns Vengeance I'll forestall;
An Act so great, pale *Brutus* shall desire
To see, *Cato* and *Cassius* shall admire.
Start not, my Soul, but do't; *Poppea* dies,
My Anger's Victim, Honour's Sacrifice.
Her Beauties, so ador'd, so much admir'd,
With Pride and sensual Pleasure so inspir'd,
Shall in a moment sicken, fade, and fall;
Like the North-wind, I'll rush, and blast you all.
Nero, prepare; for whensoe'er I come,
Immortal as thou art, I bring thy doom.
I'll make that Cedar tremble like a Reed;
Nero shall die; that vaunting God shall bleed. [*Exit.*

The Scene changes. After a Song, the Emperor comes in Royally attended, bowing to Poppea, *&c.* Petronius.

Ner. Model of Heav'n, thou Ornament of Earth,
Propitious Star that smiles on human Birth!
Or art thou Goddess of the silver Floods?
Or the fair Heav'nly Huntress of these Woods?

Or art thou *Venus?* *Venus* wants ſuch fire;
When by the Graces dreſt in bright Attire,
She haſtes to meet her noble Warrior's Arms:
Venus, in height of dalliance, wants ſuch Charms.
Such Beauty never was by *Paris* ſeen;
Such conqu'ring Air, and ſuch majeſtick Mein.
O moſt Divine! with Pity bleſs my Flame.

Pop. Be not deluded Sir; I mortal am.

Ner. If thou of mortal Seed art born, be mine;
And I will make thee
More happy, than thoſe Pow'rs we call Divine.
To pleaſe thy Senſe, and raviſh thy ſoft Pow'rs,
I'll make ſuch Grotto's, Springs, and royal Bow'rs,
As ſhall tranſcend the bleſt *Elizian* Shade,
Tempe's fair Grove, and *Ida's* flow'ry Head,
Where the Gods meet and dance in Maſquerade.
For Baths, we will *Hydaſpes'* Current lave,
Lie cloſe incircled in a Golden Wave:
Thou Queen Triumphant; I thy humble Slave.
Lo, at thy feet, *Nero* himſelf does lie;
He that commands the Earth, the Sea, the Sky,
For love of thee, does languiſh, ſigh, and die.

Pop. Is all this true? can you do all theſe things?
Good Heav'n, what happy Creatures are you Kings!

Ner. If thy Heart bears ſuch ſoftneſs as thy Breaſt,
Then I am happy, then I'm truly bleſt.
All my dear Joys are treaſur'd in thoſe Eyes,
Thoſe kinder Stars, thoſe Suns of Paradiſe,
Without thy Smiles, alas, I nothing am,
But the poor ſhadow of a mighty Name.

Pop. How my Soul's rack'd with Joy and anxious Fear!
Fain I would go, and yet would tarry here.
Whence do theſe new deſires and wiſhes come?
Fain I would ſee I know not what, nor whom.
How rarely this King talks! how far above
My Lord's grave Rules of Duty and of Love!

Ner. About thy knees, O let me ever grow.

Pop. Why do you weep?

Ner. My Eyes ſhall ever flow:
Or, if theſe tender Sources ſhould decay,

My

My thawing Soul ſhall melt it ſelf away.
O ſtay: I'll follow thus, if you remove,
And hold thee faſt with all the force of Love.
Pop. Why is my Heart in its reſolves ſo ſlow?
Like a fond Child, when two gay things you ſhow,
With wandering Eyes it looks, does leap, and quake
For both; yet, doubtful, neither can partake.
Heav'ns! how he pants! how his Lips warm my Hand!
Ner. They draw their heat from this warm Firebrand.
Petr. She yields, ſhe yields! her Looks her Thoughts betray,
Greatneſs is enter'd and her Soul gives way.
Follow her ſtill, and let her take no reſt:
She thinks it pleaſure to be ſo oppreſt.
Pop. What muſt the Price of all theſe Pleaſures be?
Nature's choice Off'ring, Art's variety
Of noiſy Shows, and mighty Gallantry!
Ner. The Price of all, is but thy gentle Love.
Secure in Heav'n, as *Juno* keeps her *Jove*,
Thou ſhalt keep me, fetter'd in Golden Chains;
The ſoft ſad Story of my pleaſing Pains,
In ſighs upon thy Boſom I'll relate;
Thy Beauty's Creature, thou my Glory's Fate.
Drawn in a Chair of Gold, emboſs'd all o'er
With their great Images whom we adore,
On Velvet Floors triumphant thou ſhalt ride,
Princes ſhall run like Pages by thy ſide:
The Sun ſhall, from his flaming Seat, look down,
And of the Thund'rer ask a brighter Throne,
While all the Gods do bluſh
To ſee their Art by mortal Wit out-done.
Pop. And will you do all this for love of me?
Are there ſuch Charms in my Society?
Ner. But one ſhort Night let me your Love enjoy,
And I, next Morning, will my Life deſtroy.
Pop. Indeed you ſhall not; that were too ſevere.
Nay, if you love me, pray live all the Year.
For Fancy, I ſubſtantial Pleaſures reap.
Is that all? 'Tis very cheap.
Tell me not what my Duty does require;
Love man me now, and ſhows his ſacred Fire:

To

To Crowns, thoſe mighty Objects, I aſpire.
If you dare do as you have ſaid, lead on:
Pale Piety, adieu; live here alone,
While I go taſte the Pleaſures of a Throne.

Nero. Our Chariots haſte: yet ſtay, I will not go.
Thou Abſtract of all Sweets, thou Melter, Oh
Gods! too much Joy has my poor Soul diſtreſt,
Weary'd with Raptures, take it to thy Breaſt,
On thoſe ſoft Globes of Beauty let it reſt.
Kind God of Love, O bring thy Mother's Doves,
And waft us thro the calm Celeſtial Groves,
Surfeiting on each others Breaſt we'll ſtray;
When we want Words, and know not what to ſay,
With Eyes thus languiſhing we'll look all Day:
Now ſigh, now ſmile, or thus infolded lie,
And all along the milky way we'll die.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Nero, Poppæa, *ſitting in State.*

Nero. LET not my Crown and ſelf thy wiſh confine:
Ask what thou wilt; by all the Gods, 'tis thine.
Be ſtudied in't, and I'll applaud thee for't:
Mean while, behold the Pleaſures of our Court.

[*Dance*, &c.

Enter Britannicus, *mad*; *and* Cyara.

Pop. O my dread Lord, for theſe let me implore
Live, Wretches, and this Excellence adore.
Brit. Slay me not; by the Gods, I'll break, behold.
So ſad a Story *Orpheus* never told,

When

When his harmonious ſighs pierc'd *Cato's* Gate;
But I ban Heav'n, curſe the great Gods, and Fate,
And yet I will not ſpeak, the Theme's too ſtern;
Here Hell it ſelf might witty Horror learn.
Some Whirlwind ſnatch me headlong thro the Air,
Wrapt round with Clouds invelop'd in deſpair,
That I from Earth may hide this diſmal deed:
Honour is ſtabb'd, and all the Virtues bleed.
Cyara's fall'n, *Octavia* too is gone;
In Death's damp Vaults ſhe wanders all alone:
I ſaw her Soul dive ſtrangely thro the Ground,
In her own Blood that Spark of Heav'n was drown'd:
Treaſon againſt the Gods he did conſpire;
O Traitor, worſe than he that ſtole their Fire!
Ner. Who was that Traitor, Prince?
Brit. I know not, Sir,
Unleſs that Dog that was her Murderer.
Ner. Who was that Dog?
Brit. Why, *Cerberus* I gueſs;
No Savage elſe could hurt ſuch Gentleneſs.
Such Meekneſs would wild Panthers Fury charm,
And hungry Lions of their Rage diſarm;
Ev'n o'er their Prey it would the Conqueſt get,
Quell their ſwoln Hearts, and cool their bloody Heat.
Ner. Madman be gone.
Brit. This Madman is a Prince.
Ner. I ſay again, forbear this Inſolence,
Or thou ſhalt wiſh thou wert a Beggar born:
At once thou mov'ſt my Pity and my Scorn.
Brit. 'Twas you that kill'd my Siſter.
Ner. Ha! thou ly'ſt:
Stand not my Rage: for, if thou doſt, thou dy'ſt.
Brit. Then I will ſit, and hear your Thunder roar;
Such humble Shrubs it hurts not, but flies o'er.
Ner. But you ſhall find, for once, 'twill condeſcend:
I pity thee, and will thy Sorrows end.
Cya. Hold; by the Gods, I do conjure you, ſtay;
Firſt thro my Boſom force your bloody way.
In Policy you ought his Life to ſpare;
For, if you let him live, Heav'n will forbear

To

To puniſh you, not will due Vengeance take;
The juſt good Gods will ſpare you for his ſake.
Brit. How the Boy prattles! 'tis a pretty Boy!
Cyara's Image! how that damps my Joy!
What mean theſe two, by ſuch an antick Form?
Here's a ſoft Calm, and there a bluſt'ring Storm.
My Painter ſo ſhall draw me Day and Night:
Here horrid Darkneſs ſtands; there, gaudy Light:
There, Cruelty, like the Red-Sea appears;
Here melting Mercy flows in pitying Tears.
Exquiſite Emblems! perfect Good and Evil:
A Heav'n, a Hell, an Angel, and a Devil.
Ner. If I gaze long, I ſhall my Nature loſe:
Midſt of my full Career I ſtop and muſe.
Now whence does this unworthy Pauſe proceed?
Can I repent my Rage? no, he ſhall bleed.
Cya. Hold, Sir, you cannot ſtrike.
Ner. How? cannot, Boy?
Cya. Alas, I ly'd; I know you can deſtroy:
You can do all things, Sir, both drown and burn;
Nay, the whole World to its firſt Chaos turn.
You are a God to damn, a King to kill:
You can do all things, if you had the Will.
But you are kind, and ſoft, I know you are;
Your Eyes are noble, and delight to ſpare.
O Heav'n! how Men will lye! nay, now I find
You have a gentle, great, and godlike Mind.
The Prince is mad, and you are pleas'd to ſee't,
Nay, pardon all— O let me kiſs your Feet.
You'll win all Hearts by ſuch kind Acts as theſe;
With my warm Tears I'll bath your ſacred Knees.
Ner. Shall I be branded with the name of Good?
Be gone, thou ſoft invader of my Blood;
Mercy and I no Correſpondence have;
Pity's a whining tender-hearted Slave:
Fury I love, becauſe ſhe's bold and brave.
As I ſcan things, Virtue's the greateſt Crime:
Stand off; or I will paſs thro thee, to him. [*kills her.*
Pop. Hold, *Cæſar*, now I take you at your word;
If you will keep your Promiſe, ſheath your Sword.

Ner.

Ner. 'Twere leſs to give the World, than let him live;
Yet your Commands with Joy I do receive.
Brit. What barbarous Hand has done this horrid Deed?
Oh, my dear Boy, look up; thou doſt not bleed.
Stop, ſtop, thou bloody Spring; my Hair perforce
Shall bind thee, and dam up the Scarlet Source:
I will my ſelf thy kind Phyſician be;
When I was ſick thou ſtill wert ſo to me:
At my Bed-ſide, ſtrict Watch all Night he'll keep,
And, with his Songs, rock my dull Cares aſleep.
His Cheeks are pale! Roſes, look forth again,
And ſmile for Joy your pretty Rival's ſlain.
Fate wove thy Thred of Life too fine to laſt;
All's loſt at once! O ſad! O deſp'rate caſt!
Thus, in my Arms, I'll bear thy Beauties hence;
No guilty Hand ſhall touch thy Innocence:
Thus, Arm in Arm, we in one Grave will lie;
Wretched we liv'd, but happy we will die.
[*Exit with* Cyara.
Pop. What means my trembling Heart by this ſurprize?
Why do I ſigh? why do theſe Bluſhes riſe?
Before my Soul, a mournful Troop appears;
Hopes ſtifled in their Birth, Starts, ſudden Fears,
Languiſhing Joys, and ſolitary Tears!
I love him, 'tis too plain juſt Heav'n has ſent
On my Inconſtancy this Puniſhment.
I've gone too far to think of a return;
I muſt enjoy him: O my Heart does burn!
My Blood boils high, and beats with ſtrange deſires:
'Tis juſt that Madneſs mingled with ſuch Fires. [*Exit.*
Ner. Thou haſt a Wit; ſome ſudden means contrive.
Pet. Believe me, Sir, this Night he ſhan't ſurvive.
[*Exit* Nero, *&c.*
Solus. Contrivance gives a Miſchief gloſs——'tis fine:
I ha't——my Kinſman *Burrhus* fills his Wine;
By nature bloody——then the pow'rful Charm
Of Gold, a preſent Gain, no future Harm,
Saſe in the Emp'ror's Favour he ſhall live:
All this well weigh'd, my black Deſign muſt thrive.

Nature

Nature has not been overkind to me:
Her limber Sons and I cannot agree:
She is my Stepdame; but my Comfort is,
To pay her home, this Night her Darling dies. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Otho, Piſo.

Piſo. Yet be advis'd, and let us end this Strife.
Otho. Deny thy words, and I will ſpare thy Life.
Piſo. Deny my words? what didſt thou ever ſee
In all my Life, to raiſe this thought in thee?
My Nature's hot, provoke me, Sir, no more:
I do pronounce again ſhe is a Whore.
Otho. Blaſphemer, Peace; rage does my Heart-ſtrings tear.
Were thou my Father, I could not forbear.
Piſo. Sir, I dare fight.
Otho. Guard well thy Life.
Piſo. I do.
This Sport was ne'er unwelcome until now. [*Fight.*
You bleed.
Otho. No matter, Sir, the Wound's but ſlight.
Piſo. O Brother, hear me for I will not fight.
Otho. You muſt.
Piſo. I cannot. Heav'n! what have I done?
Otho. Thou art a Coward: prithee, Boy, be gone.
Piſo. Curſe on my Hand that drew your precious Blood!
Poppea is an Angel chaſte and good:
I'll flatter you; I care not what I ſay,
Rather than ſtill purſue this fatal Fray.
Otho. Now I believe what thou haſt ſaid is true;
Pity has done what Angels could not do:
O ſhe is falſe, forſworn, and I am loſt,
My Soul is ſhipwreck'd on its moſt lov'd coaſt;
By the victorious Mercy I'm undone.
Go, noble Brother, leave this Wretch alone;
O, my Heart's ſick! your Pardon, pray no more;
Here I will die, and my hard Hap deplore.
[*Piſo.*

Piſo. Then I will ſit for ever by your ſide,
Take it not ill if I this tameneſs chide,
Rouſe up your Wrath, let Anger chaſe away
Theſe ſullen Clouds; Revenge will bring the Day
Again, and make your Honour ſhine more bright,
While it damns her to ſhades of Death and Night.
Otho. Ha! thou haſt wak'd my Soul from its dull reſt;
Revenge, thou gen'rous Fire, enrich my Breaſt.

Poppea *paſſes over the Stage.*

O glorious Whore! I'll ſink her with a Blow,
She's rotten ripe for Ruin; let me go.
Piſo. You ſee her Guards will your Revenge oppoſe,
And thus, for nothing, we our Lives ſhall loſe.
Otho. Down, down, my ſwelling Heart; O I am ſad:
Hold, my weak Eyes; this ſight has made me mad.
Piſo. Blinded with Rage, our Reaſon's apt to ſtray:
Be rul'd by me; I'll ſhew the ſafeſt way.

SCENE III.

Britannicus *reading*, Poppea *enters.*

Pop. Muſing, and all alone? *Sylvana*, go,
The bottom of my Fate I'll quickly know:
My Virtues are dethron'd, and Paſſions rule.
O Heav'ns! my Crimes you have reveng'd at full.
Brit. Is it a Truth? or does Fame tell us lyes,
When it reports that the Soul never dies,
But mantled ſits, and acts in gloomy ſhrouds,
Like *Cynthia*, when ſhe's hem'd with circling Clouds?
When the ſoft Partner of our Griefs and Joys,
With trembling Hands ſhall cloſe our dying Eyes,
When in ſad ſort our Friends ſhall ſtand and mourn,
To ſee the fatal Torch theſe Relicts burn,
Is there an end of Thought? no farther Care?
No Throne of Bliſs, nor Caverns of Deſpair?

No Dens of Darkneſs, nor no Seats of Glory?
Then all our grave Diſcourſe is but a Story.
Some full-gorg'd Prieſt, nodding beneath a ſhade,
Tales of *Elyzium*, and the dull Pool, made.
Whither, O whither, go we when we die?
Why, there where Babes not yet conceiv'd do lie.
Death's nothing; nothing after Death will fall;
Time, and dark *Chaos*, will devour us all.
Pop. I come to kill thee, Prince.
Brit. My Boy is dead;
To Heav'ns bright Throne his brighter Soul is fled:
Yonder he mounts on Silver burniſh'd Wings;
Each God immortal Sweets around him flings.
Now, like a Ship, he cuts the liquid Sky;
His Rigging's glorious, and his Maſt is high,
Fan'd with cool Winds his golden Colours fly.
Ha! wilt thou follow him? begin: ſtrike home.
Pop. I ſay, to kill thee (Prince) I hither come.
Thy Eyes ſharp Beams have run quite thro my Heart,
And I on thine will thus revenge the Smart
Brit. Strike, and by Heav'n I'll kiſs thee for the Blow;
Be quick, my Blood is black and full of Woe:
Do me this welcome dangerous Cruelty,
Fair Murdreſs, if thou art my Enemy.
Pop. Nay, ſure you flatter'd when you term'd me Fair.
Brit. If Lillies, Snow, and Light, be ſuch, you are.
Pop. If I am ſo, this Deed would make me foul,
And caſt eternal Spots upon my Soul;
Therefore, thou horrid Inſtrument be gone;
Without thy help, alas, I am undone.
I faint.
Brit. Within my Arms I'll hold thee till
Thy Soul return, and gently Death beguile:
In roſy Gales Life thro her Lips does ſtream.
Pop. Why did you wake me from this golden Dream?
Oh, I am ſick!
Brit. I am contagious ſure;
And all that touch me die.
Pop. You are my Cure.

'Tis only in your Power to make me live.
From thoſe lov'd Eyes let me this Balm receive,
Within this Circle let me ever grow. (me do?
Brit. Thou Charmer, ſpeak; what wouldſt thou have
Pop. Something—— why, thus to preſs your Hand,
(that's all.
Heav'n how he ſhakes! why do you tremble, Prince?

Cyara's *Ghoſt.*

Brit. Ha! what art thou? thou airy Phantaſm, hence.
Gods! it is my Boy; what would'ſt thou have?
How cold he looks, juſt ris'n from the Grave!
Cya. Go not to bed, but fly that Sorcereſs' Arms;
She tempts, like *Circe*, and has deadly Charms.
Think on *Cyara*, for ſhe lov'd thee well:
Take heed, beware; thou'rt in the Road to Hell.
[*Exit.*
Brit. Stay, I conjure thee ſtay, leave me not thus,
If thou didſt ever love *Britannicus*.
I'll follow thee along the airy Track,
And mount above the Clouds to fetch thee back. [*Exit.*

Enter Sylvana *with a Taper.*

(ceſs?
Sylva. O Heav'ns! How do you, Madam; what ſuc-
Pop. I'll tell thee, killing Woe, and deep Diſtreſs.
Thy Arm my Girl; I'll ſhew thee e'er we part
Sad things: a troubled Mind, and wounded Heart.
Ah! for my former Peace what would I give?
My Comfort is, this Shame I ſhan't ſurvive.
O diſmal Change! nothing is conſtant found;
The Gods, with Whirl-wind[illegible]ive our Fortunes round,
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Nero *ſleeping in a Couch,* Caligula's *Ghoſt appears.*

Ghoſt. From the infernal Cave, the wide, the low
Abyſs, the direful Pit of endleſs Woe,
On which each God that looks ſcarce keeps his State,
But giddy grown, turns and takes hold of Fate,
Caligula, in Vapours wrapt, does come,
Nero, thy Friend, and the ſworn Foe of *Rome.*
Not Hell's more dreadful than theſe hated Walls;
The *Stygian* Waves, and *Tyrrhene* Water-falls,
Alike with fear confound my troubled Soul,
And ſprinkle equal Horrors as they roll.
By Traitors hands I fell: O that I could,
For every drop they ſhed, ſpill Seas of Blood:
Oh Heav'n, I'd do what cannot be expreſt!
With raging Plagues I'd fill each *Roman* Breaſt;
Burn Palaces; like Thunder, I would rove,
Tear the tall Woods, and rend each ſacred Grove.
But Oh! by pow'rful Fate I am confin'd,
And muſt not reak the madneſs of my Mind.
Nero, act thou what can't be done by me,
Thy Genius, I, will aid thy Cruelty:
With my pale Hand I ſtroak the troubled Senſe;
All Poiſon Hell contains I do diſpenſe;
The Scum of *Lethe,* with *Alecto*'s Gall,
Megara's Sweat, ſhall on thy Vitals fall;
Erynnis ſhall about thy Heart-ſtrings twine;
Yet all's too little for our great Deſign.
Lo, I am warn'd; ſee where fierce Envy ſtands,
And ſummons me, by *Pluto*'s dread Commands.
Go on, be mad; no more, I muſt be gone,
And vaniſh, like the Light when Day is done. [*Exit.*

Nero *ſolus.*

Where have I been? thou Dæmon of the Night
Return: I'm rack'd with this appalling Sight.

The

The forked Tongues of Furies can't expreſs
The Rage that burns within me: Sulphur's leſs;
Not Hell it ſelf ſo full of Dread appears;
Not Night, nor darker Death, ſuch Horror wears;
Not the deſtructive force of Wind, and Fire,
When ſome great City's Ruin they conſpire;
Not the devouring Sea, when *Neptune* makes
The Sea-Gods drunk, and draughts of Ruin takes.
Wrong'd Women's Hate, Sword, Famine, Plagues com-
Your Madneſs trebled cannot equal mine: (bine;
All [illegible] faint Emblems of my Fury are:
No tender Sex, nor Age, my Wrath ſhall ſpare.

Enter Druſillus *bloody.*

What News? thy Looks declare it to be good;
A haſty Joy appears, tho dreſt in Blood.
Druſ. The Rabble, Sir, with Wine and Rage inſpir'd,
With trait'rous Hands your Palace would have fir'd:
Your Guards they did aſſault; but we withſtood
Their heat, and ſoon allay'd it with their Blood.
Few Strokes were giv'n e'er the baſe Cowards fled,
Some Priſ'ners are, ſome ſcap'd, and ſome are dead.
Ner. Ha! do they bid me Battel? they ſhall die;
At their own Weapon I the Slaves defy.
Nothing but Flames can quench my kindled Ire.
Blood's not enough; Fire I'll revenge with Fire.
Fierce as young *Phaeton* I will return;
Great *Rome*, the World's Metropolis, ſhall burn.
On *Tyber*'s Flood new Beams I will diſplay,
And turn black Night into a golden Day.
The molten Gods ſhan't ſave their Capitol,
Temples ſhall tumble do[illegible] pile Roofs ſhall fall:
Bright Ruin with a Noiſe ſhall ſwallow all.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Britannicus, Flavius, *Attendants.*

Brit. FIRE, Fire, I'm all one Flame; fly, my Friends, fly,
Or I ſhall blaſt you; O my Breath is Brimſtone,
My Lungs are Sulphur, my hot Brains boil o're;
Or you that needs will ſtay, let your Eyes run;
If you did ever love this wretched Prince,
Now mourn, now weep. O, I will catch your Tears,
And drink the precious drops: I burn, I burn;
Fall, fall, you gentle Rills, you melting ſhow'rs;
Call all the Winds to fan my furious Fires;
Bring the cold North, I'll kiſs his out-blown Cheeks,
Upon my flaming Breaſt I'll lay his Head,
And hug him in my Heart, for he is cold;
With my hot Arms I'll claſp his froſty Limbs,
And twine about him like a wanton Girl.
Oh! oh!

Fla. Can there be Gods, and not Revenge?
Can they behold this noble Copy of
Their own bright Excellence polluted thus,
Thus rent and torn by ſacrilegious Hands,
Yet idle ſit, and ſleep upon their Thrones?
The voice of Murder's loud as their own Thunder.
Awake, awake, you dreaming Deities!
Here is a Sight ſo pitifully ſtrange,
'Twould melt the *Scythian*'s Soul, who ſtands unmov'd
And ſullen at his Mother's Funeral.
When Fame reports this Deed, the rugged *Moor*
Will ſtand abaſh'd, and groan to hear it told.

Break,

Break, break, my Heart. Oh you great Gods of *Rome*,
Where are you all? Is this my Welcome home?
Brit. Ha! he does weep; nay, prithee do not hide it;
By Heaven, thou art my Friend; lend me thy ſtore,
My Eyes ſhall pay the Uſe, truſt me, they ſhall;
Here in my Boſom lay thy pearly Stock;
Heav'ns, how he weeps! thou art a Virgin ſure,
Fall, you dear Drops; Oh let me hug thee cloſe;
My Spirits are quite parch'd up, my Palate's dry;
Th' *Elyzian* Shades are cool; oh, let me die.
Flav. Sir, I am *Flavius*, have you quite forgot me?
Brit. I do remember thee; I lov'd thee well;
Thou art a noble Youth, the Child of Honour.
Flav. From *France* I come, and bring important News.
Brit. Ha! hold, I'll tell thee News; *Octavia*'s dead,
She's cold, alas, but I am hot as Fire.
You amiable Floods, when do you ſtray?
Oh, come and quench me, quench my raging Flames.
Flav. O hear me Heavens; hear me, you juſt great (Gods,
If ſtill your Ears are open to our Prayers,
If yet you hold commerce with mortal Sighs,
If yet the Vows of humble Souls are heard,
Oh now look down, and hear my ſhort Addreſs;
No ſort of Suſtenance will I receive,
Nor ſhall the ſparkling Bowl ſalute my Lips,
Nor drowny Sleep viſit my weary Eyes,
E'er I the Author of this Murder know.
Brit. 'Tis like thee, thou wer't always a true Friend,
In a bright flaming Chariot I'll aſcend.
Cyara, Oh *Octavia*, my dear Loves,
You Queens of Innocence, you ſpotleſs Doves,
Meet me, I come. *Flavius*, nay, prithee nigher;
Thus, in thy Arms, let me kind Youth, expire. [*Dies.*
Flav. Farewel, bright Soul, [illegible] Royal Excellence;
Rare Union; Grandure join'd with Innocence;
The Fates of wicked Men are groſs and ſlow;
Thine mov'd apace——but I forgot my Vow.

Enter

Enter Petronius, Burrhus, *with Guards.*

Bur. 'Tis done, my Lord, ne'er doubt it.
Pet. What is he?
Bur. 'Tis *Flavius*, new return'd from *France*, he came
Juſt as the Prince had drunk the poiſon'd Wine.
Pet. That was not quite ſo well, for he is honeſt;
But take no notice. Where's the Prince——give way,
How came he dead? Charge you ſpeak, anſwer me.
Lay hold of all, in the Name of the Emperor.
Flav. Hands off, I will declare the Author of
This horrid Murder. Speak, who fill'd his Wine?
Bur. That, Sir, did I.
Flav. Then thou art his Murderer.
Start not, baſe Villain, black as thou art, the Prince
With his laſt noble Breath did pardon thee.
Bur. Sir, I was order'd——
Flav. Ha! is it then a Truth?
Bur. I know not; but——
Flav. Thou ly'ſt; it is too true.
Guilt and Diſtraction ſit upon thy Brow:
And 'tis as true that thou ſhalt die for't, Villain. (*Draws.*
Pet. Hold, Sir; by what Authority dare you do this?
Flav. Why, by the Gods, by Friendſhip, Juſtice, all:
I'll anſwer thee no farther.
Pet. Ha! forbear.
Take him or kill him, Guards, I do command you.
[Flavius *beats down* Petronius, *and kills* Burrhus;
the Guard diſarm Flavius.
Flav. Pardon, ye Gods, my former Blaſphemy;
O you are juſt, and I adore your Powers.
Now lead me where you pleaſe, to Life or Death,
Let me but pay my laſt Obſervance here,
My Vow I have perform'd; and thou dear Prince,
Art in ſome part reveng'd. What my poor Power
Could poſſibly effect, is done; the reſt
Belongs unto the Gods.
Pet. Remove the Bodies, and bring him away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Plautus, Mirmilon.

Plaut. Hear you the News?
Mir. Not I; you seem amaz'd.
Plaut. A Courier from beyond the *Alps* arriv'd,
Reports the *French* are all in Arms, resolv'd
To bring the War ev'n to the Gates of *Rome*;
Fierce *Vindex* heads the Rebels, and all *France*
Contributes largely. This the Emperor hears,
And laughs; slights them, and swears he'll hang 'em all.
The People mutiny in every Street,
Their Tongues are lawless, nay they murmur loud;
Some modestly retire to Corners, where
They curse and damn him, call him Parricide,
A Burner of their Houses, Friends and Gods.
Lo where he comes! the Lion's rous'd, his Eyes
Look red with Anger, Lightning flashes in them;
What Thunder follows, let's stand by and hear.

Nero, Flavius, *Guards.*

Flav. Was't not well done? I did his Murd'rer kill.
Ner. Know, hardy Fool, he suffer'd by my will;
I hated him, and did his Death contrive:
Now, Villain, think how long thou hast to live.
Flav. To live? Oh, who would live thy Humour's (Slave?
A Torment worse than blackest Devils have.
Let Parasites, the Moths of Grandure, fawn,
These gilded C[illegible]rms, Ambition's Spawn;
I do despise thee, Tyrant [illegible] art,
There's nothing great nor manly in thy Heart.
Ner. Are you so hot, I'll alter your fierce Tone;
Plautus, go burn the Villain; see it done.
Flav. Midst of devouring Flames I will despise
All that the Master Devil thou,
Or the black Crew of lesser Fiends devise.

Thou ſhalt not hear a Groan till I expire;
But then I'll ſhout defiance from the Fire,
Smile at the Shock of Death, and to the Gods retire.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Petronius.

Pet. Dread Sir, two Meſſengers who come from *Spain*,
Report that *Galba* does new Wars maintain,
Heads the revolted Troops, and joins with *France*;
The *Germans* too come in, and all advance
Againſt your Majeſty.
Ner. I'll hear no more: Is *Galba* falſe?
Pet. They call him Emperor.
Ner. They do! but what's the Name without the Power?
Let him come on, this Arm ſhall ſtrike him dead,
And ſnatch his borrow'd Laurels from his Head.
Pet. Your Treaſures are conſum'd with late Expence.
Ner. His gather'd Sums ſhall help that Indigence.
Pet. Time flies; 'tis fit your Wiſdom had deſign'd—
Ner. Do you conſult while I my Pleaſures mind.
Oh my *Poppea*, where art thou retir'd?
Never was Bleſſing
So oft enjoy'd, yet ſtill ſo much deſir'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Poppea, Piſo, *and* Otho *liſtening.*

Pop. Are they both dead? *Piſo* and *Otho* too?
Piſo. I ſaw them firſt oppoſe the Tyrant's Rage,
With numbers, ſcorning [illegible] they did engage;
The God of Battles bluſh'd as he look'd on,
Envying the juſt Applauſe theſe Heroes won.
Pop. Virtue is ſtill by Violence oppreſt.
How his Eyes ſparkle! Pray relate the reſt.
Piſo. I have my ſelf the doubtful hazard ſtood
Of fifteen Battels, plung'd in Waves of Blood,

The

The dreadful Caſt on Fortune's Bank I threw,
Life was my lot; yet ſtill in all my view
Of Wounds, of War, and Death, I never ſaw
Such pleaſing Horror, ſuch delightful Awe,
Such mighty Force and Art together laid,
Never was Game of Death ſo bravely play'd:
At laſt, Oh that I live ſuch News to tell!
With conqu'ring tir'd, theſe Sons of Valour fell.

Pop. Oh Power of Love! his Words my Soul invade;
Sure 'tis ſome God delighting in a Shade:
The Glories of his Eyes, like Stars in Night,
Or mourning Beauties, charm my wounded Sight.
Since Honours are by *Cæſar* round me hurl'd,
Since I am made the Empreſs of the World,
Since all's my Choice, why do I doubtful ſtand,
And wiſh a Pleaſure which I may command?
If when I die I muſt to Torments go,
'Tis fit no time be loſt; let Pleaſures flow.
Fancy its eager Appetite ſhall cloy;
Let Reſolution holy Qualms deſtroy:
Henceforth, whate'er I like, I will enjoy.
[*Exit, beckoning* Piſo.

Otho *ſolus.*

O Hell! her Crimes thy Horrour cannot match;
Be ſwift, my Sword, her Luſt and Life diſpatch.
This Key unlocks all Doors throughout the Court.
Are you ſo wanton? Yes, you ſhall have Sport.
How am I robb'd of all I ever lov'd?
My Soul is heavy, and would be remov'd.
Once ſhe was fair, the ſofteſt, ſweeteſt Wife
My Heart's lov'd Joy, the Jewel of my Life:
Had ſhe ſtood ſo, how happy had I been?
But ſhe is fall'n, and glories in her Sin.
Ah! the whole Sex is naught, falſe, and unkind;
Falſer than flatt'ring Seas, or fleeting Wind:
With panting Hopes and Fears they rack our Breaſt,
Snatch our ſoft Sleeps, and raviſh downy Reſt;

Oh, they are skill'd, practis'd in Paint and Art,
Smile in our Face, and ſtab us to the Heart.
Yet we ſee all, think nothing is unſpy'd,
While they like Serpents on their Bellies glide,
And leave no Print behind our Search to guide.

[*Exit.*

Poppea, Piſo.

Piſo. War is my Miſtreſs; here I am unfit:
Love's Chaplet misbecomes a Warriour's Head;
I cannot cringe, my Nerves too firm are knit;
Theſe Limbs ne'er lay upon a ſilken Bed.
Can you, that are the World's great Empreſs, take
Delight in the Embraces of a Slave?

Pop. The Sun, for thy lov'd Cheek, did Heav'n forſake;
Why ſhould not I the like Advantage have?
From a bright Orb of Glory I'll deſcend,
And in thy gloomy Cell make my Abode;
No more a Slave; henceforth thou art my Friend:
A Cottage has, e'er now, receiv'd a God.

Piſo. Who ever knew Night mingle with the Day?

Pop. Nothing agrees with Love ſo well as Night;
Huſh'd, and in Darkneſs hid, the Baſhful play,
And, happy as the Bold, raviſh Delight;
The moſt obdurate are by Kindneſs won.
Your Touches charm; nay, why do you withdraw?
Grow thus like a ſoft Cloud upon the Sun;
My powerful Flame thy icy Fears will thaw.

Piſo. Your Grandure awes me; yet, why ſhould I fear?
Something there is which my Blood ſtrangely moves;
I am your Slave: but are we private here?

Pop. As Hermits in their Cells, or Gods in Groves.

Piſo. Why did you name the Gods? that ſacred Sound
The Force of Thunder bears, and turns my Blood:
My Spirits fly low, yet with your Touch rebound,
Like wanton Swallows when they kiſs the Flood.

Pop. Such Fears unworthy are my Blood or Throne;
Give me a Fancy fix'd to its Delight;

Trem-

Tremblings and Starts the Fearful well may own;
The Valiant ſtill refuſe a diſtant Fight.

Enter Otho.

Oth. Here's one that fain would try your mighty Art:
What mean you? e'er the Fight's begun, you ſtart.
Pop. Night, Horror, Death! Ah, whither ſhall I fly?
Oth. Can you be valiant, and yet fear to die?
Pop. Thus at your feet let me one Moment grow;
A little Reſpite for my Soul allow.
Repentance ſeizes on each vital Part,
And ſerious Grief now clings about my Heart;
Yet, e'er I die, let me my Thoughts declare,
Oh you are wrong, my ſtill lov'd Lord, you are:
Your Bed's defil'd, and I am all one Stain;
But yet my Blood may waſh me white again.
By killing me, you only can forgive;
I am ſo wicked, that I would not live.
In pity ſay this of me, when I'm dead,
She was not eaſily to Ruin led;
'Twas not a common Crown her Virtue bought,
But mighty Glory with great Courſhip wrought;
Then ſhe was young:
This, Sir, perhaps, may mitigate my Fault.
Oth. Her cunning Tongue retains its wonted Charms.
Peace, Syren, and hold off thy guilty Arms.
I feel a gentle Load drop on my Feet;
Look, *Piſo*, I ſuſpect, but dare not ſee't.
Piſo. Oh do not, Sir: My Eyes by chance did ſtray,
And half my Reſolutions ta'en away.
She weeps, ſhe weeps. Gods! who would not admire
To ſee ſuch Floods iſſue from a Spring of Fire?
Oth. Yes, I will ſee her. Thou Falſe-one, ſpeak,
For thou ſhalt die.
Tho will the fatal Stroke my own Heart break.
Look up, ſeek not to hide thy own Diſgrace;
But ſhew thy Fair, thy falſe, thy once-lov'd Face:
Oh anſwer me, what have I ever done,
That thou ſhouldſt uſe me thus? ceaſe thy vain Moan,

And ſpeak, or practiſe o'er thy mournful Art,
And ſob an Anſwer. Oh my troubled Heart!
Pop. Yes, I will ſpeak, my noble Lord, I will;
'Tis but a ſhort Requeſt, Be kind and kill.
Your Words like Daggers thro my Breaſt make way;
A thouſand Deaths you give me by delay.
This one laſt Look—Oh put me out of pain:
I'll ſpeak no more;
Nor ſhall my Eyes ever look forth again.
Oth. A mortal Agony invades my Blood;
Something now whiſpers me, ſhe may be good:
And ſhall we blaſt young Virtue in the Bud?
An Earthquake's here, all in Confuſion toſt;
In the Diſorder too, Revenge is loſt.
Piſ. Here you ſhall find it, let me give the Blow.
Oth. Thou art ſo haſty ſtill.
Piſ. And you as ſlow.
Oth. She ne'er offended thee; I charge you hold.
Piſ. His old Love burns again.
Oth. Alas! I'm cold.
Compaſſion this laſt Ardency did move;
'Twas the Effect of Pity, not of Love.

Enter Nero.

Ner. The Empreſs dying! hold thy bloody Hand.
Piſ. If thou wouldſt ſave her Life, I charge thee ſtand;
The Bound of thy Progreſſion there ſhall be,
Whene'er thou ſtir'ſt,
She takes a ſtep to Immortality.
Ner. Shall I be brav'd by a black Dog, a Slave?
Hold, hold:
My Pardon on my kn[illegible]
Stiff as an Elephant, I cannot bend;
My little Fault let this Submiſſion mend.
Piſ. You ſtirr'd an Inch: 'tis vain to weep or pray.
Ner. Thou Son of Night, pernicious Creature, ſtay:
I'th' name of all the Gods, Oh let her live;
Let me this Bounty on my Knees receive,

And

And thou, in all my Glories, ſhalt have ſhare;
Thy ſooty Hand ſhall the World's Scepter bear,
And Diamond Wreaths ſhall round thy Temples mourn,
And pearly Threds thy jetty Neck adorn.
Piſ. Juſt as you move, my Juſtice ſhall proceed:
She ſhall not die this time, tho ſhe muſt bleed.
[*Stabs her in the Arm.*
Ner. What haſt thou done?
Piſ. Not much: Your Poſture keep,
And ſtir not, leſt I make a Wound more deep.
Ner. Behold I'm fix'd; thou art not humane ſure.
Oh mighty Love!
'Tis for thy ſake I this Diſgrace endure.
Hadſt thou a generous Soul, thou couldſt not ſee
The Lord o'th' World thus long upon his knee.
Piſ. Like a tall Tree to dull Earth thou ſhalt grow:
You were a mighty God awhile ago,
And 'tis my Pride to make your Godhead bow.
Ner. I cannot ſuffer this. Awake, my Soul,
Let haughty Rage all Thoughts of Love controul.
Piſo. Nay, then 'tis time: Brother, ſtrike home.
Oth. I have:
May all her Faults be buried in her Grave.
Ner. Hence from my ſight; the Slaves to Torment bear;
Mark me, let them be dying all the Year.
Tortures in this ſmall Book you may explore,
The Rack, the Wheel, *Phalaris'* Bull; nay more,
With care turn all the bloody Pages o'er:
On fiery brazen Pavements let 'em run,
Their Eye-lids ſtretch, and let them face the Sun.
'Sdeath, dare you ſtay? begone, I will not hear
A word —— what need I thus my Spirits tear?
My Looks [illegible] my Mind declare.
Where is the Empreſs? bring her to my Bed.
Plaut. The Empreſs, ſaid you Sir? Alas! ſhe is dead.
Ner. Villain, thou ly'ſt; go, pull his Tongue out, haſte:
I'll ſee the Roots on't; fly, h' has ſpoke his laſt.
Who anſwers now? Statues, by Heaven! All dull?
Mir. If ſhe were dead ——
Ner. What then, ſententious Fool?

If ſhe were dead, I would reſtore her Breath,
And ſhe ſhould live
Spite of her ſelf, ſpite of the Gods, and Death.
My Power's unlimited, as is their own:
My Smile brings Life, and Death attends my Frown.
My Empire's Bounds Nature alone does make;
The Sun his Lodging in my Sea does take,
The grateful God too owns the mighty Debt,
Thaws me down Clouds, and pays me gen'rous Heat.
If ſhe were dead!
Curſe of your cringing and baſe Flattery:
Ye're Lyars all; hence from my Preſence fly.

Enter Druſillus.

Druſ. Loſt and undone! Fly, ſacred Sir, you're loſt;
Galba is juſt arriv'd upon our Coaſt,
With fourſcore thouſand ſtrong he beats the way,
The treach'rous Senate too their Truſt betray;
Thro all the Streets proclaim him Emperor;
But call you Tyrant, curſe your Name and Pow'r. [*Exit.*

Mir. Fly, fly, dread Sir! fly from this fatal Ground:
The baſe *Plebeians* have beſet you round.
Petronius, who awhile ſuſtain'd their Heat,
I ſaw all bloody from the Walls retreat.
Otho and *Piſo* from your Guards are freed,
All *Rome* applauds them for this laſt great Deed. [*Exit.*

Enter Petronius *ſtaggering.*

Ner. Speak, my true Friend; I'll be advis'd by you,
What more remains in theſe Extremes to do.

Pet. With faithful Truth, Sir, I have ſerv'd you long;
Yours was the right, I did my ſelf the wrong:
But now it matters not, 'twas Loyalty,
And, as I liv'd, I in your Service die.
My Counſel is, You by your own Hand bleed,
The Senate has by ſome poor baſe Death decreed.
Death's but a Name, by my Example fall;
I fear no Lakes, nor *Stygian* Frogs: that's all. [*Dies.*

Ner.

Ner. O Gods! but wherefore name I theſe feign'd (Pow'rs?
The Elements, the Seaſons, Days and Hours,
Were always as they are, and will be ſo,
And Nature her eternal Round will go.
The Gods when we're awake, their Demons keep
At home, and only fright us when we ſleep.
I would the utmoſt know of Deſtiny,
And therefore, dying, do their Powers defy.
If they have any Thunder, let it come;
I'll ſtand the heavy Shock, and brave my Doom.
Down all at once —— Ha! whence proceeds this Noiſe?
[*Thunder.*
If there be Gods, ſure this muſt be their Voice:
Speak on, talk louder yet; what Shapes are theſe?
O diſmal Scene of Death! My Arteries
Tremble, and Nature ſinks beneath her Weight.
I know you all: Smile on, thou art my Fate;
What God was't hung thee there? He is my Friend;
By thee he points me out a noble End. [*Dies.*

Otho, Piſo, *Attendants.*

Oth. 'Tis he, and as it ſeems by himſelf ſlain:
Rome's ſacred Genius, now look forth again;
Come from thy Shroud, ſhow thy majeſtick Head,
Direct our Joys, the dreadful Tyrant's dead.
Piſ. Let's to the *Forum*, haſte, and there proclaim
A mighty Donative in *Galba's* Name.
With all the Pomp o'th' Court his Camp we'll meet,
And his Approach with joyful Shoutings greet;
Proclaim him Emperor with Trumpets Sound
(While he, now made a God, ſhall ſcorn the Ground)
And on our Shoulders rise with Laurels crown'd.

GLORIANA;

OR, THE

Court of *Augustus Cæsar.*

A

TRAGEDY,

ACTED

At the Theatre-Royal, by Their Majesty's Servants.

By NATHANIEL LEE *Gent.*

—— Quibus hæc, sint qualiacunque
Arridere velim, [illegible]urus, si placeant spe
Deterius nostra. Hor. Sat. 10.

To Her GRACE THE DUTCHESS OF *PORTSMOUTH.*

MADAM,

THERE is nothing more difficult, even to the Valiant or the Witty, than making Approaches to the Fair: Nay, I am confident the moſt renowned Conquerour, even *Alexander* himſelf if he now liv'd, would rather ſtand expos'd alone to the Javelins of an enrag'd Multitude, than make

make his Addreſs to a Beauty ſo powerfully arm'd as your Grace. The moſt lofty Wit, that ever conſtant Succeſs and popular Applauſe made confident, would tremble to ſpeak before you: Judge then how unfit I am, blaſted in my hopes, and preſs'd in my growth by a moſt ſevere, if not unjuſt Fortune. 'Tis greatly done to raiſe the depreſs'd, which makes me apply my ſelf to your Grace, who, as you are the brighteſt, are likewiſe the nobleſt Object in the World: You enliven, like the Sun, with univerſal Influence; which induces me to hope that a Beam from your Grace may reach

The humbleſt of

Your Servants,

Nat. Lee.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *ROCHE*.

HE whose Attempt is shown this Night to please,
Beheld me entring, and my Arm did seize,
Cry'd, Madam, stay, stay but one minute more;
But I your Servant left him at the door.
How dear, and yet how dreadful is the Night,
That makes a Poet, or undoes him quite?
Such is the Night when a kind-hearted Maid
Becomes a Sacrifice to Bridal-bed:
She fears to give what yet she wishes past,
Cries fy no, and drives it to the last.
If to be brought o'th' Stage so much can fright,
What Devil makes you all so mad to write?
But hold, let me consider———
Wit which was formerly but Recreation,
Is now become the Business of the Nation;
Prentices write Lampoons, your Justices
Have quirks for Courtiers late Debaucheries,
And Constables with quibbles break the peace.
Your formal Citizen turns Man of Sense,
And has to Ingenuity pretence:
Treats Miss in Fox, which was but Punk with you,
Gaps her crawd Knee, and treads upon her Toe,
And cries, I'fack, my dear, this Play will do;
With Beard precise his Verdict dares pronounce,
Who by Predestination is a Dunce:
All will be censuring a Man that writes,
And praise or damn him like a Man that fights.

With

With boldneſs therefore both ſhould be inſpir'd,
The Stout and Witty ſhould alike be fir'd:
Poets, like Men of Courage, that begin,
Should ſtill puſh forward when they're enter'd in;
Till certain of Applauſe they write with eaſe,
And with juſt forces are reſolv'd to pleaſe:
The little Wits of courſe will then obey,
And briskly ſwear the faſhionable way,
To all that thoſe inſipidly can ſay:
So a young ſharp-ſet Bully———
With famine pinched, and much given to think,
Who thirſts for Fame, but thirſts much more for Drink,
Reſolves to periſh, or inhance his Name,
And gives not o'er till he proves Cock oth' Game;
Then he who lately ſeem'd like Winter bare,
Comes forth like Summer looſely clad and clear;
He drives the Squires with breath of Pantaloons,
And the leaſt word he ſpeaks is Blood and Wounds:

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *HAYNES.*

YOUR Servants, Gentlemen: 'tis a long time
Since I had th' Honour to converſe with you in (Rhime;
They told me at t' other Houſe, 'had left us quite,
And I was going to hang my ſelf out-right,
But for the hopes of pleaſing you to Night.
For what's inſipid Life to thee or me,
Without the favour of your Company?
Good faith I'm very glad t' ſee you here,
'Tis well you can at a New Play appear:
This Winter you forſaking all the Old,
Kept up one while of a damn'd pocky Cold;

Some

Some few came here, but who the Lord can tell,
All were ſhrunk up like Snails within their Shell;
Huge Brandenburgh had ſo diſguis'd each one,
That from your Coachman you could ſcarce be known;
And then you droop'd as if half drown'd you came
Scap'd from North-Holland, *or from* Amſterdam;
And cough'd, Heav'n ſave you, with as grave a Motion,
As you had been at Church, where 'tis Devotion.
The Ladies too neglecting every Grace,
Mobb'd up in Nightclothes, came with Lace to Face,
The Tow'r upon the Forehead all turn'd back,
And ſtuck with Pins like th' Man i'th' Almanack.
The Miſſes, thoſe Delights of human kind,
No longer in their dear Side-boxes ſhin'd,
But each to Chamber-practice did retire,
With Ale and Apples, and a Sea-coal Fire:
Now this Misfortune we by yours have found,
Your Cold ſtill ſticks by us, tho you are ſound.
But, Sirs, what makes it now ſo hard, I pray,
To get you here but juſt at a new Play?
We've play'd t' oblige you all that's in our pow'rs,
We've play'd and play'd our ſelves e'en out of doors;
And yet we cannot find one way to pin ye,
You're grown ſo nice, I think the Devil's in ye.
But hold, there's one way yet to get your Praiſe,
Ill-treating you your Appetites may raiſe;
Lampoons and Libels we for Plays muſt write,
Criticks, like Lovers paſſ'd with their Delight,
Always eſteem thoſe Kiſſes beſt that bite.
We'll deal with you, Gallants, in your own way,
And treat you like thoſe Punks that love for pay;
Cartwright *and I, dreſs'd like two thundring Whores,*
With Rods will ſtand behind the Play-houſe Doors,
And ſwinge up each Day our Pleaſures duly,
As Jenny Cromwell *does, or* Betty Buly.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Auguſtus Cæſar.	Mr. *Mohun.*
Cæſario.	Mr. *Hart.*
Marcellus.	Mr. *Kenaſton.*
Tiberius.	Mr. *Lydall.*
Agrippa.	Mr. *Cartwright.*
Mecænas.	Mr. *Griffin.*
Ovid.	Mr. *Clark.*
Leander.	Mr. *Powel.*
Araſpes.	Mr. *Harris.*
Gloriana.	Mrs. *Marſhall.*
Julia.	Mrs. *James.*
Narciſſa.	Mrs. *Corbet.*

SCENE, *The Palace of Auguſtus Cæſar.*

GLO

GLORIANA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Banquet. Enter Auguſtus, Agrippa, Mecænas; Ovid *following with Muſick, and ſings while the Emperor ſits melancholy.*

SONG.

LET *Buſineſs no longer uſurp your high Mind,*
But to Dalliance give way, and to Pleaſures be kind;
Let Buſineſs to morrow, to morrow imploy,
But to day the ſhort Bleſſing let's cloſely enjoy;
Let's frolick below, till they hear us above;
To Cæſar we'll ſing, to Cæſar and Jove.

From Buſineſs we'll ramble, like Bridegrooms unbrac'd,
And ſurfeit on Pleaſures which others but taſte:

We'll

We'll laugh till we weep on the Breaſt of the Fair,
And the Tears that we ſh d ſhall the Treſpaſs repair.
We'll vow that below we but act thoſe above,
Who never repent, yet are always in love.

Ov. Vaſt are the Glories, *Cæſar*, thou haſt won,
To make whoſe Triumphs up, the World's undone:
The *Indians* from the Eaſtern parts remote,
To thee the Treaſure of their Shrines devote:
Whole Trees of Coral, which they div'd for low,
That in the Walks of *Neptune*'s Palace grow,
With Tritons trumpeting on ev'ry Bough;
Pearls which the morning eyes of *Thetis* pay,
When her cool'd Lover bolts thro Waves away;
And Diamonds that the Sun each morning ſheds,
Driving his Chariot o'er their ſooty heads.

Me. The *Scythians* from their Northern Climate come,
And in their Waggon-houſes penſive roam;
For thee they ſeek: 'Tis at thy Name they ſhake,
And far off proſtrate Adorations make.
They who the great *Pellæan* Victor's Arms
Repell'd, ſeem Thunder-ſtruck at thy Alarms.

Agr. The *Parthians* dreading *Cæſar*, Peace proclaim,
Whoſe haughty Minds no Force could ever tame,
Who the renown'd *Mark Anthony* o'ercame.
And *Craſſus*, who like ſome large Oak had ſtood
The bruſh of warring Winds and ſhow'rs of Blood,
His Army round him like an under-wood;
Theſe Martial Rangers Root and Branches tore,
And on their Creſts his trickling Heart-ſtrings wore.

Oth. The World ſhou'd ſtretch to hold an Emperour,
So tall in Vertue, and ſo wide in Pow'r.
Where e'er on Nature's peaceful face he treads,
Her foremoſt rank of Sons ſubmit their heads;
With ſmiles they all his God-like Walkings greet,
While Crowns and Scepters play about his feet.

Aug. Ceaſe this unwelcome noiſe; I ſay, give o'er,
Ye muſt not ſpeak, ſince I can hear no more.
Take wing like Angels, fly to Heav'ns abodes,
Tho ye have Tongues might charm the ears of Gods:

The

They pleaſe not me, for I am Diſcord all,
Broke by my own that triumph in my fall.
Barns and Out-houſes, or ſome rotten Hold,
Pleaſe me dark Birds better than Rooms of Gold.
Why tell ye me of circumveſted Pride,
Of purpled Faces, and thouſand Cares beſide?
Give me but one or two ſoft happy hours,
And all the Greatneſſes of State be yours.

Mec. What liſted Troubles your high Thoughts moleſt,
And ſhake the frame of your Majeſtick Breaſt?

Ov. If ſome portentous Darkneſs at Noon-day,
Should o'er the Heav'n deep dreadful Blacks diſplay,
Without offence to Altars we might come,
To know the Cauſe of ſuch a horrid Gloom.
'Tis loyal Kindneſs urges our Deſire;
Speak, *Ceſar*, leſt we ſin whilſt we enquire.

Mec. So huge and dark your Sorrow's Chaos grows,
No glimm'ring Streak of Joy can interpoſe.

Ov. Your mighty Care no Interval allows,
All Muſings, Starts, and ſad contracted Brows:
Your Spirit, like old Night, e'er Day was made,
Is one ſubſtantial Darkneſs, ſolid Shade.

Agr. Laſt Night, as at your feet I waking lay,
Viewing the golden Taper's watchful Ray,
I heard your Deeds, with Horrour wrapp'd, unfold
Sad ſacred things, and never to be told.
I ſaw you arm'd from your toſs'd Bed ariſe,
Aweful as *Jove* call'd by a Virgin's Cries,
Starts with his Thunder to the curtain'd Skies:
Honour you cry'd, then ſtalk'd about the Room,
Thrice call'd, *Scribonia*, curſe upon thy Womb;
Cutting the Air, you made three empty Blows,
And then lay down, ſighing with Groans Repoſe.

Mec. E'en now ſtrong Sighs your royal Fabrick tear,
And from them violent Cries torment the Air:
Slow from your Eyes conflicting Sorrows paſs,
And your vain'd ſtruggling Tears ſuppreſs.

Aug. O, my lov'd Friends! 'tis a hard Truth; but ſtay,
It will not out till Tears have ſmooth'd its way:

Take

Take it in one curs'd Word; My Action's Stain,
The Canker of my Laurels, Valour's Bane,
Of all great Evil, *Julia* be the Name,
Who from the Womb of curſt *Scribonia* came:
Bluſhing in War I got the wanton Brood,
The Scum of boiling Youth, Froth of my Blood.

Agr. Some buſy Perſon with officious Tongue,
[Ovid *goes out.*
Has offer'd to the Imperial Princeſs wrong.
Your Choice, *Marcellus*, dearly ſhe approves,
And whom you have adopted, highly loves;
But being boundleſs born, and mark'd for Sway,
Cannot by Paſſion check'd nice Rules obey.

Mec. Vainly her Thoughts they gueſs by outward Form;
She may be calm within, without a ſtorm:
Her Heart from common view remov'd, lies deep,
As Mines of Gold in Nature's *Boſom* ſleep.

Aug. Rightly her Vertue by a Mine you lay,
Where ev'ry luſty Slave may hew his way.
I know from thoſe that would not forge, ſhe *is*
Looſe, vain, a Mocker of our Deities.
Now by yon Heav'n ſhe has my Fury rais'd,
And he's my Foe by whom ſhe dares be prais'd.
A Mine! of what? ſhe is all counterfeit,
I've weigh'd her in the Ballance, found her light;
But from my Heart the glitt'ring Droſs I'll tear,
Like Glaſs to Duſt I'll pound the brittle Fair,
Then blow her to her Element the Air.

Enter Julia *attended.*

Jul. That Roof's too low, and all the Figures old,
I'll have it new wrought up in [illegible] Gold;
Nor ſhall thoſe *Dorick* Pillars long remain,
But the vaſt Ceiling ſhall it ſelf ſuſtain.

Aug. Not *Venus* in the proudeſt Robe ſhe wears,
With thouſand Crowns, and Trains of [illegible] Years,
Thoughts ſo high flown e'er knew, or e'er could ſtretch
Expanded Pride like this ambitious Wretch.

Jul. *Cæſar* to *Jove* may claim the ſecond Place,
But I with *Juno* will have equal Grace,
And, when ſhe dares, match for the better Face.
Henceforth I'll have all firſt unmix'd, entire,
My Meats prepar'd with elemental Fire.
Thy Palace walks with common Feet are worn,
Raiſe flying Gardens on vaſt Columns born,
So near to Heav'n, that ſcorning *Tyber's* Wave,
In chryſtal Buckets we the Clouds may lave,
To waſh the pendant Soil; ſo ſtrange to view,
It ſhall *Semiramis'* fam'd Groves outdo.

Aug. Be Judges both, and then my Wrath forgive;
Juſt *Livia!* but 'tis paſt, ſhe ſhall not live.

Jul. Methinks already I am walking there,
Tread the fring'd Banks, and breathe the vernal Air,
And purple Cluſters round my Temple ſhine,
And flowry mantling Amarant divine,
And Senſe grows wanton as the luſty Vine.
Now cloy'd methinks with the melliſluous Grove,
From ſunny Meads to cool Receſs I move,
With tall young Men that make immortal Love.

Aug. Since 'tis well known how kind you are to Senſe,
Why ſhould you talk of a Removal hence?
Heav'n's Feaſts too thin for our quaint Palates are,
We talk of Nectar, but how comes it there? [*Scornfully.*
Provoking Banquets, rich Ambroſial Meat,
When Clouds they drink indeed, and Air they eat?
Let not your Fancy from its Sphere be driv'n,
You'll never like the ſlender Fare of Heav'n.

Jul. Miſtake me not, 'tis for variety
That I *Elizium's* Argent Fields would ſee:
Think you that from your Throne I would remove,
To be the gaudieſt ſtarry Cheat above?
'Twas not my purpoſe, Sir, to ſtarry there,
I'd only go to Heav'n to take the Air.

Aug. Come, is it not fit to live.

Jul. Dear Father, why?

Aug. Thou art all Ill.

Jul. Then I'm not fit to die.

Death

Death will the Hopes of Vertue's Growth prevent;
But if you grant me Life, I may repent.
Aug. I here pronounce her Stranger to my Blood,
Stay not Revenge, that muſt not be withſtood.
[Agrippa *and* Mecænas *hold him.*
Did not *Virginius* his own Daughter call
To Death, and did ſhe not the Voice extol?
She kiſs'd his Feet, and bleſs'd him in her Fall.
Brutus his Sons gave up to angry Power,
And with ſtern Viſage ſaid, *They are no more.*
Theſe were juſt Victims to the Shrines of Fame,
And got their Authors an eternal Name.
Agr. Great Princeſs kneel, and his ſwoln Rage atone.
Jul. To ask him pardon were a Crime to own.
Aug. No, in her Obſtinacy let her ſink,
My Curſe purſue to the infernal Brink;
To Hell, to Hell I'll drive thy ſpotted Soul,
Where in eternal Tortures ſhe ſhall roll,
Turn round, and ſhriek with Pain in livid Fires;
And when for Eaſe the weary Wretch aſpires
To thoſe bright Thrones which ſhe did once blaſpheme,
To a new Hell Heav'n ſhall the Fiend condemn.
From Beds of Flames where thou didſt lie and roar,
Whirlwinds ſhall bear thee hot all reeking o'er,
And ſweating Drops of Blood, and round thee blow,
Then plunge thee in th' Abyſs of Ice and Snow.
Jul. All that is Earth of me is in your Hand,
But, Sir, my Spirit's not at your command.
I have a Soul, that when my Body dies,
Shall mix with the immortal Deities.
Nor can the awful Puff of *Cæſar*'s Name
Blow out this Spark of the etherial Flame:
Spite of the Clouds your Heav'n's Tempeſt wears,
I'll up and ſcorn your Anger from the Stars.
Aug. She's all o'er Woman——Abſtract of her kind,
And all the Sex is crouded in one Mind.
Her very Thoughts——
Are Woman tho the Babe, tho yet unblown.
But all her Words are pregnant Woman grown.

Jul. Why was I deſtin'd to be born above,
By Midwife-Honour to the Light convey'd,
Fame's Darling, the bright Infant of high Love,
Crown'd, and in Empire's golden Cradle laid?
Rock'd by the hand of Empreſſes, that yield
Their Scepters form'd to Rattles for my Hand,
Born to the Wealth of the green floating Field,
And the rich Duſt of all the yellow Land?
And why did Fate ſo vaſt a Dowry give,
As renders me a Conſort fit for *Jove*;
Unleſs ſhe meant that I ſhould looſely live,
And free from Cares below, as Gods above?

Aug. Quench, quench, y' immortal Powers, theſe homebred Jars,
Tho all the Earth revolt, and wage freſh Wars:
Raiſe from the Dead *Mark Anthony* again,
Once more let's try our Fortunes on the Main,
To *Egypt* back let all the Spoils be brought,
And let 'em with freſh Blood, more Wounds, be bought:
Lean *Caſſius*, god like *Brutus* riſe, combine,
Nay with the *Memphian* black Armado join;
Dip (ev'n your Heels) all o'er in *Stygian* Lake,
And more than *Achillean* Hardneſs take:
Hire all the Winds, immortal as you are,
Again to *Actium* I your Ghoſts will dare,
And into Atoms drive the gather'd Air.

Agr. Stop not the Torrent of his riſing Rage,
Give it full courſe, and it will ſoon aſſuage.

Aug. Thus *Pyrrhus*, whom no manly Force could quell,
At laſt inglorious by a Woman fell. [*Kneels.*
O *Jupiter!* dread King of Heav'n and *Rome*,
Let Death, but no Diſhonour be my doom:
That *Julia*'s Name no [illegible] may cleave my Head,
Strike me for ever dead, dead as the Dead.
Oh *Julia!* but for thee my Fame had paſt,
She'd like a [illegible] Rock to Ages laſt;
Each Luſt-thing like an envenom'd dart,
Has drunk the Life-blood of thy Father's Heart.

Jul. That I am innocent——

Aug. I know thou art;
But make no Words on't: Go, with Life depart.
[*Exit* Julia.

Agr. Your Wars in *Spain* a glorious Period have,
And all applaud *Marcellus* as most brave,
Who in his first Essay your Foes o'erthrew,
And could such Wonders in his Non-age do.

Mec. Equal to him the valiant, brave, unknown
Plangus, so fam'd, rush'd thro all Hazards on;
Of Birth unknown, but of high Blood in War,
Who with *Marcellus* did the Triumph share;
Marcellus, who adopted *Cæsar* stands,
And under you the conquer'd Earth commands.

Agr. Fame loudly speaks the Deeds which he has done,
First shews the Father, and then draws the Son.

Aug. Ev'n he has guilty been, and as 'tis said,
Cesario, whom we thought in *Egypt* dead,
This brave *Marcellus* harbour'd in his Tent;
Such News was to my Empress *Livia* sent.
But once more by my Father's Soul I swear,
If that young King of Kings in *Rome* appear,
The *Parthian* Empire shall not save his Head,
I'll give ten thousand Talents for him dead.

Mec. Dispel those Clouds that thicken on your Brow,
And I will speak.

Aug. Full Freedom we allow.

Mec. Against *Cæsario* be not thus severe,
At least not openly your Wrath declare;
By private Instruments his Hopes abate,
Which more agrees with your own Rules of State.

Agr. 'Tis nois'd (for sure such Secrets cannot sleep)
That you in private *Gloriana* [illegible]
Th' illustrious *Pompey*'s Daugh[illegible] advise,
That your white Age would Be[illegible]'s G[illegible]s despise;
Let not the Nations blame your be[illegible]
Nor think of loving now your Blood is [illegible]

Aug. Furies! and Hell! I am become their [illegible]
They flout me——How! ye elder Slaves o'th' Court,
Come feel my Arms, and learn to be more bold,
Am I not fit to love? Ha! am I old?

Ye Apes of Fame, ye Sparks to my full day,
Ye Gnats that in my Ev'ning Glory play;
But with my Sword I'll puniſh your Offence,
[*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*
And make ye know what 'tis t'affront a Prince.
Agr. Our Deaths are in your Hands, act as you pleaſe.
Mec. Your Frowns, not Death, our Souls with terror ſeize.
Aug. No, ye regard me not, nor love, nor fear;
I know your Hearts——you wiſh *Cæſario* here,
Here——in my Throne, ungrateful as ye are,
By me preferr'd in Peace, advanc'd in War.
Agr. You are the beſt of Kings.
Aug. No, I'm the worſt,
Stupid, moroſe, tyrannical, accurs'd.
I, like old *Saturn*, muſt forgo my Sphere,
You're for a mad young fiery *Jupiter*.
Yet this remember in your Thund'rer's Reign,
The golden days ſhall never come again. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace-Hall.

Cæſario, Araſpes, Leander.

Cæſ. Proſcrib'd!
Ara. So Rumour ſpreads it.
Cæſ. Ha!
Ara. 'Tis true;
His Fears the old Proſcription now renew.
Great is the Man, he ſaid, that brings him dead,
I'll give ten thouſand Talents for his Head.
Such dreadful Noiſe from *Cæſar*'s Fury broke,
And Guilt, like Wildfire, thrill'd him as he ſpoke.

Lean. He thought you long ago in *Egypt* ſlain,
But with late Tremblings heard you liv'd again;
Then tore his Hair, and mad with Choler, ſaid,
Auguſtus lives not till *Cæſario*'s dead.

Caſ. Then *Cæſar*'s loſt, and ſhall in Chaos lie,
Since 'tis not to be thought that I ſhould die,
Immediate from the Loins of *Julius* ſprung,
Like *Hercules* from *Jove*, for ever young,
In Battles big as *Mars*, and full as ſtrong.

Araſ. Yet you're a Man.

Caſ. Said you of me? 'Twas poor:
A Man! *Araſpes*, I was always more.
When me in Swadling-bands the Nurſes rock'd,
My Soul was full with godlike Courage ſtock'd;
The Sounds which firſt my wondrous Voice did move,
Were Father *Julius*, and my Grandſire *Jove*:
Ev'n in my Childhood I was more than Man,
Bears in my Non-age ſlew, and Stags out-ran.
Leander, thou remembreſt, who art old,
When yet nine Winters I had ſcarcely told,
A half-ſtarv'd Lion in our Chaſe I brav'd,
And from his Jaws my panting Mother ſav'd.

Lean. I ſaw him by your early Valour fall.

Caſ. Fall!—by my Valour!—ſaw him! Is that all?
Thou ſpeak'ſt, *Leander*, as thou didſt repine;
Thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, it was an Act divine,
A godlike Act, to ſee a ruddy Boy
With Milk on's Lips, the royal Beaſt deſtroy.
With my gay Sword, brandiſh'd above my Creſt,
O'erſpread with Plumes, and with Queens Favours dreſs'd,
I croſs'd the Savage, eager for his Prey,
Who, daunted with my Aſpect, ſhun'd the Fray;
But I out-run him, tho' he got the Start,
And fleſh'd my little Rapier in his Heart.
By the dread Thunderer, from whom I came,
Whoſe Hand caſts forked Bolts, and leaping Flame,
I'll tumble headlong this Uſurper down,
And from his Head tear the Imperial Crown.

Araſ. Stay, Son of *Cæſar*: whither would you run?
Sorrow ſhall end what your blind Wrath begun.

For

Forgive me, if your Death I dare prevent,
And force your Courage take another bent.
Lean. Both you ſhall ſend to everlaſting Reſt
And ride to Ruin o'er this loyal Breaſt:
For [illegible] we can ſtay to ſee you die;
We'll uſher you to Immortality.
Let Wit contrive, and Leiſure give to Time,
While we inſtruct you this ſteep Throne to climb.
Caſ. Plots are the dark and back way to a Throne;
Miſs but one Step, we roll with Ruin down:
Then let's away to quell with open Strife
This baſe Uſurper that proſcribes my Life.
Lean. Perhaps the Rumour's falſe, your Rage ſubdue,
Or reak it here on us for being true.
Caſ. Was I for this in *Alexandria* fam'd
The King of Kings, and Heir o'th World proclaim'd;
While Vaſſal Princes did about me croud,
And *Aſia*'s Chiefs of my Commands grew proud?
Did not our Mother periſh by his Arms,
That Source of Love, and ever-flowing Charms;
Great *Cleopatra*, who now drowns the Stars,
And ſhews to Goddeſſes her glorious Scars?
Yet have I queſtion'd him for what was done?
Lean. We know you ne'er moleſted what he won.
Caſ. Nay, have I not of late his Foes o'erthrown;
His Standards fix'd i'th' Heart of ſtubborn *Spain*,
And bow'd her Neck to the old Yoke again?
And dares he thus my Services reward! [*Draws.*
Stand back, I'll kill him 'midſt of all his Guard;
Tho at the Altar, in the Capitol,
The purple Brute a Sacrifice ſhall fall.

Marcellus meets him.

Mar. What Prodigal of Life your Wrath has rais'd,
And fann'd the Flame with which your Cheeks are blaz'd?
Ne'er drew, I ſee that Scabbard empty made,
But drunken Slaughter hung upon the Blade.

Cæs. Blood! my *Marcellus*, Blood! the Great must (die!
Yet, Eagle like, I'll strike my Quarry high,
And from the Earth rebonnd him to the Sky.

Mar. Name me the Man too lavish of his Tongue,
For Blows could ne'er the brave *Cæsario* wrong:
Name him aloud, but name me one that's great,
Back'd with such Troops as never knew Defeat,
And if he 'scape, let me no more be thought—— [*Draws.*

Cæs. Hold, hold, *Marcellus*; Heav'n! I had forgot
That my great Foe is Father to my Friend:
Down, my Revenge: Thus all my Swellings end.
[*Sheaths his Sword.*

Mar. What means this Change?

Cæs. Nothing, *Marcellus*, now.
Large are the Sums I to your Friendship owe:
My Thoughts no more about Revenge debate,
Tho Slaves *Augustus* hires to work my Fate;
Takes all my Titles, Scepters, fills my Thrones,
And plunders me of all my Father's Crowns:
Yet being kind to you, long may he live,
While I learn Patience, and my Wrongs forgive.

Mar. How! my Powers of Rage disband;
My Sword at *Cæsar*'s Name falls from my Hand.
Oh my *Cæsario*, can you for my sake
Forget the Sweets of just Revenge to take?
Can you for me call back your sallying Soul,
Whose Wrath not *Cæsar*'s Guards could else controul?
This is a Point too subtle for Mankind,
And which no future Virtue e'er shall find.

Cæs. Believe me, Friend, believe me; for I swear
By my high Father's Soul, 'twere easier far
Back the revolted Universe to [illegible]
Than but our Passions Conquest to begin.
Revenge and Friendship in my Bosom clash'd,
Like mountain Billows, each the other dash'd;
Still my uncertain Soul each Tempest blinds,
Like a dark Vessel driv'n by polar Winds:
But you, like a propitious God, arise,
On the blue Ocean shine the azure Skies,
And now the beaten Mind at Anchor lies.

Mar.

Mar. Methinks I wiſh that I had never known
Virtue like yours, ſo high that mine is none:
You, as ſome vaſt Hill touching Heav'n, appear;
I at your Feet, like a poor Valley, near:
Down from your cloudy Top Refreſhings flow,
Faſt bounteous Rills that water me below:
Valleys; but Vapours can to Heav'n return,
And I with Sighs your falling Favours mourn.

Cæſ. Darling of *Romans*, Virtue's faireſt Child,
At whoſe bleſt Birth the kinder Planets ſmil'd;
Truſt me, thy Mother, when with Infant Charms
The Matrons gave thee crying to her Arms,
Not lov'd thee more; my Soul thou haſt ſubdu'd,
And dam'd the Torrent of my riſing Blood.

Mar. Bow, ye bright Dwellers, bow all your Heav'ns (down,
Impale his Brows with an immortal Crown;
Tho *Julius*, whoſe high Name in living Gold
Is in Fate's Book above the Sun enroll'd,
With ſtarry Robes the World's great Heir enfold:
For all Earth's Glories he tranſcends as far,
As Gods above their humbleſt Victims are.

Cæſ. Ev'n while thou flatt'reſt me, thou lovely art:
By Heav'n, young Man, thou haſt thy Soldiers Heart;
And while I hold thee to my faithful Breaſt,
Cæſar with Empire is not half ſo bleſt.
On thy Heart's Throbs ſo I triumphant ride,
Farewel Ovations, and the Victors Pride;
No more ſhall big Ambition bend my Brow,
Love me but ever as thou lov'ſt me now.

Enter Narciſſa.

Nar. Swift as chas'd Harts before the Hunters fly,
Swift as their panting Wearineſs they throw
Into ſome Stream, my deareſt Brother, I
Ran to my Breaſt, and melt in Tears that flow.
Doſt thou not view Joys peeping from my Eyes?
The Caſement's open'd wide to gaze on thee;
As *Rome*'s glad Citizens to Windows riſe,
When they ſome young Triumpher fain would ſee.

Mar. Deareſt *Narciſſa*, ſofteſt of thy Kind,
A thouſand thouſand Welcomes; but, alas,
In dang'rous Courts I much lament to find
Thy Innocence which cannot ſafely paſs.
Cæſ. She is the brighteſt that my Eyes e'er ſaw;
And if ſoft Paſſion could my Fierceneſs move,
That Spring-Complexion wou'd my Wonder draw,
Such unmix'd Sweets of Nature I ſhould love.
Mar. With Looks untaught thou wilt too rude appear,
Expos'd to ev'ry haughty Princeſs' ſcorn;
Back to thy Country Palaces repair,
And tempt not Courts for which thou wert not born:
The great ones here will quickly make thee fine,
And to thy Virtue for Refreſhings run;
Like Summer-days too hot our Beauties ſhine,
But thee they'll follow like a Winter-Sun.
Cæſ. Why, beauteous Virgin, doſt thou plant thy Eyes,
As thou wouldſt drive me hence who ne'er cou'd run?
I am not us'd to Beauty's Batteries;
Yet rather than offend, I will be gone.
Mar. No longer in my Arms, lov'd Siſter, ſtay,
Your kindeſt Thanks to my Preſerver pay;
A thouſand Deaths he in my Cauſe has brav'd,
And twice my Life in our laſt Battel ſav'd.

Enter Tiberius *to* Marcellus, *they embrace.*

Mar. Welcome, my gallant Friend——Thy Looks are ſad:
If there be ought wherewith thou art diſmay'd,
Speak it, tho at the News both ſhou'd expire;
Is *Julia*——
Tib. 'Twere convenient you'd retire,
I'll tell you, dear *Marcellus*, as we go,
Such Secrets as no Heart but yours ſhou'd know.
[*Exeunt.*

Nar. My Brother charg'd me——but what can I ſay,
When you all Pow'r of Speech have ta'en away?
My Heart beat thus, juſt thus, againſt my Side,
That cruel Day when my lov'd Turtle died.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. A Heart like mine Love in his Walk ne'er found,
Nor Prettineſs, nor Majeſty can wound:
'Tis ſure the coldeſt Beauty ever felt,
Not Ice, but Chryſtal, which no Sun can melt.
Nar. O fatal Sight! have I with frequent Scorn
Seen at my Garden-Gates great Princes mourn,
And can I now ſubmit to one unknown?
Can this be true? Poor Heart! art thou o'erthrown?
Vanquiſh'd at laſt? I'th' Name of Goodneſs ſpeak,
What art that doſt my gentle Quiet break?
Cæſ. A Soldier, Fair-one, bred to Blood, in Arms,
In Winter Camps, which mighty Action warms;
I know not Courts, unskill'd in the ſoft Trade
By which addreſs is to high Beauty made:
Yet I to yours can bow as lowly down,
As Eaſtern Princes to the riſing Sun.
Nar. Bow to my Beauty, to this rural Face!
I know no Charms, nor any practis'd Grace:
Planted far off by *Cæſar*'s jealous Care,
Not bred in Court Perfumes, but Country Air;
Me from his Daughter he divided young,
And told me, Courts my Innocence wou'd wrong:
But ſure my Eyes can nothing ſee in you,
To make me think what *Cæſar* ſaid was true.

Enter Mecœnas.

Mec. Madam, the Empreſs does your coming wait,
With half the Court attended at her Gate;
And gazing Eyes expect your Preſence there,
As if ſome Conſtellation would appear.
Cæſ. I'll wait you to the Empreſs——Tyrant Love,
Whom all the Charms of Nature cannot move. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Marcellus *and* Tiberius.

Mar. Since Love proves falſe, in vain does Valour toil,
To Aſhes turn my Arms, my e'ery Spoil,
Burn all my Laurels in one Fun'ral Fire.

Alas, *Tiberius*, had another ſaid
Julia is falſe, her Honour has betray'd,
I could not have believ'd; but thou art true,
Wou'd thou wert not; wou'd all that Hell e'er knew
Of darkeſt Miſchiefs harbour'd in thy Mind,
So by thy Fraud I might her Virtue find.

Tib. While you abroad fought in *Rome*'s Cauſe ſo well,
She to the loweſt, leudeſt Courſes fell;
Her Palaces with late Debauches rung,
Strip'd Eunuchs wanton Odes before her ſung:
On tall young Monarchs Shoulders lifted high
She acted Triumphs, *Io* was her cry,
Her crown'd Supporters *Io* did reply.

Mar. Looſe *Julia!* what ſtrong Philters did unman
Auguſtus, from whoſe Loins thy Spirit ran!

Tib. At midnight dreſs'd like *Venus*, all Divine,
I ſaw her by the blaze of Diamonds ſhine,
High on a Throne of Gold, with godlike Port,
Follow'd with clamour of the reeling Court.
Thrice ſhe the Doors of *Janus* Temple burſt,
And once *Jove*'s Houſe, the Capitol, ſhe forc'd,
From his Gold Statue poliſh'd Thunder took,
And at his Face the brandiſh'd Weapon ſhook:
In her left Hand the ſilver Lightning claſh'd,
Which blindly hurl'd the ſacred Windows daſh'd.

Mar. Love I conjure thee, tho with mortal Smart,
Draw back thy Arrows that infect my Heart.

Tib. Of all the ſcepter'd Throng that did adore
She none refus'd, but wiſh'd they had been more.
What was in private acted we but think,
Where all her Maids are Mutes, and Eunuchs wink:
Her Monarch Dalliance was not proy'd, but gueſs'd,
But Love to Wit did open all her Breaſt,
And ſhe ſo foul a knot with *Ovid* drew,
As Blood can never looſe, nor Death undo.

Mar. With *Ovid!* Dares his haughty Muſe aſpire
To practiſe on his Prince? I'll mount it higher,
Teach his rude Wit a flight ſhe never had,
And ſend her Poſt to the *Elyſian* ſhade.

Tib. One ſolemn Night, when the pale conſcious Moon
Rode high and clear, at melancholy Noon
I roſe with Dreams abaſh'd of true Event,
And to the Princeſs' Bower my mulings bent.
To the crown'd Arbours as I nearer drew,
Methought I heard two Voices that I knew;
Parting the Leaves, I ſaw by Lunar light
Love's guilty Joys, a ſinful pleaſing ſight;
On Flow'rs and all the Sweets of Nature ſpred,
In *Ovid*'s Arms the ſmiling Princeſs laid.

Mar. What mortal patience can the news abide!

Tib. Pow'r circling Wit, and Pleaſures preſſing Pride,
Her glowing Breaſt joyn'd to his kindling ſide.
She catch'd his ſighs that panted in their flight,
With Eyes, Hands, Lips, all trembling with delight;
Long did her naked Beauty ſtay my ſight.
Fair as the bluſhing Bed her Body preſt,
As a May-morning riſing from the Eaſt,
Or Day diſmounting in the golden Weſt.

Mar. Wheels, Stones, and all the ſubtleſt pains of Hell,
With burning reddeſt Plagues about 'em dwell.
About 'em! in 'em, thro 'em let 'em run,
And Flames with Flames involv'd be ſwallow'd down.

Tib. With tendreſt words her buſy Love ſhe grac'd,
And having kindly touch'd his yielding Waiſt,
She ſaid, Ah wou'd *Marcellus* were in Heav'n,
And wou'd *Corinna* were to *Ovid* giv'n;
For Wit to me is more than Empire's Charms,
Or all the Surfeits of a Monarch's Arms.

Mar. No more? thou'ſt put my Soul upon the rack;
Both Lives revenging Glory bids me take:
But the remains of Paſſion bid me ſpare
This beautiful ingrate perfidious fair:
Since he was ne'er with gallant Ardour mov'd,
That cou'd be ſtirr'd to harm what once he lov'd:
And how I lov'd, now wonderfully well,
None but the Author of her Flame can tell.
Thy Beauty, *Julia*, did my Reaſon blind;
For e'er our Hands unlucky *Hymen* join'd,
I gueſs'd thee falſe, yet ſwore I wou'd be kind.

Enter

Enter Ovid *with* Julia *reading.*

Jul. Such a Companion ne'er did *Julia* bleſs;
To have a menial Monarch wait were leſs:
Ovid, whoſe Fame above high *Virgil* grows,
Whoſe Labour ſure muſt Nature diſcompoſe,
But *Ovid* with familiar greatneſs flows;
And when he pleaſes to command our Eyes,
What charming Tales does his ſoft Muſe deviſe?

Ov. Thus to be grac'd by her whom all admire,
To gain whoſe love Gods wou'd, Kings do expire——

Mar. Amongſt the reſt fall thou a Sacrifice,
Thus to be offer'd to your Goddeſs' Eyes.

Jul. Marcellus, hold! fly, *Ovid,* haſte away.

Ov. Madam, I know what Duty I ſhou'd pay;
The Prince reſolves to take my Life, which none
Shall do without the hazard of their own.

Mar. Tiberius, give me way, by Heav'n he dies,
I'll tread upon the Worm which I deſpiſe.

Jul. Help: Treaſon! Murder! help.

Enter Cæſario.

Ov. Come all, for were you more I cou'd not fear.

Cæſ. What about one is all this Trouble here?
Put up, for ſhame, I'll blow him from your ſight;
Valour diſdains the Quarry in her flight,
Commands in Fields we ſhould our Standards raiſe,
And make this Writer but our Drudge to praiſe:

Enter Auguſtus, Agrippa, Mecænas, *and Guards.*

Aug. Where are the Authors of this Treaſon gone?
Traitors to Pow'r! diſarm 'em ev'ry one.

(*The Captain of the Guards takes* Marcellus, Ovid's, *and* Tiberius's *Swords: goes laſt to* Cæſario.

Cæſ. Captain, ſtand off, I did no cauſe afford
Of quarrel here, and will not yield my Sword.

Aug. What, a new Traytor? in my preſence too?
Know, obſtinate, thy Death thou doſt purſue.
Reſign, or die ——
Mar. Have you ſo ſoon forgot
The Wonders which his Sword ſo lately wrought?
The noble *Plangus* who preſerv'd your Son,
And three pitch'd Battels by his Valour won.
Aug. What ſhall he ſtand and brave me to my Face?
Refuſe my Orders? bid him take my place.
By the *Cæſarian* Majeſty ador'd,
He is a Traytor that denies his Sword.
Caſ. I ſay, my Sword's my own, and ſhall ——
Aug. So fond of Fate!
Then that thou mayſt not want for Arms, take that.
(*Hurls his Dagger at him, the Guards ruſh on Cæſario, and hold him.*
Mar. Thus! is it thus his Services you pay? [*Kneels.*
Aug. If thou wouldſt have him live, take him away.
Mar. Guards, force him hence.
Caſ. Yes, *Cæſar*, I will go;
Conqu'ring my ſelf, I quell thy mighty Foe. [*Exit.*
Aug. And you, Sir, you who durſt your weapon draw
Againſt that Prince whom I ordain'd to awe
The greateſt Kings, to Baniſhment be gone,
I'll teach your ſaucy Muſe to dare a Throne.
Ov. If I in thought to you leſs Rev'rence gave
Than what the Deities from Altars have;
If that the Royal *Julia* I adore
In other manner than we worſhip Pow'r,
Add to the Puniſhment that you have laid
Unjuſtly on me, and pronounce me dead.
Jul. O *Cæſar!* Father!
Aug. Dare not intercede;
Speak but another word and he ſhall bleed.
Ov. For ever then thou glorious *Rome*, farewel:
To the Earth's Limits, *Cæſar*, I will go,
Where if thou haſt a yet unconquer'd Foe,
My Sword, for I have fought, ſhall take his Head,
And with my Pen I'll damn him when he's dead. [*Exit.*

Aug.

Aug. Still home-bred Jars! But I theſe Feuds will end;
By Heav'n I'll break your Hearts if you'l not bend;
My *Hydra* Rebels vanquiſh'd, riſe up more,
Was ever Monarch thus perplex'd before?
O that *Pythagoras*'s Dream were true!
I wou'd not govern ſuch a curſed Crew
One moment longer: Now, ev'n now I'd die,
And into ſome more kingly Lion fly,
Where with full Empire I the Woods might ſway,
And all the nobler Beaſts my Laws obey. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace Garden.

Cæſario, Araſpes, Leander.

Cæſ. BY all the Trophies of the conquer'd Field,
By ev'ry vanquiſh'd Sword, and batter'd Shield,
He dies, tho the auxiliar Fates ſhou'd ſtand
To fence the lifted Forces of my Hand;
Tho bulwark'd with *Rome*'s Hills in Tow'rs of Braſs,
Yet like *Laocoon*'s Lance my Sword ſhall paſs
Thro all —— In Heav'n to Hell he ſhall be thrown,
His univerſal Mightineſs ſhall down.
Araſ. Your Ruin muſt inevitable be.
Cæſ. It matters not what ſhall become of me.
Tho all the Winds from their black Corners ruſh,
Tho Seas daſh Clouds, old Rocks young Thunder cruſh,
Exempt from Fear th' Event we will attend,
And with big Rays in Ports of Glory end.
If I muſt fall, I'll tumble with a Crown,
And graſp this Giant with me when I drown.

Lean.

Lean. But Royal Sir, can you your Friend forget?
Can can Abuſe ſo vaſt, a Wrong ſo great
Be offer'd, that your Vows you ſhou'd recal?
Cæſ. Smoak, vaniſh Air— be they forgotten all.
No, dear *Marcellus*, you muſt not pardon me;
A Stroak! a Stab! 'tis ſuch an Injury,
Were *Jove* in Fleſh and thunder'd with a blow,
I wou'd retort it like a God below.
Araſ. E'er Ruin ſwallows you take one look more,
While yet you ſtand upon the beaten Shore.
Lean. Yet e'er you launch behold the rolling Deep,
Where Danger groans, and Death it ſelf does weep.
Cæſ. Hence with thy Coward Counſels! fly to Caves;
I'll climb theſe tow'ring Dangers, bark the Waves:
And as I ride to the kick'd Floods I'll cry,
Bear *Cæſar* with his Father's Fortune high.
Why do ye ask me then, and vainly mourn?
Can Words move Death, or Time carereing turn?
Can human Eloquence the Stars controul,
Or when their Doom has damn'd it, ſave a Soul?
Pray to deſcending Storms, of mounting Fire;
Them ye may weary, me ye ſhall not tire.
Araſ. Since then no Pray'rs can your wild Fury tame,
The way leaſt dang'rous to Revenge we'll name;
Tho *Cæſar* from Heav'ns partial hand receive
Immediate Pow'r, ſmall Virtue ſhe did give.
Lean. When fierce Embaſſadors from *Parthia's* King
Shew'd their huge Bows, and did long Arrows bring,
He to their Threats in ſcornful anſwer laugh'd;
Yet this great Scoffer ſhrinks at *Cupid's* Shaft:
Still may his glutted Hands more Empire have,
So he continues Love's inglorious Slave.
Cæſ. What, is [illegible] by Beauty aw'd?
Is this th' *Auguſtus* to renown'd abroad,
The World's firſt Man, and new created God?
The bright *Narciſſa* with her ſpring of Charms,
'Tis true, has warm'd my Heart half froze in Arms;
Her melting Language ſtrook my Winter back,
Loſen'd my Nerves, and made my Heart-ſtring ſlack:

Yet

Yet were it poſſible that ſhe cou'd weep,
As long as I have practis'd toilſom War,
She ſhou'd not in her Lap my Honour keep,
Nor from its Trade my burning Spirit bar.
When Conqueſts call my Sword to fetch the prize,
And I ſtand liſtning to a Lady's cries,
Sighing to ſee the Roſes pale —— O Heav'n!
O glorious War! let me ne'er be forgiven.

Araſ. There is a Bower, the myſtick ſeat of Love,
Where Death ſtands Centinel before the Grove;
Guards ever waking at the Threſhold lie,
And ſuffer none but *Cæſar* to paſs by:
There his looſe Heart does in full Paſtures graze,
And various She's with awe upon him gaze.

Lean. Like Heav'ns proud King follow'd by Deities,
The Tyrant walks with ſhinings thro the Trees;
His Brow dilates, and his purs'd Lips awhile
Forget their angry uſe, and gravely ſmile,
To ſee officious Beauties charm his Cares,
Like Night's black Locks all pouder'd o'er with Stars.

Araſ. There your Revenge, if Vengeance urge you ſtill,
May glut your Appetite, and drink her fill.
I have obſerv'd, and can your Fury guide,
To a ſlight-guarded Gate oth' *Tiber* ſide;
Watch'd by ſome drowſy Slaves, not more than we,
Whom having kill'd, you have a Paſſage free.

Caſ. Methinks already thou haſt talk'd him dead,
And I am o'er the fatal Barriers fled,
Like *Perſeus* mounted on a ſteed of Air,
Beating the Lists to find the Monſter there.

Lean. There you may take him ſwoln with drunken Joys,
And the crown'd Brute with a full ſtroke deſtroy,
Behold him ſporting on ſpread *Sardanapalian* ſpoils,
In Mantle wrap'd that breathe rich odorous Oils,
Like a gay Snake basking in ſunny Fields,
Imbrac'd by her who ripeſt Pleaſure yields.

Caſ. Be gone, now inſtantly let's poſt away.
The black revenging Minutes will not ſtay;
As the Half-god *Augæan* Stables clear'd,
I'll purge theſe Gardens with his Blood beſmear'd.

Slow

Slow till the Deed be done move the wing'd hours,
I'll do't, tho Dragons guard the golden Bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Bower of* Gloriana.

SONG.

1.

Ah the Charms of a Beauty diſdainful and fair,
How ſhe blaſts all my Joys when ſhe bids me deſpair;
Forgetting my State, when I ſigh and lie down,
And caſt at her Feet both Scepter and Crown,
She paſſes regardleſs, and ſays a young Swain,
Before her old Monarch, her Love ſhould obtain.

2.

Remember, fair Nymph, my Grandfather Jove,
That rev'rend old God always made the beſt Love:
So fiercely he mov'd with a manner divine,
That he melted his way, or blew up the Mine.
Your ſcorn of my Age therefore ceaſe to purſue,
And think what a loving old Cæſar *can do.*

Enter Auguſtus, Gloriana.

Aug. From golden Weights, high Cares, Imperial Strife,
From Storms of State, and Hurricano of Life,
To the green Pala[illegible] peaceful Grove,
Of *Gloriana*'s Bower, the Throne of Love,
I come with all the violence of Mind,
The Philters of Court-witchcraft to unbind:
Thy heav'nly Voice is ſure the nobleſt Spell,
And Thy Eyes Charms all Magick elſe excel.

Glor.

Glor. Ye Authors of all Sway, for what dark End
To one ſo frail did you ſuch Pow'r commend ?
He reels on ſuch exceſſive height, he ſtands
And drops his Scepter from his ſhaking hands.
Aug. No matter, *Gloriana*, let it be :
Who wou'd not leave a Diadem for thee ?
Are not thy Touches than all Scepters more ?
Thy Lips approach'd, where is the taſte of Pow'r ?
Love is all taſte, reliſh, and vital good,
Spirits it gives that o'er Life's Channel brood,
And like Wine-ſparks dance thro the brimming Blood.
Each Smile of thine drives from my Age a Day,
One balmy Kiſs wou'd take a Year away ;
But oh the reſt wou'd give me Youth again,
Like an old Snake wou'd cauſe me caſt my Skin,
Slacken my Sinews, make me ſwiftly move,
As *Mercury* deſcending from above,
Boldly as *Mars*, and luſtily as *Jove*.
Glor. Is this the Man of ſuch renown in Wars,
Firſt upon Earth, and numbred with the Stars ?
Wake from thy ſleep of Death, dread Father, wake,
Pompey ariſe, the reins of Empire take ;
Down let this Driver from his Throne be hurl'd,
Or place me on the brow of the ſteep World ;
That Nations driv'n by me may thunder on,
And at my Nod millions of Swords be drawn,
Brandiſh'd with flaſhing Death by mighty Men,
And when I give the word be ſheath'd again.
Aug. They ſhall, they ſhall, ambitious lovely Maid !
I'll teach thy gentle Arms the Warrior's Trade,
Bind thy ſoft Bo[illegible] faſt with bands of Steel,
And double-darted Death thy Fo[illegible] ſhall kill :
New Arts, that ſhall [illegible] in Arms ſurprize,
To ſee thy Lance as fatal as thy Eyes.
Cæſar ſhall guard thee all the Day in Fight,
And compaſs thee about with lifted Shields,
So thou vouchſafe to dreſs thoſe Wounds at Night
Which he receiv'd for thee in fighting Fields.
Glo. Much you depend upon Tyrannick Pride,
Or think this Breaſt incapable of ſcorn,

Or

Or that I never heard you had a Bride,
Or you forget I am of *Pompey* born.
If this your guilty Mind conſide'd, how
Dare you approach me in my Brother's Gore;
Off'ring worſe Horrour with a brazen Brow,
When your hot Luſt thy Siſter would devour?
Aug. Talk not of that high Blood from which you came,
Nor how your Brother's Wrongs your Scorn enflame;
Heav'n the young *Pompey*'s Honours did diſperſe,
And now alone I ſway the Univerſe:
Conſider this, and with the Time comply.
Glo. I have conſider'd, and reſolve to die.
Compleat your Crimes; for what can I expect
From Rage which thro the Heart of *Tully* paſt?
Tully, who did with god-like Wit protect
Thy curſed Youth, to be betray'd at laſt.
Go on, thou black Uſurper: ſtop more Breath,
Encreaſe thy Purples, fill thy Throne with Death;
Still may new Falſhood add to former Guilt,
And the dear Blood of *Rome*'s beſt Sons be ſpilt;
And may thy Cruelties alone do more,
Than all the curſt Triumvirate before.
Aug. Hold, Princeſs, hold! provoke me not too far,
None ever ſaid thus much and liv'd; beware,
Thou'rt in my reach, no more my Fetters ſhake,
My Rage yet ſleeps, which Lion-like may wake.
My Heart, which as ſome ſtubborn fiery Steed,
Grew up unback'd, and did at random feed,
When Love approach'd like you, did not diſdain
So fair a Rider, yielding to the Rein,
Now gently moves, except his Freedom's barr'd;
But if you ſpur him mutinous and curb him hard,
Angry to be ſo indifferently rode,
He ſprings and bounds beneath the mounted God.
Glo. If thy now fawning Love I ſcorn'd before,
I now diſdain thy menac'd Fury more;
Death is the utmoſt that thy Rage can do,
And that I'll ev'ry day provoke thee to.
Aug. Wilt thou? Ha! dar'ſt thou! ſharp provoking (Fair!
Once more let me intreat thee do not dare;
Dare,

Dare, like a fooliſh Fly whoſe vexing Wings
Urge the ſlow Flame to burn her as ſhe ſings.
Not as thy Slave before thee now I ſtand,
But as thy Lord, and one that will command:
As I am Maſter of the World, I'll be,
Spite of thy Scorn, the Maſter too of thee.

Glo. Maſter o'th' World! Indeed your Title's clear,
When you amongſt the *Syrian* Boys appear,
Contending as for Triumphs all the day,
To win their Nuts and Bounding-ſtones at play.
Such Conqueſt with ſuch honourable Pain,
Who but the Maſter of the World could gain?
Was it for this you did all Nations quell,
And by thy Arms the noble *Brutus* fell?
You the Earth's God! This your *Caſarian* Pride!
Fly, fly, your Shame from human Knowledge hide;
To ſome By-path from all Obſervance ſtray,
And far from Roads of Glory take your way.

Aug. Now, Rider Love; my Life on't, down he goes:
Look to't, I ſay, thy trembling Knees keep cloſe;
Cloſe to my Side like Deſtiny now ſit,
Fix'd in my Heart-ſtrings firmly plant thy Feet,
For in my Teeth I've got th' ungrateful Bit.
There, there, with that laſt Heave I threw him down,
And now, I thank my Stars, my Heart's my own.
Beauty, thou once m' Enlightner bright and kind,
For ever ſet, I'll ſcourge thee from my Mind
Like Day, nor ſhalt thou leave one Streak behind:
Thy Lips, thy Tongue, thy Eyes have now no Charms;
My Soul, b' Ambition wak'd to old Alarms,
Starts up, and liſtens to the Clank of Arms.

Glo. Without th' Circumſtance my Death ordain.

Aug. No, that you'd have to put me out of pain:
As haughty Virtue's ſharpeſt Puniſhment,
Thou ſhalt live ſtill, but not live innocent.

Glo. Not innocent! I ſcorn thy impious Breath;
I hope ten thouſand Doors to let in Death.

Aug. Not one, I'll ſhut up all, and ſet ſtrict Guard,
There's not a Wicket ſhall be left unbarr'd;

No

No Chink thro which kind Fate may draw thy Thred,
Or Death with his leaſt Finger touch thee dead.

Glo. Still rack thy cruel Heart and curſed Brain,
Yet after all, thy Wiſh thou ſhalt not gain;
Burſt with thy Malice, for I will not live,
My Life ſhall ſtarve, that Honour may ſurvive.

Aug. Nor that, for e'er to morrow's Sun appear,
Thy Virgin-pride ſhall vaniſh into Air.
Starve, *Gloriana*, in a Monarch's Bed!
By Heav'n thou ſhalt to ſurfeiting be fed.

Glo. Still perjur'd, ſince it ſhall not, cannot be
So rich a Purchaſe ſhould be reap'd by thee;
For tho I ſhould conſent to have it ſold,
Thou couldſt not buy, thou art ſo wretched old.

Aug. If Bliſs anon would not leſs fiercely flow,
By all my Hopes I would enjoy thee now:
But more delib'rate Pleaſure is decreed,
I'll come by Moon-light, which my Flame ſhall feed,
Like *Tarquin* pale reſolv'd upon the Deed.
O *Gloriana!* e'er the Lark has ſung
Her Morning Anthem, thou ſhalt ſay I'm young;
Love thro my Life an equal Pace has run,
Swift near the Goal as where it firſt begun:
I keep my Courſe like the old Lord of Day,
On my red Cheeks the ſilver Treſſes play,
I ſhout and drive, and never feel decay.

[*Exit.*

Glo. I thank thee, Heav'n, that thou doſt me ordain
For Woes no other Woman could ſuſtain.
Woman! What Man ſuch Tempeſts could outwear?
Yet, like a Rock, both Sea and Winds will dare.

Enter Cæſario, *arriving in the Captain.*

Cæſ. So ſturdy, Sir, you that would take my Sword;
'Tis for you there: now bear it to your Lord.

[*The Captain falls.*

Cæſar come forth, thou female God, appear,
Not *Prangus* but *Cæſario* waits thee here,

The

The Son of *Julius*, and the wide World's Heir;
Thou hear'ſt, but to approach me doſt not dare.
In what dark Covert are thy Glories laid,
Or do they ſleep beneath ſome Laurel Shade?
Rock'd on thy Miſtreſs' Lap, whoſe knitting Hands
Lock up thy captive Cares in downy Bands.
Wake, wake, by Heav'n my Wrath thou ſhalt not ſhun,
Tho thou beneath her Robes for ſhelter run.

Glo. What art that wander'ſt in this fatal Wood,
Whoſe thirſty Sword ſeeks for majeſtick Blood?
Was it a borrow'd Title or true Name
Thou didſt aſſume, whoſe Eyes quick rolling Flame
Glows with Ambition, Pride, Revenge and Fame?

Cæſ. Ha!—What I was you heard me ſpeak but now;
I was I know not what, and am I know not how.
But ſpeak, and I'll conſider what to ſay;
I've hunted hard, and now my Heart's at Bay.

Glo. If you the Son of divine *Julius* are,
How durſt you in *Auguſtus'* Court appear?
No Breaſt but yours ſuch Raſhneſs ever knew;
But to approach him here, and ſingly too,
Nought but Diſtraction or Deſpair would do.
'Tis certain Death.

Cæſ. That certain Death is paſt,
And I upon the bleſſed Shore am caſt:
I track'd a Fiend I thought by Furies driv'n;
I ſought for Hell, but ſtumbled upon Heav'n.
You are——

Glo. A Woman.

Cæſ. Angels ſhou'd ſpeak true,
But ſure ſo bright a Flow'r on Earth ne'er grew:
Her Lips, her Cheeks muſt more than Roſes be;
What Stars her Eyes [illegible] Majeſty?
So ſweet and ſo imperious too they move,
Sparkling with Beauty, glitt'ring all with Love.

Enter Leander.

Lean. Haſte, or the Emperor will evade the Toil;
He's almoſt out of ſight, haſte to the Spoil.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Not *Julia's* ſuch when all her Gems ſhe wears,
Nor ſad *Narciſſa* more adorn'd with Tears.
Yield, Beauties yield, or ſhun this dazling Eye,
Since thoſe that ſtay will ſoon her Victims lie,
Like Autumn Leaves, turn yellow all and die.
Glo. Juſt Heav'n does ſure this godlike Man provide,
To bear me from the Tyrant's Luſt and Pride.
Beauty, if thou didſt ever, aid me now,
That I may make this haughty Gazer bow,
This heav'nly Youth; Oh force him to adore,
To love me only: I'll ne'er ask thee more.
Cæſ. Why beats my Heart as I had Poiſon ta'en?
What means my burning Breaſt and giddy Brain?
Swift thrilling Cold with panick Terror flies,
And an unuſual Thaw diſſolves my Eyes.
If Love thou art, I will not take the Wound,
My Armour ſhall thy pointed Darts confound;
I'll draw 'em, if they cannot be withſtood,
Tho to the Feathers drinking in my Blood,
Then ſhake 'em at her Eyes with fix'd Diſdain,
And hurl 'em to thy Godhead back again.

Enter Araſpes.

Araſ. Your Vengeance muſt another Seaſon take.
Cæſ. Love is low Play, which Warriors ſhould forſake;
Yet what a ſtir does this blind Gameſter make?
He makes my Heart rebound about my Breaſt,
And laughs to ſee me tire, and cries no Reſt;
From ſide to ſide ſtrikes the tormented Ball,
And with each Stroke he dints the very Wall.
Glo. If you in Fields have purchas'd high Renown,
Have with perſiſting [illegible] done,
And Wreath Rewards of toiling Valour won;
Now in a Princeſs' Quarrel liſt your Sword,
Fate never did a nobler Cauſe afford.
By all the mighty Battels you have fought,
By all the Trophies you with Blood have bought,
A royal ſuff'ring Virgin's Wrongs redreſs,
And kill the Giant Vice that would oppreſs.
Cæſ.

Cæſ. I met the Summons ſwift, and ſnatch'd the Joy,
Kindling at Death, and panting to deſtroy;
Another Sword like mine you'll ne'er imploy.
War was my Miſtreſs, and I lov'd her long;
She lov'd my Muſick, Shoutings were my Song,
And claſhing Arms that eccho'd thro the Plain,
Neighings of Horſes, Groans of dying Men;
Notes which the Trump and hoarſer Drum affords,
And dying Sounds riſing from Falls of Swords.
Command, diſpatch, and bid your Lightning fly,
I'll flaſh, I'll kill, I'll conquer in your Eye,
And after all here yield my Breath and die.
——Oh could you love!

Glo. Let Love be mention'd laſt,
But firſt to free me hence you ſhould forecaſt.

Cæſ. By all my Love you are already paſt;
You are, O Heaven! wherever you would be,
And I am with you all o'er Extaſy.
High Walls and Tow'rs are level'd where you go;
You tread on Pants, and Sighs about you blow,
And Hearts in their own Bleedings round you flow.

Araſ. If you would bear her ſafe, haſte, Sir, away.

Lean. The Minute's critical, and will not ſtay.

Cæſ. Move on, and bravely let us meet our Dooms,
But give me warning e'er the Tyrant comes;
I'll follow ſlowly, and while Love is by,
The ſwifteſt Deaths and ruſhing Fates defy.

Glo. In all your Acts ſuch godlike Manners ſhine,
I doubt not but your Parents are divine;
Therefore to match you with a Stock of Fame,
Know from a Race as high as yours I came;
Pompey the Great, and fair *Cornelia* gave
The Life which you to gen'rous Love ſave.

Cæſ. Ha! now I find the Cauſe I ne'er could love;
Long, long ago our Hearts were pair'd above;
And my Ambition join'd with Deſtiny,
Oft-times ſuggeſting it could never be,
That *Cæſar*'s Son who all the World had aw'd,
Should wed beneath the Daughter of a God.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Palace of* Marcellus.

Marcellus *with his Sword drawn againſt* Julia.

Mar. BY Heav'n I'll hear no more, 'tis publick now,
Diſgrace ſo bold is grav'd upon thy Brow,
That e'en old Age, whoſe Eyes are ſeldom clear,
Dim with Death's Miſt, can read thy Falſhood there:
All *Rome* with thy proclaimed Diſhonour rings,
And ev'ry Infant *Julia*'s Leudneſs ſings.
What can thy Crimes expect from my juſt Rage?
Jul. Death, let my Blood your violent Wrath aſſuage;
'Tis better we ſhould both for ever ſleep
In Calms, than wake in Storms, and always weep.
Mar. Weep! If th' Ocean from thy Eyes were ſpilt,
The Ocean could not waſh away thy Guilt.
Nor think that when thy Beauties ſhall be laid
In Earth, thy Peace is then for ever made;
No, faithleſs Fair! ſtill ſhalt thou haunted be,
And a long row of pale Adult'reres ſee,
And me at laſt purſuing them and thee.
Jul. Not haunting Furies there can ſtick me more
Than Jealouſies on Earth [illegible] roar;
Tho I ſhould make account for ev'ry Thought,
While falſe Relations are by Traitors wrought,
And you believe thoſe moſt that moſt abuſe,
'Twere vain for me my Honour to excuſe.
Mar. How well your Pride an Innocence can feign,
Excuſe your Honour! That indeed's moſt vain;

Thy Purpoſe vain, as thy paſt Actions foul,
Vain all thy Thoughts which with wild Fancies roll,
And one immortal Vanity's thy Soul.
Jul. I cannot ſtay to hear your vain Debate.
Mar. Paſs not this, 'tis guarded with thy Fate.
Jul. Strike then, and free me from a world of Cares,
Better die once, than always live in Fears:
Loud Clamours all the Day my Peace moleſt,
With perjur'd, falſe, I hate, renounce, deteſt;
Still am I wak'd by Day with theſe Alarms:
At Night you ſtart, and throw me from your Arms:
Laſt Night your Head upon my Breaſt repos'd,
Juſt as ſweet balmy Sleep my Eyes had clos'd,
Hearing me ſigh, you cry'd aloud, By Heav'n
Thoſe Sighs are to your dear lov'd *Ovid* giv'n;
But I will conjure him from *Pontus* back,
And his curs'd Life by thouſand Torments take.
Mar. O *Julia*, is there not a Cauſe for this?
Thou ſay'ſt I rob thy Days and Nights of Peace,
Haſt thou not robb'd my Life of all its Bliſs?
Heav'n witneſs what I am, and what have been;
What thou haſt done, how gloried in thy Sin,
How triumph'd in thy Ills ——
Jul. What I have done
Shall to no Mortal, nor to you be known.
Mar. I'll know.
Jul. You ſhall not.
Mar. With this ſure I ſhall;
I'll open ev'ry Vein, and know thee all.
Jul. Strike—— To thy Vengeance ſummon all thy Lyes,
Which falſe *Tiberius*' Malice cou'd deviſe.
Mar. I've ſummon'd all he to[illegible] Disloyal Breath,
And all thoſe Truths [illegible] him to ſuch a Death.
Jul. Why then doſt thou not ſtrike, revenging Lord?
Behold my Breaſt prepar'd to meet thy Sword;
This cruel Kindneſs thus it ſhall approve,
Nak'd to Anger as it was to Love.
Why ſhrinks thy Arm as if it fear'd to wound,
And drops thy Coward Weapon to the Ground?

Mar.

Mar. I know thee falſe, yet have no power to harm;
Fierce Paſſion my arm'd Vengeance does diſarm:
Beauty, which thro thy Vice I could not ſpy,
Did like a dang'rous Foe in Ambuſh lie.
Here, *Julia*, execute thy bloody Will,
I know thy purpoſe is at laſt to kill:
Be but thus kind, Life freely I reſign;
Thou'rt born to break all Hearts, and muſt break mine.

Jul. No, my *Marcellus*, truſt me from this Hour
You ſhall be ever my Lord Conqueror;
Thou ever wert the deareſt of Mankind,
But now my Heart is to thy Looks confin'd.
By all our Loves you never were betray'd,
Henceforth be abſolute, my Breaſt invade,
There like a gentle Monarch thou ſhalt ſway,
And I with gentler Mind thy Laws obey.

Mar. Prove but thy Heart as heav'nly as thy Tongue,
Be but thus good, and I had never wrong.

Enter Cæſario *bloody*, *leading* Gloriana *veiled*, *followed by* Leander, Araſpes.

Mar. My noble Brother! what can Friendſhip ſay,
Which from my Arms abſented half a Day?
Together ſtill in Battel we did ride,
Nor cou'd united Troops the Link divide:
Shall Peace disjoin what was not broke by War,
And Crouds in Courts do more than Armies there?

Cæſ. Now I ſhall try the Friendſhip which you boaſt;
If now not found, let it be ever loſt:
This Beauty with ſome Blood and Danger bought,
(Great Deeds for Beauty by young Blood are wrought)
I from the Den of an old Beaſt of Prey
Snatch'd, while abroad he did for Forage ſtray.
By this he is return'd, and finds her gone;
By this the Groves reſound, and Foreſts groan.
Mar. Thus in your Cauſe advancing, thus I'll face
A Band of Blood-hound Furies in their chaſe.
Cæſ. Firſt let us lodge where they ſhall never find
The Part whoſe Death thoſe Hunters have deſign'd;

Then with Relays each to his Station go,
And bravely fall upon the Savage Foe:
Our Bugle Breath ſhall wind Recheats, and tell
'Tis not the Deer's but the rous'd Hunter's Knell.

Jul. While you, that Virtue might not be undone,
Look'd fierce, methought my Brows too catch'd a Frown;
I burn'd and grew ambitious to be one.
Whoe'er ſhe be, as ſure ſhe is moſt fair,
For whom the Sounds of Fame ſo buſy are,
I promiſe her a Covert, where ſhe ſhall,
Safe as in Clouds, look down upon 'em all.

Cæſ. O Bounty, which my Blood can never pay!
I would do all, yet I muſt ſomething ſay:
What Hell-born Envy, curs'd infernal Spight,
So us'd to Darkneſs that it hates the Light,
Shall dare, tho Silence ſhe with Pain endures,
Traduce a Virtue ſo renown'd as yours?
By Heav'n I ſwear, and by this faithful Steel,
So deep in Beauty's conqu'ring Quarrel dy'd,
I ſtand your Champion to your Cauſe ally'd,
To damn thoſe Slaves that have your Fame bely'd.

Enter Narciſſa *running.*

Nar. Fly, fly, you're loſt, the Empire's overthrown!
Fly, *Plangus*, fly Sir, murder'd *Cæſar*'s Son!
Not ſtir! By all my Fears, moſt cruel Prince,
Thou ſhalt not ſtay and die, I'll drag thee hence.
The Captain whom your Valour left for dead,
Heard your Diſcourſe, and has relation made:
All's out, thou art betray'd, O Heav'n! undone;
What ſhall I ſay? Thy Name, thy Birth is known;
Deſtruction gallops to thy Murder poſt,
And *Cæſar* looks as if the World were loſt.

Cæſ. Tho driv'n by Whirlwinds he ſhould roll like Fire,
I would not from this Earth one Inch retire.
Let Deſtiny about my Death conſult,
All Thoughts of Safety from my Side revolt,
I'll ſtand it tho he were a Thunderbolt.

Nar.

Nar. Perhaps my Pray'rs and low Submiſſion may
Divert his Wrath, or his Revenge delay.
Jul. With yours my mingled Tears and Sighs ſhall join,
He may reſiſt yours, but he ſhall not mine.
Nar. But if inflexibly he will deny,
Together let us all reſolve to die.
Glo. Since this ſecures my Honour, can I fear?
Not Martyrs with more Joy their Summons hear.
Methinks I long in thoſe dark Walks to tread,
And wrap my ſelf about with honour'd Lead,
Where all the Worthies of the Earth lie dead.
Nor ſhall my Spirit in that pond'rous Caſe
Be kept, but ſhoot, as Rays thro Chryſtal paſs;
Thro Doors of Death, with Mountains pil'd on Rocks,
With thouſand Bars, and with ten thouſand Locks,
Like Lightning ſhe ſhall cut her ſacred way
Thro all, and riſe to everlaſting Day.
Nar. What Spirit's this more fierce than boldeſt Men,
That with ſuch Haughtineſs does Life diſdain?
Cæſ. O Death! thou ever dry blood-thirſty Slave,
All, Hell-hound, all art thou reſolv'd to have?
But taſte my Heart, 'tis royal, rich, and good,
Each Drop's more worth than Tuns of vulgar Blood.
Cannot th'exhauſted Shore for once ſuffice,
I'll make it up with Rivers from their Eyes:
Tears will not make him drunk, the Slave replies.
Glo. Can this be true? *Cæſario*, doſt thou droop?
Doſt thou at laſt beneath Death's Burden ſtoop?
Is this the Hero, this the godlike Man,
Whoſe Rage the ſtout *Iberians* over-ran?
That me redeem'd this Day from rav'nous Pow'r,
And from the Pounces of the Vulture tore?
Cæſ. O *Gloriana*! with Confuſion I
Confeſs 'tis now a dreadful thing to die:
Your fatal Purpoſe does to pieces tear
That Courage which all Dangers elſe can dare.
O live, retire, and thoſe bleſt Beauties hide,
Far from the reach of *Cæſar*'s cruel Pride;
Then I ſhall eaſily Death's Yoke put on,
And calm as thoſe that fall aſleep, lie down.

Glo. Cæſario, no, unjuſt is thy Requeſt,
[*Puts up her Veil*, Narciſſa *obſerves her.*
Why ſhou'd I wake when thou art gone to reſt?
And ſince I love thee, which I now may own,
The faſteſt Secrets are by Death undone,
What will Life ſignify when thou art gone?
Grant that I 'ſcape the Tyrant's Rage, and fly
To ſome ſtrange Land, and leave you here to die.
Shall I ſurvive to blot thee from my Mind?
Forget thee? or to one leſs brave be kind?
Is this thy Wiſh? or wouldſt thou I ſhould live,
And thy eternal Loſs for ever grieve?

Cæſ. Live, die, be free, or yield your ſelf again,
I will no more of you, but Heav'n, complain;
Heav'n that can ſee ſuch Virtue in diſtreſs,
And with exceeding Power a Tyrant bleſs;
Heav'n that could ſmile when nobleſt *Romans* fell,
As if enormous Cruelties were well;
Heav'n that allows this Parricide a Name
As great and good as the firſt Sons of Fame.

Nar. Love ſparkles thro her Shade:
His Eyes to her, and hers to him are mov'd,
She loves, ſhe loves, and is again belov'd
She ſighs and weeps, and rolls her ſubtle Eyes,
And all the Charms of knowing Beauty tries:
She looks as if her very Eyes wou'd ſpeak,
As if (ah would it might) her Heart would break.
But *Cæſar* comes, ſome other time I'll take
To tell my Wrongs, his Life is now at ſtake.

Enter Auguſtus, *Captain*, Agrippa, Mecænas, *Guards.*

Cap. Hither I follow'd 'em with cautious view.
Aug. Mecænas, let him have the Traitors due.
Lo where the Raviſher undaunted ſtands,
As if encompaſs'd with a thouſand Bands;
Bold as *Briareus*, warring in Heav'n's Field,
When fifty flaming Swords his Arms did wield,
And fifty Shields expos'd to Thunder held.

O my *Agrippa!* ſhou'd I view him long,
I ſhou'd forget, forgive the mighty wrong;
In that Majeſtick Glance and fiery Air,
Methinks our awful Father does appear.
Agr. Something leſs fierce his Viſage does renew,
Such Beams from beauteous *Cleopatra* flew,
When ſighing Kings to *Egypt's* Court ſhe drew.
Cæſ. Yes, my renown'd Extraction I declare,
I am by Birth what you adopted are,
The King of Kings, and the World's lawful Heir.
Aug. Such you were nam'd by *Anthony* indeed,
But the great *Cæſar* otherwiſe decreed.
Cæſ. What he intended who but Heav'n can tell?
Scarce ſeated from th' Imperial Throne he fell:
He ſtood on *Atlas'* Shoulders unafraid
Some Minutes, and the trampled Globe ſurvey'd;
Fill'd with vaſt Buſineſs, and with thoughts profound,
He had no leiſure for a Proſpect round,
For e'er to *Egypt's* Queen he could be juſt,
That Head which Stars encompaſs'd kiſs'd the Duſt.
Aug. Yet to make void whatever you can ſay,
And daſh your boldeſt Hopes that fly at ſway,
By his laſt Will, which was to *Romans* ſhewn,
I was ordain'd to mount and fill his Throne,
To ſcourge the World, and awe Mankind alone.
Cæſ. I no Imperial Herald am, to find
The ſource of Pow'r, and how its Riv'lets wind;
Yet this I know, your latter boaſt was vain,
Cæſar had ne'er adopted you to reign,
Had he known me, who from the Womb was paſt,
And firſt ſaw Light when he beheld it laſt.
Aug. When conqu'ring *Cæſar Pompey* did purſue,
And in his Cauſe the *Memphian* Tyrant ſlew,
He bought your Mother's Love with *Egypt's* Crown,
And with her at a Kingdom's price lay down.
But having ſurfeited with Beauty's Joys,
For Beauty much poſſeſs'd extremely cloys,
Scar'd with his ſhame he wak'd to War's Alarms,
He left her pregnant, and he ruſh'd to Arms.

'Twas godlike, and he imitated *Jove*,
Who with exceſſive thundring tir'd above,
Comes down for eaſe, enjoys a Nymph, and then
Mounts dreadful, and to thundring goes again.

Caſ. Talk'ſt thou of her baſely that gave me Birth,
The moſt illuſtrious Empreſs of the Earth,
Whoſe Smiles Kings did with Adorations crave?
By Heav'n ſhe wou'd have ſcorn'd thee for her Slave.
Name not thy humbler Blood, nor let it be
Compar'd to mine, nor more than I to thee;
Who am to thee, nor will I me commend,
A God all o'er, and thou all o'er a Fiend.

Aug. You ſpeak, *Cæſario*, with as little dread,
As if you were at ſome vaſt Army's head;
Were it not that I rev'rence *Cæſar's* Blood,
Thus long you had not diſreſpectful ſtood.

Caſ. O Counterfeit! O Crocodile of Pow'r!
Not Woman e'er diſſembled thus before.
Thou reverence *Cæſar's* Blood———
Thou who didſt never ought that's generous do,
Who never didſt forgive a noble Foe,
Me wouldſt thou make believe thou canſt be kind?
I know th' Hypocriſy, the deep'ſh Mind,
Which holds thy Angel-colours high to ſhew,
But art all Ruin, Blood and Hell below.

Aug. Who e'er was thus provok'd and cou'd forbear?
Be witneſs all, himſelf he will not ſpare.

Caſ. No, Tyrant, no, I will in publick die,
And once at laſt expoſe thy Cruelty;
The Murders which thou hitherto haſt done
Were acted cloſe, their Authors rarely known;
But I will periſh in the view of all,
And to my laſt gaſp Tyrant, Tyrant call.

Mar. Pardon me, Father, and juſt Rage forgive,
I offer Life which he cannot receive,
He's ſo Heroick that he will not live.
'Tis his deſire, and for this one laſt hour
I have decreed he ſhall be Emperor;
His Majeſty's reſolv'd, you heard him ſay,
Guards go and his Imperial Will obey.

Caſ.

Cæſ. Let 'em come on, 'tis ſport that I have try'd
In hundred Battels, thouſand Deaths defy'd,
And now in all their Horrors can deride. [*Draws.*
(*As the Guards prepare to fall on,* Marcellus *draws.*)
Mar. Reſtrain your Fury, barb'rous Men! take heed.
By *Cæſar* he that goes not back ſhall bleed.
Aug. What now? *Marcellus!* Dar'ſt thou Traitor draw
Thy Sword againſt thy Father? where's the awe,
The Majeſty this Face was want to bear?
Mar. 'Twere Cowardice in ſuch a Cauſe to fear:
No, *Cæſar*, either grant my Friend his Life,
Or ſee me periſh in the noble Strife.
Aug. Do, periſh, die; is't poſſible that thou
Shouldſt call him Friend, who is thy Father's Foe?
He who thy only Rival is in Power,
Doſt thou not know he would thy Life devour?
Who Serpent-like does to thy Boſom ſpring,
And with warm foldings does about thee cling,
Watching his Time when he may ſhew his Sting.
Cæſ. This ſuch a Baſeneſs is, ſo black a Guilt,
And all the Seas of Blood which thou haſt ſpilt,
With all thy Clouds of Luſts, can't parallel,
Thou doſt in Falſhood now thy ſelf excel:
But ſhou'd *Marcellus* harbour ſuch a thought,
I am to ſomething worſe than Ruin brought.
Mar. Tax not my Loyalty, you are too juſt
The firmneſs of my Friendſhip to miſtruſt;
I am all yours, and you ſtand here as fair
And faſt as e'er you ſtood in ſhining War;
As I have ſeen you in bright Steel ſuſtain
The ſhock of Troops that made aſſaults in vain.
Aug. Ungrateful Wretch! unworthy of a Throne!
By Heav'n I will adopt another Son:
Canſt thou thy right to Kingdoms give away,
Thy ſelf and him who rais'd thee thus betray?
Forget what ſweating Pains, what bloody Toils
We bore, adorn'd our Arms with Nations ſpoils;
Yet with our utmoſt reach ſcarce graſp'd a Crown,
Glory than Empire is much eaſier won:

Empire's like Heav'n, which who wou'd bravely win,
Muſt Giant-like with high aſſault begin;
Heap Hills on Mountains, Project add to Plot,
Till huge Foundation for the work be wrought:
And as he climbs, at Stars that croſs him frown,
And tear 'em faſt as petty Princes down.
Thus thro all Oppoſition muſt he paſs
O'er Walls of Chryſtal, Battlements of Braſs;
Till Majeſty cries out, This, this alone
Is he who Heav'n becomes, and fits a Throne.
Caſ. Thou talkſt of Cruelty, of Blood and Toil,
Yet having hunted me into the toil,
My Lion Rage with words far off you brave,
But come not nigh for fear you find a Grave.
Aug. Diſarm *Marcellus*, and *Cæſario* ſlay;
Kill him, haſte, kill him without more delay.
(Julia *and* Narciſſa *interpoſe and kneel.*)
Jul. Hold Father.
Nar. Hold.
Jul. Let me your Wrath atone.
Nar. O hear the Siſter of your once lov'd Son.
Jul. Your Daughter's heart [*They come forward*
Nar. As you are great be good. *on their knees.*
Jul. And hear the voice of your crying Blood.
Aug. Treaſon! Conſpiracy! they have combin'd
With knit Diſloyalty to break my Mind,
To waſte my Spirits, and to bow my Will;
Yet like an old tough Oak I'll hold out ſtill:
Spite of the Sighs that blow, and Show'rs that weep,
My Soul to Death ſhall her vow'd purpoſe keep.
Speak, break your Hearts, the guſts of Grief I'll tire,
Like hammer'd Anvil I'll more Blows require,
That at each ſtroak my Eyes may ſcatter Fire.
Nar. By all the godlike Honours you have won.
Jul. By all the Nations that you have undone.
Nar. Stop here, the Tempeſt of your Fury lay,
Do not the Earth with laſting Storms diſmay.
Jul. Or to your rolling Thunder give a check,
Or let the Cloud upon your Daughter break.
Aug.

Aug. Yes, Vipers! yes, by *Jupiter* it ſhall!
I'll lighten, thunder and conſume ye all.
Kill 'em, Guards, kill my Niece, my Daughter, Son;
'Tis glorious Death they ſee, haſte, puſh 'em on.
Ha! Villains——Traitors, dare ye thus give back?
My ſelf in my own Cauſe revenge will take.
[Agrippa *and* Mecænas *hold him.*
Tho Blood's below an Emperor to ſpill,
I'll firſt diſarm 'em, and then you ſhall kill.
[*Strives to get from* Agrippa.
Thus an old Lion ſtruggles with his Prey,
Which when all torn his flaming Eyes ſurvey,
The Royal Savage ſcorns the eaſy prize,
And calls his young ones forth with dreadful cries;
He gathers round him all the cruel Brood,
Thus calls 'em on, and fleſhes 'em in Blood.
[*Breaks from their Arms,* Gloriana *unveils and meets him.*]
Glo. Auguſtus, hold, and *Cæſar's* Son retire,
'Tis juſt that I for all ſhou'd once expire;
Cæſario but for me you ne'er had known,
Who ſav'd my Life by haz[illegible]ing his own.
Becauſe *Cæſario* has my Honour freed,
Your Doom has ſentenc'd him and theſe to bleed:
Which to avoid, and ſet all right again,
Cæſar, I yield to wear my former Chain.
Caſ. Ah cruel Princeſs! what, what have you done?
And wither wou'd you from *Cæſario* run?
All's loſt for which I thought Life worth regard;
You have your ſelf transferr'd that dear Reward
Which I with thouſand Dangers wou'd have bought,
You have your ſelf my ſharpeſt Torments wrought.
Death I cou'd meet in its moſt hideous Forms,
In brazen Bulls, in Racks, Wheels, Fires, and Storms,
But cannot ſee you his——Here Tyrant, take
[*Renders his Sword.*
A Life that does its own diſquiets make.
To her Vanation, Terror 'tis to thee,
But of all Torments 'tis the worſt to me.

Aug.

Aug. I take thy Sword, and when I think it fit,
Thy Soul her melancholy Houſe ſhall quit.
Glo. By all heroick Proofs of your high Fame,
When yours I ceaſe to be I nothing am:
Conceal'd exalted Projects fill my mind,
I had not elſe to *Cæſar* thus reſign'd
What is all yours.
Cæſ. By Heav'n you are all his,
Already he is haſtning to his Bliſs.
How to your ſelf unkind, to me unjuſt,
That wou'd to one ſo known a Tyrant truſt?
I ſee his Eyes red with triumphant Luſt.
I ſee him from your ſacred Body tear
The ſcatter'd Robes in your diſhevled Hair;
I ſee his bloody Hand, I hear his Tongue
Cry yield, and now I ſee you thrown along;
Hands tir'd, Speech loſt, no Rhet'rick now appears,
But ſpeaking Sighs, and more perſuading Tears:
Now graſping thee my Fancy ſhews him nigher,
Pale as thy Cheeks, and ſhaking with deſire,
I ſee him on thy vanquiſh'd Honour tread,
I ſee the Rape, and with the ſight am dead.
Aug. Death!—I'll endure no more, haſte, lead her hence;
And Guards, upon your Lives ſecure the Prince.
How dar'ſt thou gaze thus now thy Doom is paſt?
Cæſ. I'll look my Soul out.
Aug. Do, this look's thy laſt.
To rack thee more, thou ſhalt look once again,
And paſs by Heav'n to Hell; 'tis witty pain,
And worthy of a King's revengeful Brain.
As obſcene Birds ſnatch the remains of Light,
Riſe late in Summer-Eves, and ſet in Night;
So like a Bat thou ſhalt her Eyes ſurvey,
Then in Death's deepeſt Darkneſs dive away.
(*He goes out, follow'd by* Marcellus, Julia, Narciſſa, *who ſeem to intreat him*; Guard *ſtays.*)
Cæſ. O *Gloriana!*
Glo. O *Cæſario!*
Cæſ. Ceaſe;
Let's ſeal our Lips with everlaſting Peace.

Griefs

Griefs ſo unutterable who can ſpeak?
Glo. Have we Hearts ſtill?
Cæſ. Grant Heav'n that mine may break.
Glo. Cæſario, we muſt part.
Cæſ. Gods! ſhe's in haſte,
The time the Tyrant gave ſhe wiſhes paſt.
Glo. Cæſar's Commands will inſtantly be ſent;
'Tis better to divide than to be rent.
How much I love——
Cæſ. That I wou'd dying hear,
And to the Shades the ſweet Expreſſion bear.
Glo. Why ſhou'd you wiſh what cannot be expreſt,
But gueſs my Flame by that which warms your Breaſt?
Love's magnitude is harder to declare,
Than 'tis to tell the bigneſs of a Star.
This I can ſay, if that can Paſſion ſhew,
With you I had rather to a Cottage go,
Than with *Auguſtus* live and wear a Crown;
'Tis death to part—— and yet I muſt be gone.
This tho I know, I cannot but look back,
And ſigh Adieus, and thouſand Farewels take.
I linger after you, and wiſh you night,
Like Birds that languiſh for the morning Light:
Like Babes unkindly weaned, that take no reſt,
But bath'd in Tears lie pining for the Breaſt;
I ſeek your Heart, and when I find it gone,
I weep and ſigh as I wou'd break my own.
Cæſ. 'Tis Love, 'tis Love, the great dear extaſy,
And I with Raptures find you equal me:
O that ſuch Loves ſhou'd have ſo quick a Doom!
Like lives of Lillies, blaſted in their Bloom:
Yet we'll appear in this laſt Minute ſtrong,
And talk as if our Joys ſhou'd flouriſh long:
We like proteſting Swains, will plight our Faith,
And wiſh that when we break't, our perjur'd Breath
May ſtraight be ſtopt by the cold Hand of Death.
Glo. If not to Death my Paſſion I preſerve,
And all the Love which you can give deſerve,

The

Tho from their Seats the Rival Gods came down,
And each ſhou'd woe me with a ſtarry Crown;
Tho the fine Sun, or finer God of Love,
Shou'd ſwear they priz'd me more than Joys above;
Yet if to them in all the Beams they wear,
I did not thee in humble Weeds prefer,
May Lions bolting from the neareſt Wood,
Quench their hot thirſt in *Gloriana's* Blood.

Caſ. If thou more fair than the red Morning's dawn,
Sweeter than pearly Dews that ſcent the Lawn;
Than blue-ey'd Violets, or the damask Roſe
When in her hotteſt Fragancy ſhe glows,
And the cool Weſt her wafted Odours blows;
If thou art not the Darling of my Soul,
May Mountains big with Curſes on me roll.

Glor. On me may Lightnings fall, and Mildews rain,
And may I die at laſt of Mother's pain.

Caſ. May *Jove* ſhow'r all his Thunders on my Head,
And may I be deſpis'd when I am dead;
Then as I lie all pale upon the ground,
May ev'ry Virgin give my Breaſt a wound;
May no Eye pity me, no Heart deplore
That faithleſs Wretch who left his firſt Love forſwore.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *The Imperial Chamber.*

Auguſtus, Narciſſa.

Aug. WHAT! ſhall I never reſt till I am dead?

Nar. I'll wake you in your everlaſting Bed;
I'll baniſh ſilence from your Ears, your Eyes
Affright with Forms of ghaſtly Miſeries:
Yet hear me.——

Aug.

Aug. Thou ſhalt be a Monarch's Wife,
Ask me no more to ſpare *Cæſario*'s Life;
A Vagabond thou ſhouldſt diſdain to own,
I ſwear I'll match thee to a Prince; be gone.
Nar. A Prince! what Prince, what King, what God (can be
Equal to him, to my Divinity?
He is a Prince, a King, a God to me;
My Heart's firſt, laſt, chief, only Joy;
Can you hear this, yet purpoſe to deſtroy?
O Iron Heart?
Aug. Yet you can make it run?
Soft fool, be gone: by Heav'n ſhe melts me down.
Nar. My milky Infancy why did you grace,
And flatter ſo while you did me embrace?
And ſwear this was the prettieſt charming Face;
Is there no ſweetneſs left, nor grace to move?
Am I grown old? have I quite loſt your Love?
No kind Remains? all Promiſes forgot?
Aug. They are, they are, and I will pay thee nought;
I'm call'd to high Affairs and muſt not ſtay,
Go to your Garden-huſwifery, away.
Nar. 'Tis well indeed you can remember that;
Oft-times as I on Beds of Violets ſat,
You on my Knees plac'd your Majeſtick Head,
While on your Crown my Infant-fingers plaid,
And all your Silver-hairs in order laid;
And then you ſmil'd and promis'd, nay you ſwore
Whatever I cou'd ask of bounteous Pow'r,
It ſhou'd be granted: This you needs muſt know,
And Heav'n that heard you ſure will angry grow,
And will revenge, if you deny me now.
Aug. Auguſtus cannot with *Cæſario* ſtand:
Asking his Life, thou doſt my Death demand.
Two *Cæſars* the rent World will ne'er obey,
As well two Rival Suns might drive the Day,
Or *Jove* a Partner brook in heav'nly ſway.
Nar. Poor Prince, you wrong him, he an Emperor!
Alas he never meant to ſhare your Pow'r;
Spare but his Life, and he with me ſhall dwell,
In Groves which all your Palaces excel;

Where

Where Heav'n and Earth their choiceſt wealth beſtow,
Where no ſuch Weeds as Pride and Envy grow.
We'll mock the Arts of Courts, and harms of State,
Where thoſe are higheſt that wade deep in Fate,
Like Giants very cruel, very great.

Aug. Well, leave me, I'll conſider what to do;
Cæſario lives, and owes his Life to you.

Nar. Live! ſhall he live! O Heav'ns! pronounce it (plain;
Speak, let him live, diſtinctly once again,
That I may die upon the raviſh'd ſound,
And with my laſt Breath eccho, live around.
But you perhaps your myſtick Mind unfold
In riddling Terms, like Oracles of old;
And I unknowing Innocence may take
Your purpoſe wrong, and ſome groſs Error make.
Dear dreadful Sir, let me this Grace receive. [*Kneels.*
Shall he without Equivocation live?

Enter Gloriana.

Aug. Riſe, dear *Narciſſa*, riſe, haſte and retire,
I yield, I grant whatever you require.

Nar. This is my hated Rival; e'er I go,
I'll watch, and what ſhe acts with *Cæſar* know. [*Exit.*

Aug. Ambition's Poiſon which the Spirits burn,
And all the Blood to liquid Sulphur turn;
The toil of War when Action makes us ſweat,
Scorch'd with our ſultry Arms redoubled heat,
Plagues, Surfeits, Fevers, the great harms of Peace,
Contracted by exceſſive idleneſs,
Are Dew-drops to the Brands, the glowing Fire
You kindle here, and with your Breath inſpire.

Glor. My Tears ſhall quench the flame.

Aug. You may as well
Put out the Sun, or quench the fires of Hell.
I thought you ſet for ever, but you riſe
More glorious, more tormenting to my Eyes.

Glor. Of furious Paſſion why ſhou'd you complain
To me? am I the Author of your pain?

Or

Or can I help what you ordain ſhall be?
You raiſe the Storms, and caſt 'em upon me.
The works of Beauty, like it ſelf, are fair;
I beg for Peace, 'tis you that thunder War:
Like *March* tyrannick Rage black Tempeſts pours,
But I like *April* am all Sun and Show'rs.
Aug. 'Tis true, continu'd Storms my Peace moleſt,
And like old Ocean I can never reſt;
About my Head many State-Tempeſts ſing,
And rapid Troubles the rais'd Billows wing:
Yet Beauty's influence, like the Moon's below,
Is cauſe of Paſſion's conſtant ebb and flow.
But 'tis at length by me reſolv'd, I will
For the World's quiet, and my own, be ſtill:
You like the Queen of Love, waſted in Calms,
Diſtilling cordial Sweets and healing Balms,
Shall lull my ſtormy Cares, and rock my Head
On the ſoft Pillows of thy Boſom laid.
Glor. Shall then *Cæſario* live?
Aug. He ſhall, he muſt,
'Tis indiſputable, be thou but juſt:
With Kindneſs my unwearied Love regard,
And give my Services their due Reward.
Glor. Let him but live, and that Reward may come.
Aug. Live! he ſhall live beyond the day of doom;
Conſent, yield, bow thy Beauties to my Will—
Wouldſt thou have Blood? thou ſhalt whole Nations ſpill;
Or if t' oblige the World you'd Breath beſtow,
Cæſario's Life will be too little; no,
His Immortality can ne'er ſuffice,
Speak but the word, the dead, the dead ſhall riſe;
Heroes that dy'd a thouſand Years ago,
Shall burſt Death's Adamantine Gates below,
Tho *Pluto* ſhou'd himſelf the Porter ſtand,
And ruſh amaz'd to Light at thy command.
Glor. 'Tis fit that none beneath an Emp'ror ſhou'd
Mingle with *Pompey*'s high extracted Blood;
We know *Cæſario*'s young, and charming fierce,
But 'tis *Auguſtus* rules the Univerſe:

Yet

Ye ſince *Cæſario* durſt attempt ſo well,
Why let him live but in ſtrange Countries dwell,
And not preſume to ſhew his Follies here,
He dies if he again in *Rome* appear.

Aug. My Paſſion drinks your Eyes refreſhing Streams ;
Catches your Breath, and hovers o'er the Steams ;
I reel, my Joy's ſo ſprightly fierce refin'd,
Yes, Madam, Love's the Drunkenneſs o'th' Mind :
Men rais'd with Wine equal with Monarchs move,
But Kings are Gods when extaſy'd by Love.

Glor. With equal Paſſion I your Raptures greet,
With as fierce Fires your hotteſt Burnings meet ;
Fierce as *Thaleſtris*, *Alexander* fought,
But with ſuch Arms as no Deſtruction wrought :
I'll ruſh upon you with a Heav'n of Charms,
And make you buckle when you're out of Arms.

Aug. O thou art all the ſweetneſs of the Earth,
Thou mak'ſt me young, nay giv'ſt me a new Birth ;
And doſt ſuch Virgin-thoughts to me reſtore,
As if I ne'er had known Delights before.

Narciſſa *meets 'em going out.*

Nar. Stay, *Cæſar*, ſtay, thou Man of mighty Ill,
Hear me, and all the Stings of Horror feel ;
If you perſiſt, go on in this dark way,
May you arrive at Hell ; may never Day,
Nor Glory which did once your Breaſt enflame,
Gild your Archievements, nor adorn your Name :
May you be hurl'd from the high Helm of State,
And ſeem more vile than ever you were great.

Aug. This ſeed of Fire, leſt it ſhou'd ſpread about,
I will diſcreetly in its growth put out ;
She ſhall a Pris'ner be, take her away.

Nar. Bind me in Dungeons, yet I will not ſtay :
To publiſh thy Diſgrace I'll ſhoot thro Rocks,
I'll pierce, I'll fly, I'll burſt the Priſon Doors :
This ſeed of Fire ſhall get ten thouſand Years,
And ſet the World on blaze about your Ears.

Aug. No, to the Veſtals you ſhall go, and there,
Since you're ſo hot, the ſacred Fires repair;
While you have any Breath there reek your ſpight,
This frantick Zeal will make 'em burn more bright.

Glor. Tho highly born, yet educated low,
Diſtance, Degrees, and Forms ſhe cannot know;
She like a Shepherdeſs by Princes lov'd,
Is dazzl'd with the height to which ſhe's moy'd.
Tho bold to mâdneſs, pardon her for me,
Excuſe her Ignorance, and leave her free.

Nar. At thy Requeſt! diſdainful as you are,
Offending, falſe, and moſt deſtructive Fair,
Rather than with thy Pray'rs I'll freedom buy,
Dark as thy Soul I will in Dungeons lie.
By Philters, Witchcraft, and infernal Art,
'Tis true that thou haſt ſtoln *Cæſario*'s Heart;
Thou like a cruel Fairy didſt convey
That dear belov'd, that darling Heart away, } [*weeping.*
And in its room a cold dead Figure lay.
But I will be reveng'd, to pieces tear
Thoſe borrow'd Eyes, and that inchanted Hair;
Pull off thy Pride, diſrobe thy gorgeous Pow'r,
And ſtrip'd of thoſe, ſhew thee a Witch all o'er.

Aug. Away to ſome dark Room let her be had,
For either you and I, or ſhe is mad,

Nar. Yes, go devour your ſelves with eager Luſt,
Gnaſh with the pangs of Paſſion, grind to Duſt;
Join'd with Diſhonour infamouſly one,
So may ye to the bluſhing World be ſhewn:
As once the grim laſcivious God of War,
Caught by the jealous Husband's watchful Care,
Kiſſing Love's inchanting Empreſs, was betray'd,
Ridiculous to all high Rulers made,
May thy Gold Scepter wither in her Hand,
Still be a Slave, and ſtill may ſhe command. [*Exit.*

Glor. *Cæſar* is mov'd, in his conſid'rate Eye
I read Remorſe, and warring Paſſions ſpy;
With ſtrong Charms 'tis juſt I draw him on,
Leſt the revenging Deed be left undone.

Aug.

Aug. No, I'll not go to Bed to taſte the Joy,
The lovely Poiſon thoſe ſad ſweets deſtroy;
Neither in Bed nor Throne I'll be her Slave,
That neſt of Pleaſures, but my Honour's Grave:
Here like *Pigmalion's* Image will I ſtand,
But never to be warm'd by any Hand.

Glor. What ſudden Horror's this that clouds your Eyes,
Like Damps which from ſome Vaults foul bottom riſe?
Smoth'ring the chearful Lights that ſhone e're while,
It turns to mortal Frowns your ev'ry Smile:
The Breath of any Man can warm, or chill,
But yours alone can make alive, or kill,

Aug. Of late ſo coy, and now ſo forward grown?
The myſteries of Love I have not known,
Nor can I this dark Riddle's meaning gueſs;
If Fate be in't, let Fate it ſelf expreſs:
I feel vaſt Appetite, yet dread to eat,
As if I ſaw that Death were in the Meat.
As half-ſtarv'd Fiſh that fear the mortal Hook,
Yet by the lovely Bait drawn in are ſtrook;
She hangs ſo fair, ſo tempting to my Eye,
Let Ruin wait, I'll taſte her tho I die. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

How ſevere is Fate to break a Heart
That never went a roving;
To torture it with endleſs ſmart,
For too much conſtant loving:
I bleed, I bleed, I melt away,
I waſh my watry Pillow:
I walk the Woods alone all day,
And wrap me round in Willow.

Cæſario *ſolus, riſing as from Sleep.*

Caſ. I'll not endure't; Hence from my ſleepy ruſh;
Or I to nought your frightful Air will cruſh
Methought I ſaw her in *Auguſtus'* Bed,
And after by my ſide beheld her dead.

Die *Gloriana*, better thou ſhouldſt bleed,
Than once conſent in thought to ſuch a Deed.

Enter Narciſſa.

O beauteous Virgin, Daughter of the Spring,
Who to my Winter doſt refreſhings bring,
Still all in Tears? Like the celeſtial Bow,
Bending with Cares and Sorrows that o'erflow;
Tho bright yet ſad thy ſhinings all appear,
And on thy ev'ry Glory hangs a Tear.

Nar. Alas I know not what I have to ſay,
Yet I methinks could talk to you all day;
Tell you the mightineſs of Tyrant Love,
And how I cou'd from Courts with you remove;
Cou'd like the humble Lark in my cold Neſt,
Abroad all Night in froſty Meadows reſt:
So I my Vows to you my Star might bring,
And ev'ry morning Songs of ſorrow ſing.

Caſ. O Torment which the gen'rous cannot bear:
Ceaſe thy lamented Story to declare,
Doleful and ſweet as waking Nightingales,
When they repeat in Groves their tragick Tales.

Nar. Is it then writ in the dark Books above,
That you the poor *Narciſſa* ne'er ſhall love?
That ſhe ſhall languiſh with eternal Pain,
And never, never be belov'd again?
O ſtay, I ſee denial in your Eyes:
Yet as when ſome belov'd Relation dies,
We to the Perſon whom he lov'd moſt dear
With Caution come, firſt uſher doubt then fear,
And with ſad Preparation teach the Ear;
So to my trembling Heart be cruel kind,
And ſooth with ſoft delays my wounded mind.

Caſ. I will for ever thus before thee ſtand,
Walk, ſit, or live, or die at thy command.

Nar. 'Tis Heav'n to be thus part of one poor Hour
To gaze and talk; alas, I ask no more.
And yet methinks———
If you and me the Emperor wou'd ſecure,
Where you my Company muſt needs endure,

In

In ſome cloſe Priſon for a Year or ſo,
I'd find ſuch thouſand ways my love to ſhew,
With thouſand pretty Offices to ſerve,
That you ſhould ſay at laſt he does deſerve——
Nay ſigh perhaps, and as I weary lay
Before your Feet, with Tears my Labour pay.

Caſ. O arm thy gentle Boſom with Diſdain,
And o'er thy Heart a noble Conqueſt gain.
Think me, alas, unworthy to receive,
And the vaſt Preſent to ſome other give.

Nar. There is no reaſon why we love, nor how,
Yet to the Yoke we all ſubmiſſive bow:
With equal Feet Love treads on Kings and Swains;
Like Death, o'er ev'ry Neck he caſts his Chains;
He wakes in Thorns, and ſleeps in flow'ry Plains.

Caſ. Will you forgive me, if I preſs to hear
How *Gloriana* does her Sorrows bear?

Nar. Yes, that's the beauteous Thief that ſtole my (Right,
In whom your Soul ignobly does delight;
For the bleſt know, tho ſhe more beauteous be,
In Virtue ſhe comes ſhort, far ſhort of me.
Vile as ſhe is, untrue to all her Vows,
Who now the Tyrant's proffer'd Luſt allows.

Caſ. O do not ſpot thy Virgin Purity
With ſuch Untruths, for one ſo loſt as I.
She vile! ungentle, cruel as you are,
Take heed, take heed, thou moſt injurious Fair,
And ſpeak no more, leſt you be underſtood
To have a Spice of *Caſar* in your Blood.

Nar. If there be Truth in what the Dying ſay,
Who wou'd ſuſpected with the Living ſtay?
By Heav'n ſhe is as falſe as I am true,
And *Caſar* wholly does her Soul ſubdue:
To Baniſhment ſhe call'd your ſentenc'd Head,
And ſleeps this Night in the Imperial Bed.

Caſ. Never ſuch Thundring ſhall my Vengeance make,
Tho ſhe were charm'd, ſhe ſhould no Slumber take,
Tho ſhe were 'ſleep——'ſleep! were ſhe dead yet
ſhe ſhou'd wake,

I'll

I'll rouze her with the Noiſe of all my Wrongs,
Furies ſhall call her with eternal Tongues,
Falſe, falſe, forſworn——But I unjuſt appear,
And you more cruel than the Tyrant are;
Cruel to add to ſuch a Maſs of Grief,
And I unjuſt to give your Words Belief.
Nar. How! think me guilty of a Lye; O Heav'n!
Have I liv'd thus!——Yet may you be forgiv'n:
I am unfit to live, and you to love,
Let me to Death, and you to War remove;
You cannot be too rude in Armour dreſs'd,
Since Cruelty is there like Fame profeſs'd,
Like Love in Courts, it raves in ev'ry Breaſt.
Nor ſhall I need your Sword to make a Wound,
This laſt Unkindneſs weighs me to the Ground.
O all ye Vows of Paſſion that I gave!
Return, and let me hide ye in the Grave.
Caſ. Fall firſt ten Millions ſuch as I, e'er thou
To any Grief my Folly murmur'd bow:
Look up, thou Eye o'th' World, why does the Red
That now adorn'd thy Cheeks, appear ſo dead?
What fatal Purple's this that ſhakes thy Lip?
Nar. I'm adding one ſmall Grain to Death's vaſt Heap,
Thy Love, thy Love, hard-hearted *Caſar*'s Son,
The poor accus'd *Narciſſa* has undone.
Methinks you are not now ſo lovely quite,
Or elſe 'tis Death that darkens thus my Sight:
Not to believe! ——'twas ſo unkind a part,
There wanted only that to break my Heart.
Caſ. Believe! I ſwear I do, I will believe,
And but for thee I will hereafter live;
I'll tear that cruel Sorcereſs from my Breaſt,
And plant thee there of all my Heart poſſeſs'd;
O do not die and leave me dumb, deaf, blind,
Expos'd to all the Curſes of Mankind;
Whole Earth will arm it ſelf againſt my Head,
And all the Damn'd torment me when I'm dead.
Nar. Ah! ſoft Repoſe, how ſweetly now I reſt,
As if your Boſom were with Roſes dreſs'd;

Would

Would you have been thus kind if I had liv'd?
Caſ. Witneſs——
Nar. Nay, now you ſhall not be believ'd:
O *Gloriana*, bleſt above Women, how
Didſt thou this Heart to thy falſe Beauty bow?
I overheard her with the Emperor,
'Tis dying Truth, ſhe loves you leſs than Pow'r;
But I above the World, or that high Bliſs
To which I haſte——For my Soul's laſting Peace,
Give me thy Love——no more.
Caſ. My Soul receive,
Which thus infus'd, ſhall a new Being give,
Breathe with my Breath, and with my Being live.
Nar. The mighty Cordial does my Senſes cloy,
I die like thoſe that ſurfeit with vaſt Joy:
Had you ſuch Words ſome Minutes ſooner ſpoke,
They'd faſten'd Life, but now 'tis vain to ſpeak,
For what can hold us when our Heart-ſtrings break?
[*Dies.*
Caſ. Take me along; by Heav'n I'll follow thee,
But how, no Inſtrument of Deſtiny?
Heart, canſt not break like hers?——how calm ſhe went;
But mine's too big, and muſt with Fate be rent,
Torn from my Priſon Houſe: why ſo it ſhall,
I'll ruſh and leave my Brains on yonder Wall.
Die! 'tis moſt fit; yet e'er the Deed be wrought,
Shall not the Blood of *Pompey* know her Fault?
Yes, *Gloriana*, yes thy murd'ring Fair,
I'll hollow Death and Vengeance in thy Ear;
Rouze thee from Glory's Grave with potent Cries,
Charm'd like a naked Ghoſt compell'd to riſe.

Enter Marcellus.

Mar. I bring thee haſty News, live, live, but fly.
Caſ. News for thy News, look there, and bid me die.
Mar. My Siſter dead!
Caſ. She parted from Life's Tree
Hard, like green Fruit, and ſhe was pluck'd by me:
Why doſt thou bend her? Life thou canſt not mould;
She is like Alablaſter, fair but cold.

Mar. O barbarous Friend!—Friend! I the Name diſown,
But 'tis thy Blood that muſt her Loſs atone;
Thy own curſt Tongue which did her Murder boaſt,
Has ſentenc'd thee to Death——For ever loſt,
Die, royal Wretch——

Cæſ. What does thy Arm arreſt?
I have no Sword, and proffer thee my Breaſt:
Why doſt thou turn thy melting Eyes away?
I am in haſte for Death and cannot ſtay.

Mar. Thou art not yet ſo black, but my quick Sight
Thro all thy Shades can ſpy ſome Streaks of Light;
Tho bloody, thou art valiant, and I ſcorn
To give baſe Death to one ſo nobly born:
Thou ſhalt in equal Duel periſh.

Cæſ. No,
Thou wert my Friend, and canſt not be my Foe.
'Tis true, thy Siſter died for love of me;
Can Mortals help what Heav'n ſets down ſhall be?
Am I in fault? To thee I muſt be ſo;
Then right thee here, 'twill prove a welcome Blow.

Enter Julia.

Jul. *Cæſario*, live! what means my fatal Lord?
Is't poſſible that you can draw your Sword
Againſt your Friend, that Friend whoſe Life of late
Our Pray'rs redeem'd from near approaching Fate?

Mar. Look there, and blame the Vengeance I ſhould give;
Is this a Friend? does he deſerve to live?
The horrid Crime which he has done peruſe,
And then the Juſtice of my Rage excuſe.

Cæſ. Something in this laſt Treatment ſhews thee baſe;
Thou call'ſt my Crime what my Misfortune was:
Should I have us'd thee thus, who wert to me
A thouſand times more dear than Life cou'd be?

Jul. How e'er unfortunate, 'twas a dread Deed,
At ſuch a Sight my Father's Eyes will bleed.
Yet, oh *Marcellus!* ſpare *Cæſario's* Life,
'Tis due to Friendſhip, and your weeping Wife.

Sorrow ſo noble paints his manly Look,
That to the Heart I am with Pity ſtrook.
Let his Life's former Acts this once perſuade,
For Faults perhaps which his Ill-fortune made.
Mar. 'Tis in the Clouds what e'er it be, and why,
But my Heart ſays, by me he cannot die;
But fly, be gone to ſome far Deſart, where
Thou mayſt with Safety live, thou canſt not here,
For tho we ſpare thee, *Cæſar* will not ſpare.
Jul. Go, go, *Caſario*, fly thy threatning Fate,
And fly from thoſe thou mak'ſt unfortunate.
Cæſ. Wretch that I am, and Terror to the Earth!
Where, where is now th' Advantage of my Birth,
But to be highly miſerable? No,
Marcellus, yet there's ſomething left to do;
Bring me, before we part for ever, where
I may to *Gloriana*'s Guilt appear:
By Heav'n, not ſhe nor *Cæſar* ſhall be harm'd,
For I will go with nought but Sorrow arm'd.
By all Remembrance of our Friendſhip paſt,
Grant me this one Requeſt, for 'tis my laſt.
Mar. I will do this; go not that way, my Eyes
Grow ſick, and Clouds of Death before me riſe.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Emperor's Bed-Chamber.*

Gloriana ſola, *dreſs'd in White, with a Dagger in her Hand, Tapers*, &c.

Glo. He dies, this Idol of the Earth ſhall down;
That Brow that aw'd the World with every Frown,
This Night ſhall bear its Terrors to the Grave,
There Great *Auguſtus* ſhall his Empire have.
When he is dead, *Marcellus* muſt aſcend,
And to high Safety call his noble Friend;
To ſave my Honour, and *Cæſario* too,
What more can *Gloriana* wiſh to do?
O Love! how malicious are all my Fires?
With what dread Thoughts the God my Breaſt inſpires?
When

When like a Lion all compos'd to reſt,
The Tyrant leans upon my Virgin-breaſt,
In golden Dreams expecting boundleſs Bliſs,
I'll rock him faſt, for ever faſt with this.
But hark he comes, I muſt my Arm prepare,
I'll to the Bed, and wait his coming there.

Cæſario *enters, goes to the Bed, draws the Curtain, and gazes on her; ſhe riſes amaz'd.*

Glo. Who's this? am I awake, or do I ſee?
Cæſario here indeed, can this be he?
If thou be *Cæſar's* Son that did adore
The Blood of *Pompey*, ſpeak, or love no more.
Cæſ. Love no more.
Glo. Why doſt thou thus with frightful Action gaze?
Or art thou but the Ghoſt of him that was?
Cæſ. The Ghoſt of him that was.
Glo. Such by thy ſtedfaſt Eyes thou wouldſt appear,
Thy dread Replies unuſual Horror bear,
Yet ſure that Form my Soul can never fear.
Who was thy Murd'rer, if thou murder'd be?
By *Cæſar* ſlain? or wert thou kill'd by the———
Cæſ. Kill'd by thee.
Glo. Ceaſe, horrid Eccho, ceaſe, and tell at large,
What doſt thou ſeek, what is it thou wouldſt charge?
Some dreadful Buſineſs drives thy ſtormy Mind,
In *Gloriana's* Breaſt a Haven find
Art thou diſtracted with thy mighty Grief?
Or wouldſt thou gain from wretched me Relief?
Cæſ. I came to ſeek for painted Virtue here,
For one exceeding falſe, exceeding fair;
For one whoſe Breaſt ſhone like a Silver Cloud,
But did a Heart compos'd of Thunder ſhroud;
For one more weeping than the Face of *Nile*,
Whoſe liquid Chryſtal hides the Crocodile;
For one who like a God from Heav'n, did pour
Rich Rain, like Lust was in the golden Show'r;
For one who like *Pandora*, beauteous flew,
But a long train of Curſes with her drew;

For one who like a Rock of Diamonds ſtood,
But hemm'd with Death, and univerſal Flood.
Glo. Did I not know you of the nobleſt Frame,
I muſt confeſs you might the manner blame:
Appearance would ſome jealous Troubles raiſe,
Reſpect the Time, the Poſture and the Place;
But truſt me and retire.
Caſ. Still worſe——Retire,
And leave thee here to roll in ſinful Fire,
Like a fair Glutton gorging vaſt Deſire.
O Appetite of Angels! ſuch with Awe
Thou didſt appear when firſt thy Form I ſaw;
Glory came down, and Beauty hover'd there,
But fleeting as the Boſom of the Air:
Air not more wiſh'd, nor eaſier had than thou;
Air which the Gods to Men and Brutes allow.
Glo. Have I deſerv'd this? but you may go on,
My Faith will better by your Guilt be ſhewn.
Caſ. 'Tis true, the Dreſs of Innocence you have,
You look as you were going to a Grave,
Prepar'd to crumble into Roſy Duſt,
To meet a Tomb, and not the Bed of Luſt:
Such Heav'n is in your Face all clean and white,
Like Goddeſſes in Fleſh, ſo clear to Sight;
But 'tis not fit I tell what's lodg'd within,
How full thy Boſom is of fouleſt Sin.
Glo. Speak, for I am prepar'd [illegible] hear.
Caſ. O ſuch a Heart thou haſt [illegible] there,
It all things deadly and perverſe does will:
So in bright Palaces black Tyrants kill,
So mortal Damps are hid in golden Mines,
And depray'd Spirits lurk in ſacred Shrines.
Glo. Have you done yet?
Caſ. The Ills that thou haſt done,
Will, like the Steeds of Night, for ever run,
Furies ſtill laſhing on; — for thee, Ingrate,
I was the Cauſe of dead *Narciſſa*'s Fate.
Glo. O Heav'ns!
Caſ. 'Twas Love of thee that urg'd her Doom:
Thou thought'ſt thy Perjury ſhould never come

To

To theſe deluded Ears; but 'twas from her
I learnt how excellently falſe you were:
But I, fond Fool, would not believe, till ſhe
By Death confirm'd thy matchleſs Treachery.
Glo. I ſeem'd indeed with *Cæſar* to conſent,
But 'twas to give him fatal Puniſhment;
To end his Tyrannies with one great Blow,
Which all your Rage in vain eſſay'd to do.
For this I leant on the Imperial Bed,
Deeply reſolv'd with this to ſtrike him dead;
For this I urg'd you to retire at firſt.
'Tis true, or may I be for ever curs'd.
Cæſ. I know, I know you cannot want Excuſe,
The Fair are ſtill moſt witty in Abuſe;
But I am arm'd, with Demonſtration arm'd,
And will no more with Beauty's Wounds be harm'd:
Did not the Dying ſpeak it? perfect Proof;
I heard, I've ſeen, by Heav'n there is enough:
I will be deaf as Winds when Seamen pray,
And ſweep as furious and as ſwift as they.
Glo. Yet cruel turn.
Cæſ. By all the Gods, I'll not,
I am reſolv'd, and will no more be caught:
Thus turning from thee, thus I loſe the Sight
Of all I ever lov'd. I'll take my Flight
Beyond the *Scythian* Hills, where horrid Care
With her cold Sighs chills all the neighb'ring Air;
Freezes Life's Heat, and binds the ſpringing Blood;
Where Mirth and Joy are Words not underſtood;
Where thouſand Sorrows ſhoot along the Glades,
And Melancholy ſits in mighty Shades:
Thither I'll fly, and darken all the Place,
And with new Clouds the ſolemn Mourners grace;
With Floods of Tears I'll waſh the Stains of Love,
And raiſe *Cæſar* to the Thrones above.
Glo. Be gone to Death, to Death, *Cæſario*, fly,
Or if you fear, I'll teach you how to die;
I'll be your Guide in your dark courſe, and ſhow
The way to Heav'n, which ſure you do not know:

I'll imp your Pinions, when they flag with guilt,
And reſt you on ſome Cloud's embroider'd Quilt;
Chide your Suſpicions as you weeping ſit,
Yet pardon all the Faults you did commit.
Thou wilt believe me true when I am dead,
And Death will free me from the Tyrant's Bed:
Turn then, behold the Offering which I make,
The laſt of *Pompey* dying for thy ſake.
Caſ. Hold, *Gloriana*, deſperate murd'ring Fair!
Thus, is it thus thou wou'dſt thy Honour clear?
Each Drop that falls will to an Ocean ſwell,
To ſwallow me; (who can the Horror tell?)
I drown, I'm ſunk beneath the depths of Hell.
But I'll not ſpeak to thee, my Breath's ſo foul,
That ev'ry poiſonous word will blaſt thy Soul.
Glo. Ah cruel kind! I can but loſe thee now,
And Death's leſs dreadful than thy angry Brow;
The dreadful Scene was ſo ſeverely wrought,
Except I dy'd, I muſt be guilty thought:
But I'll no more the crime of Fate upbraid;
Wipe thy bath'd Eyes, and raiſe thy drooping Head,
Alas, we were not for each other made.
Caſ. Night! everlaſting Night! —— Oh!
Glo. Do not grieve;——
With my laſt Breath Pardon and Love receive.
Support me. ——
Caſ. Firmer than old *Atlas* ſtand,
And prop a richer Heav'n with mortal Hands.
Glor. Take me ſecur'd from paſt and future harms,
Bow'd to thy Neck, and ſinking in thy Arms:
I go the long dark way——
Caſ. Not yet.
Glor. Farewel. [*Dies.*
Caſ. Back, thou departing Life, back to the Cell,
Her Heart in Heav'n, thou canſt not ſweeter dwell;
Move the ſtill Pulſe, and thaw each frozen Vein;
Return, I ſay, I'll force thee back again;
Catch the bare Soul juſt plunging into Bliſs,
And give it back with this faſt deathleſs Kiſs.

Enter

Enter Auguſtus *in his Night-gown.*

Aug. Thus when the Royal Eagle ſtoops to pair,
With a delib'rate Wing he beats the Air;
Views all the Queens of his Heroick Race,
To judge whoſe Eyes deſerve Imperial Grace:
But having choſe aloft, his Empreſs bears
To kiſs *Jove*'s feet, and know her kindred Stars:
So ſhall my Miſtreſs ſit enthron'd above,
Firſt ſhare my Glory, and then taſte my Love.
Ha! who art thou? my Rival arm'd! who waits?
Cæſar's betray'd. ——

Enter Mecænas *and Guards.*

Cæſ. Call the oppoſing Fates,
With all the Forces of the fighting Earth,
For I wou'd periſh as becomes my Birth.
Aug. How cam'ſt thou here?
Cæſ. I will not tell thee how,
Should the Gods ask, I have not leiſure now:
But more to blow thy hate, and on diſdain
Pile burning Rage, behold thy Miſtreſs ſlain.
Now give me death. ——
Aug. Death! thou haſt nothing nam'd,
Thou ſhalt be ſtruck'd in Age, and then be damn'd.
Oh *Gloriana*, bright unhappy Fair!
But ſhall Revenge be wanting to Deſpair?
Kill him, he dies tho *Cæſar* ſhould come down,
And for his Life with ſacred Sighs atone.
Cæſ. I thank thee, mighty Rival: ——
Yet e'er my Ghoſt puts on her airy Shroud,
Behold I kneel, who ne'er to Man yet bow'd,
And hear that when the fatal Fire's convey'd,
By which this Body muſt be Aſhes made,
Some of my Duſt, as a more gen'rous Doom,
May be inſclos'd in *Gloriana*'s Tomb.
Aug. Thou crav'ſt thoſe Honours that my Envy move,
Yet I'll be juſt to Glory as to Love;

Thou ſhalt not vainly kneel, I will comply
With your deſires, *Caſario* riſe and die.
Caſ. This Act of Virtue, tho ſo lately ſhewn,
Will in Oblivion all your Vices drown:
Now Guards your mighty Maſter's Will obey,
Aim'd at my Heart your pointed Weapons lay;
With all your Spears my Body thus encloſe,
And let me ſet in Glory as I roſe.
Aug. The Fate he claims my Juſtice has decreed,
And tho I turn me from the bidden deed,
Yet for the Empire's ſafety he muſt bleed.
Fight.
Caſ. Thus fell my Father, thus encompaſs'd round,
And born beneath him Glory to the ground;
With the remains of Life I'll drag me on,
And at thy Knees for ever lay me down.
Oh Happineſs! Oh pleaſure in Death's pangs!
My hovering Soul o'er thy lov'd ſwee neſs hangs:
I'll graſp her all, and Love ſhall laſt be mine;
Give me but this, *Caſar*, the World is thine. [*Dies.*

Enter Agrippa.

Agr. Heav'n *Caſar* guard!
Aug. Oh my *Agrippa*, ſee,
Behold the malice of my Deſtiny;
Terrible Death which I ſo often brav'd,
With this laſt vizard has the Victor ſcar'd.
Agr. Yet by the fall of Love Empire's acquir'd,
Since with your Miſtreſs *Caſar*'s Son expir'd.
Mec. Thus when th' Immortals take they greatly give,
And bribe your big affronted Heart to live.
Aug. But all Earth's Kingdoms cannot equal weigh
With the vaſt ſums Love in the Scale did lay;
Thus the great Governors return me Braſs
For Gold, and for my Diamonds barter Glaſs.
By this time I had been in bed in Heav'n
And o'er their heads with tow'ring Pleaſures riv'n.

Enter

Enter Tiberius.

Tib. Yet fortify your mind, dread Sir, and hear
What none but I durſt offer to your ear,
Fate by *Narciſſa*'s loſs more ſpite has ſhewn.
Aug. Ha!
Tib. Marcellus ſtay'd by *Julia* from the ground,
Sunk in her arms, and dy'd without a wound:
Stretch'd on his Limbs the Princeſs lies all pale,
And ſoon will periſh except you prevail.
Agr. We muſt ſubmit to the Divine Commands.
Aug. No, I'll not take a blow more at their Hands:
Raiſe me a Fun'ral Pile, and round me mourn,
For 'tis reſolv'd, like *Hercules* I'll burn.
Grief mortal as his poiſon'd Shirt ſticks faſt,
And now I wiſh that my laſt Hour were paſt;
That my immortal Honours were begun,
I'll die, I'll ſet this Ev'ning with the Sun.
Summon the Earth, wrong'd *Livia*'s Son proclaim
My *Cæſar*, and to Heav'n reſound his Name.
Tib. For me 'twere vanity to make reply,
Yet in *Auguſtus*' quarrel I dare die;
And almoſt wiſh the World might once rebel,
That I might reap the fame your Foes to quell:
But you already awe the Nations round,
And at your Nod bow'd Scepters touch the ground.
Aug. Small are the Thanks I owe the Pow'rs above
For all the Nations that beneath me move:
As ſevere Maſters ply their early Charge,
Yet their vex'd Spirits at ſet times enlarge,
Some few ſhort airy Joys in Fields to find,
And for worſe Hardſhip bait the wearied mind;
So Heav'n abroad with Conqueſt crowns my Wars,
But wracks my Spirits with domeſtick Jars.

THE
RIVAL QUEENS;
Or, the Death of
Alexander the Great:

ACTED

At the Theatre-Royal, by Her Majeſty's Servants.

By NATHANIEL LEE *Gent.*

Natura ſublimis & acer,
Nam ſpirat tragicum ſatis, & feliciter audet.
Horat. Epiſt. ad Aug.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN

Earl of MULGRAVE,

Gentleman of His MAJESTY's Bed-Chamber,

And Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the GARTER.

My Lord,

WHEN I hear by many Perſons, not indifferent Judges, how Poets are cenſur'd moſt, even where they moſt intend to pleaſe, and ſometimes by thoſe to whom they addreſs condemn'd for Flatterers, Sycophants, little fawning Wretches; I confeſs of all Undertakings there is none more dread-

dreadful to me than a Dedication. So nicely cruel are our Judges, that after a Play has been generally applauded on the Stage, the induſtrious Malice of ſome After-Obſervers ſhall damn it for an *Epiſtle* or a *Preface*. For this reaſon, my Lord, *Alexander* was more to ſeek for a Patron in my troubled Thoughts, than for the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon* in the ſpreading Wilds and rolling Sands. 'Tis certain too, he muſt have been loſt, had not Fortune, whom I muſt once at leaſt acknowledge kind in my Life, preſented me to your Lordſhip: You were pleaſed, my Lord, to read it over Act by Act; and by particular Praiſes, proceeding from the Sweetneſs rather than the Juſtice of your Temper, liſted me up from my natural Melancholy and Diffidence to a bold Belief, that what ſo great an Underſtanding warranted, could not fail of Succeſs.

AND here I were moſt ungrateful, if I ſhould not ſatisfy the judging World of the Surprize I was in. Pardon me, my Lord, for calling it a Surprize, when I was firſt honour'd by waiting upon your Lordſhip: So much unexpected and indeed unuſual Affability from Perſons of your Birth and Quality; ſo true an Eaſineſs, ſuch Frankneſs without Affectation, I never ſaw. Your conſtant but few Friends ſhew the Firmneſs of your Mind, which never varies; ſo godlike a Virtue, that a Prince puts off his Majeſty when he parts with Reſolution. In all the happy times that I attended you, unleſs Buſineſs or Accident interpoſed, I have obſerv'd your Company to be

the

the ſame. You have travell'd thro all Tempers, ſail'd thro all Humours of the Court's unconſtant Sea, you have gain'd the gallant Prizes which you ſought, your ſelected unvaluable Friends; and I am perfectly perſuaded, if you traffick but ſeldom abroad, 'tis for fear of ſplitting upon Knaves or Fools. Nor is it Pride, but rather a Delicacy of your Soul, that makes you ſhun the ſordid part of the World, the Lees and Dregs of it, while in the nobleſt Retirement you enjoy the finer Spirits, and have that juſt Greatneſs to be above the Baſer. How commendable therefore is ſuch a Reſervation! How admirable ſuch a Solitude! If you are ſingular in this, we ought to blame the wild, unthinking, diſſolute Age; an Age whoſe Buſineſs is ſenſeleſs Riot, *Neronian* Gambols, and ridiculous Debauchery; an Age that can produce few Perſons beſides your Lordſhip, who dare be alone. All our hot Hours burnt in Night-Revels, drown'd in Day dead Sleep, or if we wake, 'tis a Point of reeling Honour jogs us to the Field, where if we live or die we are not concern'd; for the Soul was laid out before we went abroad, and our Bodies were after acted by mere animal Spirits, without Reaſon.

WHEN I more narrowly contemplate your Perſon, methinks I ſee in your Lordſhip two of the moſt famous Characters that ever antient or modern Story cou'd produce; the mighty *Scipio*, and the retir'd *Cowley*. You have certainly the Gravity, Temperance and Judgment, as well as the Courage of the firſt; all which in your early Attempts of War

gave the nobleſt Dawn of Virtue, and will when Occaſion preſents, anſwer our Expectation, and ſhine forth at full. Then for the latter, you poſſeſs all his Sweetneſs of Humour in Peace, all that *Halcyon* Tranquility of Mind, where your deep Thoughts glide, like ſilent Waters, without a Wrinkle; your Hours move with ſofteſt Wings, and rarely any Larum ſtrikes to diſcompoſe you. You have the Philoſophy of the firſt; and, which I confeſs of all your Qualities I love moſt, the Poetry of the latter. I was never more mov'd at *Virgil*'s *Dido*, than at a ſhort Poem of your Lordſhip's, where nothing but the Shortneſs can be diſlik'd. As our Churchmen wiſh there were more Noblemen of their Function, ſo wiſh I in the behalf of depreſs'd Poetry, that there were more Poets of your Lordſhip's Excellency and Eminence. If Poetry be a Virtue, ſhe is a ragged one, and never in any Age went barer than now. It may be objected ſhe never deſerved leſs. To that I muſt not anſwer: But I am ſure when ſhe merited moſt, ſhe was always diſſatisfy'd, or ſhe would not have forſaken the moſt ſplendid Courts in the World. *Virgil* and *Horace*, Favourites of the mightieſt Emperor, retir'd from him, preferring a Miſtreſs, or a White Boy, and two or three chearful drinking Friends in a Country Village, to all the Magnificence of *Rome*: Or if ſometimes they were ſnatch'd from their cooler Pleaſures to an imperial Banquet, we may ſee by their Verſes in praiſe of a Country Life, 'twas againſt their Inclination; witneſs *Horace* in his *Epode*, *Beatus ille qui procul &c.*

Part

Part of his ſixth Satire, his Epiſtle to *Fuſc. Ariſt. Virgil's Georgic, O Fortunatos nimium bo- ſi, &c.* all render'd by Mr. *Cowley* ſo copiouſly and naturally, as no Age gone before, or coming after, ſhall equal, tho all Heads join together to outdo him. I ſpeak not of his Exactneſs to a Line, but of the whole. This then may be ſaid, as to the Condition of Poets in all times, few ever arriv'd to a middle Fortune, moſt have lived at the loweſt, none ever mounted to the higheſt: neither by Birth, for none was ever born a Prince, as no Prince to my remembrance was ever born a Poet: nor by Induſtry, becauſe they were always too much tranſported by their own Thoughts from minding the grave Buſineſs of a World: nor of their Humour. Whereas even Slaves, the Rubbiſh of the Earth, have, by moſt prodigious Fortune, gain'd a Scepter, and with their vile Heads ſully'd the Glories of a Crown. Praiſe is the greateſt Encouragement we Camelions can pretend to, or rather the *Manna* that keeps Soul and Body together; we devour it as if it were Angels Food, and vainly think we grow immortal. For my own part, I acknowledge I never receiv'd a better Satisfaction from the Applauſe of an Audience, than I have from your ſingle Judgment. You gaze at Beauties, and wink at Blemiſhes; and do both ſo gracefully, that the firſt diſcovers the Acuteneſs of your Judgment, the other the Excellency of your Nature. And I can affirm to your Lordſhip, there is nothing tranſports a Poet, next to Love, like commending in the right Place: Therefore, my Lord, this Play muſt be yours; and *Alexander*, whom I have rais'd

from

from the Dead, comes to you with the Aſſurance anſwerable to his Character, and your Virtue. You cannot expect him in his Majeſty of two thouſand Years ago; I have only put his Aſhes in an Urn, which are now offer'd with all Obſervance, to your Lordſhip, by

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Humble,

Obliged, and

Devoted Servant,

NAT. LEE.

TO

Mr. *Lee*, on his *Alexander*.

THE Blaſt of common Cenſure cou'd I fear,
Before your Play my Name ſhou'd not appear;
For 'twill be thought, and with ſome Colour too,
I pay the Bribe I firſt receiv'd from you:
That mutual Vouchers for our Fame we ſtand,
To play the Game into each other's Hand;
And as cheap Pen'orths to our ſelves afford,
As *Beſſus* and the Brothers of the Sword.
Such Libels private Men may well endure,
When States and Kings themſelves are not ſecure:
For ill Men, conſcious of their inward Guilt,
Think the beſt Actions on by-Ends are built.
And yet my Silence had not ſcap'd their Spite,
Then Envy had not ſuffer'd me to write:
For, ſince I cou'd not Ignorance pretend,
Such Merit I muſt envy or commend.
So many Candidates there ſtand for Wit,
A Place in Court is ſcarce ſo hard to get;
In vain they croud each other at the Door,
For ev'n Reverſions are all beg'd before:
Deſert, how known ſo e'er, is long delay'd;
And then too Fools and Knaves are better pay'd.
Yet, as ſome Actions bear ſo great a Name,
That Courts themſelves are juſt, for fear of Shame;
So has the mighty Merit of your Play
Extorted Praiſe, and forc'd it ſelf a way.

'Tis

'Tis here, as 'tis at Sea; who fartheſt goes,
Or dares the moſt, makes all the reſt his Foes:
Yet when ſome Virtue much out-grows the reſt,
It ſhoots too faſt, and high to be expreſt;
As his Heroick Worth ſtruck Envy dumb,
Who took the *Dutchman*, and who cut the Boom:
Such Praiſe is yours, while you the Paſſions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd; 'tis real Love,
Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art;
We only warm the Head, but you the Heart.
Always you warm: and if the riſing Year,
As in hot Regions, bring the Sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant Spices blow,
Which in our colder Climates will not grow;
They only think you animate your Theme
With too much Fire, who are themſelves all Phlegm;
Prizes wou'd be for Lags of ſloweſt pace,
Were Cripples made the Judges of the Race.
Deſpiſe thoſe Drones, who praiſe while they accuſe
The too much Vigour of your youthful Muſe:
That humble Stile which they their Virtue make,
Is in your Pow'r; you need but ſtoop and take.
Your beauteous Images muſt be allow'd
By all, but ſome vile Poets of the Croud.
But how ſhou'd any Sign-poſt Dawber know
The worth of *Titian* or of *Angelo?*
Hard Features every Bungler can command;
To draw true Beauty, ſhews a Maſter's Hand.

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Sir *Car Scroop*, Bart.

HOW hard the Fate is of the ſcribling Drudge,
Who writes to all, when yet ſo few can judge!
Wit, like Religion, once Divine was thought;
And the dull Crowd believ'd as they were taught;
Now each Fanatick Fool preſumes t' explain
The Text, and does the ſacred Writ profane:
For, while you Wits each others Fall purſue,
The Fops uſurp the Power belongs to you.
You think y' are challeng'd in each New Play-Bill,
And here you come for trial of your Skill;
Where Fencer like you one another hurt,
While with your Wounds you make the Rabble ſport.
Others there are that have the brutal Will
To murder a poor Play, but want the Skill.
They love to fight, but ſeldom have the Wit
To ſpy the place where they may thruſt and hit;
And therefore, like ſome Bully of the Town,
Ne'er ſtand to draw but knock the Poet down.
With theſe, like Hogs in Gardens, it ſucceeds,
They root up all, and know not Flowers from Weeds.
As for you, Sparks, that hither come each day,
To act your own and not to mind our Play;
Rehearſe your uſual Follies to the Pit,
And with loud Nonſenſe drown the Stages Wit;
Talk of your Clothes, your laſt Debauches tell,
And with Bargains to each other ſell,
Muſter on the ſilly She, who for your ſake
Can Vanity and Noiſe for Love miſtake;

Till

Till the Coquet ſung in the next Lampoon,
Is by her jealous Friends ſent out of Town.
For, in this Duelling, Intriguing Age,
The Love you make is like the War you wage;
Y'are ſtill prevented e'er you come t'ingage.
But 'tis not to ſuch trifling Foes as you,
The mighty Alexander *daigns to ſue;*
Ye Perſians *of the Pit he does deſpiſe,*
But to the Men of Senſe for Aid he flies;
On their experienc'd Arms he now depends,
Nor fears he odds, if they but prove his Friends:
For as he once a little handful choſe,
The numerous Armies of the World t'oppoſe,
So back'd by you, who underſtand the Rules,
He hopes to rout the mighty Hoſt of Fools.

EPILOGUE.

WHAT e'er they mean, yet ought they to be curſt,
Who this cenſorious Age did poliſh firſt:
Who the beſt Play, for one poor Error blame,
As Prieſts againſt our Ladies Arts declaim,
And for one Patch both Soul and Body damn.
But what does more provoke the Actors rage,
(For we muſt ſhow the grievance of the Stage)
Is, that our Women which adorn each Play,
Bred at our Coſt, become at length our Prey:
While green and ſour, like Trees we bear them all,
But when they're mellow, ſtrait to you they fall:
You watch 'em bare and ſquab, and let 'em reſt,
But with the firſt young Down you ſnatch the Neſt.
Pray leave theſe poaching Tricks, if you are wiſe,
E'er we take out our Letters of Reprize.
For we have vow'd to find a ſort of Toys
Known to Black Friars, a Tribe of chopping Boys:
If once they come, they'l quickly ſpoil your ſport;
There's not one Lady will receive your Court;

But

But for the Youth in Petticoats run wild,
With Oh the archeſt Wagg, the ſweeteſt Child.
The panting Breaſt, white Hands, and Lilly Feet
No more ſhall your pall'd Thoughts with Pleaſure meet.
The Woman in Boys Clothes, all Boy ſhall be,
And never raiſe your Thoughts above the Knee.
Well, if our Women knew how falſe you are,
They wou'd ſtay here, and this new Trouble ſpare:
Poor Souls, they think all Goſpel you relate,
Charm'd with the noiſe of ſettling an Eſtate:
But when at laſt your Appetites are full,
And the tir'd Cupid *grows, with Action, dull;*
You'll find ſome trick to cut off the Entail,
And ſend 'em back to us all worn and ſtale.
Perhaps they'll find our Stage, while they have rang'd
To ſome vile canting Conventicle, chang'd:
Where, for the Sparks who once reſorted there
With their curl'd Wigs that ſcented all the Air,
They'll ſee grave Blockheads with ſhort greaſy Hair.
Green-Aprons, Steeple-Hats, and Collar-Bands;
Dull ſweating Rogues that ring, not clap their Hands;
Where, for gay Punks that drew the ſhining Croud,
And Miſſes that in Vizards laugh'd aloud,
They'll hear young Siſters ſigh, ſee Matrons old,
To their chop'd Cheeks their pickl'd Kerchers hold,
Whoſe Zeal too might perſuade, in ſpite to you,
Our flying Angels to augment their Crew;
While Farringdon *their Hero ſtruts about 'em,*
And ne'er a damning Critick dares to flout 'em.

Dra-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alexander the Great.		Mr. *Hart.*
Clytus, Maſter of the Horſe.		Mr. *Mohun.*
Lyſimachus, Prince of the Blood.		Mr. *Griffin.*
Hepheſtion, *Alexander*'s Favourite.		Mr. *Clark.*
Caſſander, Son of *Antipater*,	Conſpirators.	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Polyperchon, Commander of the *Phalanx*,		Mr. *Goodman.*
Philip, Brother to *Caſſander*,		Mr. *Powel.*
Theſſalus the *Median*,		Mr. *Wiltſhire.*
Perdiccas,	Great Commanders.	Mr. *Lydall.*
Eumenes,		Mr. *Watſon.*
Meleager,		Mr. *Perin.*
Ariſtander, a Southſayer.		Mr. *Coy[illegible]*

Syſigambis, Mother of the Royal Family.	Mrs. *Cory.*
Statira, Daughter of *Darius*, married to *Alexander.*	Mrs. *Bowtel.*
Roxana, Daughter of *Cohortanus*, firſt Wife of *Alexander.*	Mrs. *Marſhall.*
Pariſatis, Siſter to *Statira*, in Love with *Lyſimachus.*	Mrs. *Baker.*

Attendants, Slaves, Ghoſts, Dancers, Guards.

SCENE, *Babylon.*

THE

THE RIVAL QUEENS; OR, *Alexander* the Great.

ACT I.

Enter Hepheſtion, Lyſimachus, *fighting*; Clytus *parting them.*

Cly. WHAT, are you Madmen? ha!—Put up, I ſay——
Then, Miſchief 's in the Boſom of you both.
Lyſ. I have his Sword.
Cly. But muſt not have his Life.
Lyſ. Muſt not, old *Clytus?*
Cly. Mad *Lyſimachus*, you muſt not.
Heph. Coward Fleſh! O feeble Arm!
He dallied with my Point, and when I thruſt
He frown'd and ſmil'd, and foil'd me like a Fencer.
O Reverend *Clytus!* Father of the War—

Moſt famous Guard of *Alexander*'s Life,
Take pity on my Youth, and lend a Sword:
Lyſimachus is Brave, and will but ſcorn me;
Kill me, or let me fight with him again.
Lyſ. There, take thy Sword, and ſince thou art reſolv'd
For Death, thou haſt the nobleſt from my Hand.
Cly. Stay thee, *Lyſimachus*; *Hepheſtion*, hold;
I bar you both, my Body interpos'd.
Now let me ſee which of you dares to ſtrike,
By *Jove* ye've ſtir'd the old Man; that raſh Arm
That firſt advances, moves againſt the Gods,
Againſt the Wrath of *Clytus*, and the Will
Of our great King, whoſe Deputy I ſtand.
Lyſ. Well, I ſhall take another time.
Heph. And I.
Cly. 'Tis falſe;
Another time, what time? what fooliſh Hour?
No time ſhall ſee a brave Man do amiſs.
And what's the noble Cauſe that makes this Madneſs?
What big Ambition blows this dangerous Fire,
A *Cupid*'s Puff, is it not Woman's Breath?
By all our Triumphs in the heat of Youth,
When Towns were ſack'd, and Beauties proſtrate lay,
When my Blood boil'd, and Nature work't me high,
Clytus ne'er bow'd his Body to ſuch ſhame:
The brave will ſcorn the Cobweb Arts—— The Souls
Of all that whining, ſmiling, coz'ning Sex,
Weigh not one thought of any Man of War.
Lyſ. I confeſs our Vengeance was ill-tim'd.
Cly. Death! I had rather this right Arm were loſt,
To which I owe my Glory, than our King
Should know your Fault——what, on this famous Day!
Heph. I was to blame.
Cly. This memorable Day,
When our hot Maſter, that would tire the World,
Outride the lab'ring Sun, and tread the Stars,
When he inclin'd to reſt, comes peaceful on,
Liſt'ning to Songs: while all his Trumpets ſleep,
And plays with Monarchs whom he us'd to drive;
Shall we begin Diſorders, make new Broils?

We.

We that have Temper learnt, ſhall we awake
Huſh'd *Mars*, the Lion, that had left to roar?
Lyſ. 'Tis true, old *Clytus* is an Oracle.
Put up, *Hepheſtion*——did not Paſſion blind
My Reaſon, I on ſuch occaſion too
Could thus have urg'd.
Heph. Why is it then we love?
Cly. Becauſe unman'd.——
Why is not *Alexander* grown Example?
O that a Face ſhou'd thus bewitch a Soul,
And ruin all that's right and reaſonable!
Talk be my Bane, yet the old Man muſt talk:
Not ſo he loved when he at *Iſſus* fought,
And join'd in mighty Duel great *Darius*,
Whom from his Chariot flaming all with Gems
He hurl'd to Earth, and cruſh'd th' Imperial Crown;
Nor cou'd the Gods defend their Images,
Which with the gaudy Coach lay overturn'd:
'Twas not the Shaft of Love that did the feat;
Cupid had nothing there to do, but now
Two Wives he takes, two Rival Queens diſturb
The Court; and while each Hand do's Beauty hold,
Where is there room for Glory?
Heph. In his Heart.
Cly. Well ſaid,
You are his Favourite, and I had forgot
Who I was talking to. See *Syſigambis* comes
Reading a Letter to your Princeſs; go,
Now make your Claim, while I attend the King. [*Exit.*

Enter Syſigambis, Pariſatis.

Par. Did not you love my Father? Yes, I ſee
You did, his very Name but mention'd brings
The Tears howe'er unwilling to your Eyes.
I lov'd him too, he would not thus have forc'd
My trembling Heart, which your Commands may break,
But never bend.
Syſ. Forbear thy loſt Complaints,
Urge not a Suit which I can never grant.

Behold the Royal Signet of the King,
Therefore reſolve to be *Hepheſtion*'s Wife.
Par. No ſince *Lyſimachus* has won my Heart,
My Body ſhall be Aſhes, e'er another's.
Syſ. For ſixty rolling Years who ever ſtood
The ſhock of State ſo unconcern'd as I?
This whom I thought to govern being young,
Heav'n, as a Plague to Power, has render'd ſtrong;
Judge my Diſtreſſes, and my Temper prize;
Who, tho unfortunate, wou'd ſtill be wiſe.
Lyſ. To let you know that Miſery doth ſway,
[*Both kneel.*
An humbler Fate than yours, ſee at your Feet
The loſt *Lyſimachus*: O mighty Queen,
I have but this to beg impartial ſtand;
And ſince *Hepheſtion* ſerves by your Permiſſion,
Diſdain not me who ask your Royal leave
To caſt a throbbing Heart before her Feet.
Heph. A Bleſſing like Poſſeſſion of the Princeſs,
No Services, not Crowns, nor all the Blood
That circles in our Bodies can deſerve:
Therefore I take all helps, much more the King's;
And what your Majeſty vouchſaf'd to give,
Your Word is paſt, where all my Hopes muſt hang.
Lyſ. There periſh too—all Words want ſenſe in Love;
But Love and I bring ſuch a perfect Paſſion,
So nobly pure, 'tis worthy of her Eyes,
Which without bluſhing ſhe may juſtly prize.
Heph. Such Arrogance ſhould *Alexander* woe,
Wou'd loſe him all the Conqueſt he has won.
Lyſ. Let not a Conqueſt once be nam'd by you,
Who this Diſpute muſt to my Mercy owe.
Syſ. Riſe brave *Lyſimachus*, *Hepheſtion* riſe:
'Tis true *Hepheſtion* firſt declar'd his Love;
And 'tis as true, I promis'd him my Aid.
Your glorious King turn'd mighty Advocate,
How noble therefore were the Victory,
If we could vanquiſh this diſorder'd Love?
Heph. 'Twill never be.

Lyſ. No, I will yet love on,
And hear from *Alexander*'s Mouth, in what
Hepheſtion merits more than I.
Syſ. I grieve,
And fear the boldneſs which your Love inſpires;
But leſt her ſight ſhould haſte your Enterprize,
'Tis juſt I take the Object from your Eyes.
[*Exeunt* Syſ. Par.
Lyſ. She's gone, and ſee the Day, as if her look
Had kindled it, is loſt, now ſhe is vaniſhed.
Heph. A ſudden gloominеſs and horror comes
About me.
Lyſ. Let's away to meet the King,
You know my Suit.
Heph. Yonder *Caſſander* comes,
He may inform us.
Lyſ. No I wou'd avoid him;
There's ſomething in that buſy Face of his,
That ſhocks my Nature.
Heph. Where and what you pleaſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Caſſander.

Caſſ. The Morning riſes black, the lowring Sun,
As if the dreadful Buſineſs he foreknew,
Drives heavily his ſable Chariot on:
The face of Day now bluſhes Scarlet deep,
As if it feared the ſtroak which I intend,
Like that of *Jupiter*——Lightning and Thunder!
The Lords above are angry, and talk big,
Or rather walk the mighty Cirque like Mourners
Clad in long Clouds, the Robes of thickeſt Night,
And ſeem to groan for *Alexander*'s Fall;
'Tis as *Caſſander's* Soul could wiſh it were,
Which whenſoe'er it flies at lofty Miſchief,
Wou'd ſtartle Fate, and make all Heav'n concern'd.
A mad *Chaldean* in the dead of Night
Came to my Bed-ſide with a flaming Torch;
[illegible] bellowing o'er me like a Spirit damn'd,
[illegible]try'd, Well had it been for *Babylon*,

If curs'd *Caſſander* never had been born.

Enter Theſſalus, Philip, *with Letters.*

Theſſ. My Lord *Caſſander.*
Caſſ. Ha! who's there?
Phil. Your Friends.
Caſſ. Welcome dear *Theſſalus* and Brother *Philip.*
Papers——with what Contents?
Phil. From *Macedon*
A truſty Slave arriv'd——great *Antipater*
Writes that your Mother labour'd with you long,
Your Birth was ſlow, and ſlow is all your Life.
Caſſ. He writes, diſpatch the King——*Craterus* comes,
Who in my room muſt govern *Macedon*;
Let him not live a Day —— he dies to Night;
And thus my Father but foreſtals my purpoſe:
Why am I ſlow then? if I rode on Thunder,
I muſt a moment have to fall from Heaven
E'er I could blaſt the growth of this *Coloſſus.*
Theſſ. The haughty *Polyperchon* comes this way,
A Male-content, on whom I lately wrought,
That for a ſlight Affront, at *Suſa* giv'n,
Bears *Alexander* moſt pernicious hate.
Caſſ. So when I mock'd the *Perſians* that ador'd him,
He ſtruck me in the Face, and by the Hair
He ſwung me to his Guards to be chaſtis'd;
For which and for my Father's weighty Cauſe,
When I abandon what I have reſolv'd,
May I again be beaten like a Slave.
But lo, where *Polyperchon* comes, now fire him
With ſuch Complaints, that he may ſhoot to Ruin.

Enter Polyperchon.

Pol. Sure I have found thoſe Friends dare ſecond me;
I hear freſh murmurs as I paſs along;
Yet rather than put up I'll do't alone.
Did not *Pauſanias*, a Youth, a Stripling,
A beardleſs Boy ſwell'd with inglorious wrong,

For

For a leſs Cauſe his Father *Philip* kill?
Peace then full Heart! move like a Cloud about,
And when time ripens thee to break, O ſhed
The ſtock of all thy Poiſon on his Head.
Caſſ. All Nations bow their Heads with Homage down,
And kiſs the Feet of this exalted Man:
The Name, the Shout, the Blaſt from every Mouth,
Is *Alexander*: *Alexander* burſts
Your Cheeks, and with a Crack ſo loud
It drowns the Voice of Heaven; like Dogs ye fawn,
The Earth's Commanders fawn, and follow him;
Mankind ſtarts up to hear his Blaſphemy:
And if this Hunter of this barbarous World
But wind himſelf a God, you eccho him
With univerſal Cry.
Pol. I eccho him?
I fawn, or fall like a fat Eaſtern Slave,
And lick his Feet? Boys hoot me from the Palace,
To haunt ſome Cloiſter with my ſenſeleſs walk,
When thus the noble Soul of *Polyperchon*
[illegible] the aim of all his Actions, Honour.
Theſſ. The King ſhall ſlay me, cut me up alive,
Ply me with Fire and Scourges, rack me worſe
Than once he did *Philotas*, e'er I bow.
Caſſ. Curſe on thy Tongue for mentioning *Philotas*:
I had rather thou hadſt *Ariſtander* been;
And to my Soul's Confuſion rais'd up Hell,
With all the Furies brooding upon Horrors,
Than brought *Philotas'* Murder to remembrance.
Pol. I ſaw him rack'd, a ſight ſo diſmal ſad
My Eyes did ne'er behold.
Caſſ. So diſmal! Peace,
It is unutterable; let me ſtand,
And think upon the Tragedy you ſaw;
By *Mars* it comes, ay now the Rack's ſet for
Bloody *Craterus* his inveterate Foe,
With pitileſs *Hepheſtion* ſtanding by:
Philotas, like an Angel ſeiz'd by Friends,
Is ſtraight diſrob'd, a Napkin ties his Head,

His warlike Arms with ſhameful Cords are bound,
And every Slave can now the valiant wound.
Pol. Now by the Soul of Royal *Philip* fled
I dare pronounce young *Alexander*, who
Wou'd be a God, is cruel as a Devil.
Caſſ. Oh, *Polyperchon*, *Philip*, *Theſſalus*,
Did not your Eyes rain Blood? your Spirits burſt,
To ſee your noble Fellow-Soldier burn,
Yet without trembling, or a tear, endure
The Torments of the damn'd? O *Barbarians*,
Cou'd you ſtand by, and yet refuſe to ſuffer?
Ye ſaw him bruis'd, torn, to the Bones made bare;
His Veins wide lanc'd, and the poor quivering Fleſh
With Pincers from his manly Boſom ript,
Till ye diſcover'd the great Heart lie panting.
Pol. Why kill'd we not the King, to ſave *Philotas*?
Caſſ. Aſſes! Fools! but Aſſes will bray, and Fools be
Why ſtood ye then like Statues? there's the Caſe, (angry.
The horror of the ſight had turn'd ye Marble.
So the pale *Trojans* from their weeping Wall
Saw the dear Body of the godlike *Hector*,
Bloody and ſoil'd, dragg'd on the famous Ground,
Yet ſenſeleſs ſtood, nor with drawn Weapons ran
To ſave the great Remains of that prodigious Man.
Phil. Wretched *Philotas!* bloody *Alexander!*
Theſſ. Soon after him the great *Parmenio* fell,
Stabb'd in his Orchard by the Tyrant's doom.
But where's the need to mention publick Loſs,
When each receives particular Diſgrace?
Pol. Late I remember to a Banquet call'd,
After *Alcides'* Goblet ſwift had gone
The giddy round, and Wine had made me bold,
Stirring the Spirits up to talk with Kings,
I ſaw *Craterus* with *Hepheſtion* enter
In *Perſian* Robes, to *Alexander's* Health:
They largely drank; then turning Eaſtward fell
Flat on the Pavement, and ador'd the Sun.
Straight to the King they ſacred Reverence gave
With ſolemn words, O Son of thundring *Jove*,
Young *Ammon*, live for ever; then kiſs'd the ground

I laugh'd aloud, and ſcoffing ask'd 'em why
They kiſs'd no harder;——but the King leapt up,
And ſpurn'd me to the Earth with this reply:
Do thou—— whilſt with his Foot he preſt my Neck,
Till from my Ears, my Noſe, and Mouth the Blood
Guſh'd forth, and I lay foaming on the Earth,
For which I wiſh this Dagger in his Heart.

Caſſ. There ſpoke the Spirit of *Caliſthenes*;
Remember he's a Man, his Fleſh as ſoft
And penetrable as a Girl's: we have ſeen him wounded,
A Stone has ſtruck him, yet no Thunderbolt:
A Pebble fell'd this *Jupiter* along:
A Sword has cut him, a Javelin pierc'd him,
Water will drown him, Fire burn him,
A Surfeit, nay a fit of common Sickneſs,
Brings this Immortal to the Gate of Death.

Pol. Why ſhou'd we more delay the glorious Buſineſs?
Are your Hearts firm?

Phil. Hell cannot be more bent
To any Ruin, than I to the King's.

Theſſ. And I.

Pol. Behold my Hand; and if you doubt my Truth,
Tear up my Breaſt, and lay my Heart upon it.

Caſſ. Join then, O worthy, hearty, noble Hands,
Fit Inſtruments for ſuch Majeſtick Souls;
Remember *Hermolaus*, and be huſh'd.

Pol. Still, at the boſom of the deſart Night,
As fatal Planets, or deep plotting Friends.

Caſſ. To Day he comes from *Babylon* to *Suſa*
With proud *Roxana*.
Ha! what's that?—— look here.

Enter the Ghoſt of King Philip, *ſhaking a Truncheon at them, walks over the Stage.*

Cnſſ. Now by the Gods, or Furies which I ne'er
Believ'd,——there's one of them arriv'd to ſhake us.
What art thou? glaring thing, ſpeak: What the Spirit
Of our King *Philip*, or of *Polyphemus*?
Nay hurl thy Truncheon, ſecond it with Thunder;
We will abide.——*Theſſalus*, ſaw you nothing?

Theſſ. Yes, and am more amaz'd than you can be.
Phil. 'Tis ſaid that many Prodigies were ſeen
This Morn, but none ſo horrible as this.
Pol. What can you fear? tho the Earth yawn'd ſo wide,
That all the Labours of the Deep were ſeen,
And *Alexander* ſtood on the other ſide,
I'd leap the burning Ditch to give him Death,
Or ſink my ſelf for ever: Pray, to the buſineſs.
Caſſ. As I was ſaying, this *Roxana*, whom,
To aggravate my hate to him, I love,
Meeting him as he came triumphant from
The *Indies*, kept him revelling at *Suſa*;
But as I found, a deep Repentance ſince
Turns his Affections to the Queen *Statira*,
To whom he ſwore (before he cou'd eſpouſe her)
That he wou'd never bed *Roxana* more.
Pol. How did the *Perſian* Queen receive the News
Of his Revolt?
Theſſ. With Grief incredible!
Great *Syſigambis* wept, but the young Queen
Fell dead among her Maids;
Nor cou'd their Care
With richeſt Cordials, for an Hour or more,
Recover Life.
Caſſ. Knowing how much ſhe lov'd,
I hop'd to turn her all into *Medæa*;
For when the firſt guſt of her Grief was paſt,
I enter'd, and with Breath prepar'd did blow
The dying Sparks into a towring Flame,
Deſcribing the new Love he bears *Roxana*,
Conceiving, not unlikely, that the Line
Of dead *Darius* in her Cauſe might riſe.
Is any Panther's, Lioneſs's Rage
So furious, any Torrents falls ſo ſwift
As a wrong'd Woman's hate? Thus far it helps
To give him Troubles; which perhaps may end him,
And ſet the Court in univerſal Uproar.
But ſee it ripens more than I expected,
The Scene works up, kill him, or kill thy ſelf;
So there be miſchief any way, 'tis well:

Now

Now change the Vizor, every one diſperſe,
And with a Face of Friendſhip meet the King. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Syſigambis, Statira, Pariſatis, *Attendants.*

Stat. Give me a Knife, a draught of Poiſon, Flames;
Swell Heart, break, break thou ſtubborn thing;
Now by the ſacred Fire, I'll not be held;
Why do ye wiſh me Life, yet ſtifle me
For want of Air? pray give me leave to walk.
Syſ. Is there no Reverence to my Perſon due?
Darius wou'd have heard me: truſt not Rumour.
Stat. No he hates,
He loaths the Beauties which he has enjoy'd.
O, he is falſe, that great, that glorious Man
Is Tyrant midſt of his triumphant Spoils,
Is bravely falſe, to all the Gods forſworn:
Yet who wou'd think it? no, it cannot be,
It cannot——— What that dear proteſting Man!
He that has warm'd my Feet with thouſand Sighs,
Then cool'd 'em with his Tears, dy'd on my Knees,
Outwept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,
And groan'd and ſwore the wandering Stars away.
Syſ. No, 'tis impoſſible, believe thy Mother,
That knows him well.
Stat. Away, and let me die:
O 'tis my fondneſs, and my eaſy nature
That would excuſe him; but I know he's falſe,
'Tis now the common Talk, the News of the World,
Falſe to *Statira*, falſe to her that lov'd him;
That lov'd him, cruel Victor as he was,
And took him, bath'd all o'er in *Perſian* Blood;
Kiſs'd the dear cruel Wounds, and waſh'd 'em o'er
And o'er in Tears——then bound 'em with my Hair,
Laid him all Night upon my panting Boſom,
Lull'd like a Child, and huſh'd him with my Songs.
Par. If this be true, ah, who will ever truſt
A Man again?
Stat. A Man! a Man! my *Pariſatis*;
Thus with thy Hand held up, thus let me ſwear thee,
By the eternal Body of the Sun,
Whoſe Body, O forgive the Blaſphemy,

I lov'd not half ſo well as the leaſt part
Of my dear precious faithleſs *Alexander*;
For I will tell thee, and to warn thee of him,
Not the Spring's Mouth, not Breath of Jeſamin,
Nor Violets Infant-Sweets, nor opening Buds
Are half ſo ſweet as *Alexander*'s Breaſt;
From every Pore of him a Perfume falls,
He kiſſes ſofter than a Southern Wind,
Curls like a Vine, and touches like a God.
Syſ. When will thy Spirits reſt, theſe Tranſports ceaſe?
Stat. Will you not give me leave to warn my Siſter?
As I was ſaying—— but I told his Sweetneſs,
Then he will talk, good Gods how he will talk!
Even when the Joy he ſigh'd for is poſſeſt,
He ſpeaks the kindeſt words, and looks ſuch things,
Vows with ſo much Paſſion, ſwears with ſo much Grace,
That 'tis a kind of Heaven to be deluded by him.
Par. But what was it that you would have me ſwear?
Stat. Alas, I had forgot, let me walk by,
And weep a while, and I ſhall ſoon remember.
Syſ. Have patience, Child, and give her Liberty;
Paſſions, like Seas, will have their Ebbs and Flows:
Yet while I ſee her thus, not all the Loſſes
We have receiv'd ſince *Alexander*'s Conqueſt
Can touch my harden'd Soul, her Sorrow reigns
Too fully there.
Par. But what if ſhe ſhou'd kill her ſelf?
Stat. *Roxana* then enjoys my perjur'd Love:
Roxana claſps my Monarch in her Arms;
Doats on my Conqueror, my dear Lord, my King,
Devours his Lips, eats him with hungry Kiſſes;
She graſps him all, ſhe, the curſt happy ſhe
By Heaven I cannot bear it, 'tis too much;
I'll die, or rid me of the burning Torture
I will have remedy, I will, I will,
Or go diſtracted; Madneſs may throw off
The mighty Load, and drown the flaming Paſſion.
Madam, draw near with all that are in preſence,
And liſten to the Vow which here I make.
Syſ. Take heed, my dear *Statira*, and conſider,
What deſperate Love enforces you to ſwear.
Stat.

Stat. Pardon me, for I have conſidered well;
And here I bid adieu to all Mankind.
Farewel ye Coz'ners of the eaſy Sex,
And thou the greateſt, falſeſt *Alexander*;
Farewel thou moſt belov'd, thou faithleſs Dear:
If I but mention him the Tears will fall;
Sure there is not a Letter in his Name,
But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes.
Syſ. Clear up thy Griefs, thy King, thy *Alexander*,
Comes on to *Baby'on*.
Stat. Why let him come,
Joy of all Eyes but the forlorn *Statira's*.
Syſ. Wilt thou not ſee him?
Stat. By Heaven I never will,
This is my Vow, my ſacred Reſolution; [*Kneels.*
And when I break it ——
Syſ. Ah do not ruin all.
Stat. May I again be flatter'd and deluded,
May ſudden Death and horrid, come inſtead
Of what I wiſh'd, and take me unprepar'd.
Syſ. Still kneel, and with the ſame Breath call again
The woful Imprecation thou haſt made.
Stat. No, I will publiſh it thro all the Court,
Then in the Bowers of great *Semiramis*
For ever lock my Woes from human View.
Syſ. Yet be perſuaded.
Stat. Never urge me more;
Leſt driv'n to Rage I ſhou'd my Life abhor,
And in your Preſence put an end to all
The faſt Calamities that round me fall.
Par. O angry Heav'n! what have the guiltleſs done?
And where ſhall wretched *Pariſatis* run?
Syſ. Captives in War, our Bodies we reſign'd;
But now made free, Love does our Spirits bind.
Stat. Where e'er my purpos'd Lonneſs I retire,
Your ſight I thro the Grates ſhall oft deſire,
And after *Alexander*'s Health enquire.
And if this Paſſion cannot be remov'd,
Ask how my Reſolution he approv'd,
How much he loves, how much he is belov'd?

Then

Then when I hear that all things pleaſe him well,
Thank the good Gods, and hide me in my Cell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCÈNE I.

Noiſe of Trumpets ſounding far off.

The SCENE *draws, and diſcovers a Battel of Crows or Ravens in the Air ; an Eagle and a Dragon meet and fight ; the Eagle drops down with all the reſt of the Birds, and the Dragon flies away. Soldiers walk off, ſhaking their Heads. The Conſpirators come forward.*

Caſſ. HE comes, the fatal Glory of the World,
The headlong *Alexander*, with a Guard
Of thronging Crowns, comes on to *Babylon*,
Tho warn'd, in ſpite of all the Powers above,
Who by theſe Prodigies foretel his Ruin.

Pol. Why all this Noiſe becauſe a King muſt die?
Or does Heav'n fear becauſe he ſway'd the Earth,
His Ghoſt will war with the high Thunderer?
Curſe on the babbling Fates, that cannot ſee
A great Man tumble, but they muſt be talking.

Caſſ. The Spirit of King *Philip*, in thoſe Arms
We ſaw him wear, paſs'd groaning thro' the Court,
His dreadful Eye balls rolled their Horror upwards ;
He wav'd his Arms, and ſhook his warlike Head.
I've heard that at the crowing of the Cock
Lions will roar, and Goblins ſteal away ;
But this majeſtick Air ſtalks ſtedfaſt on,
Spite of the Morn that calls him from the Eaſt,
Nor minds the op'ning of the Ivy'ry Door.

Phil.

Phil. 'Tis certain, there was never Day like this.
Caſſ. Late as I muſing walk'd behind the Palace,
I met a monſtrous Child, that with his Hands
Held to his Face, which ſeem'd all over Eyes,
A Silver Bowl, and wept it full of Blood:
But having ſpy'd me, like a Cockatrice,
He gaz'd a while; then with a Shriek ſo ſhrill
As all the Winds had whiſtled from his Mouth,
He daſh'd me with the Gore he held, and vaniſh'd.
Pol. That which befel me, tho 'twas horrid, yet
When I conſider, it appears ridiculous;
For as I paſs'd thro a by vacant Place,
I met two Women very old and ugly,
That wrung their Hands, and houl'd, and beat their Breaſts,
And cried out, Poiſon: When I ask'd the Cauſe,
They took me by the Ears, and with ſtrange Force
Held me to the Earth, then laugh'd and diſappear'd.
Caſſ. O how I love Deſtruction with a Method
Which none diſcern, but thoſe that weave the Plot;
Like Silk-worms we are hid in our own Web,
But we ſhall burſt at laſt thro all the Strings;
And when time calls, come forth in a new Form,
Not Inſects to be trod, but Dragons wing'd.
Theſſ. The Face of all the Court is ſtrangely alter'd:
There's not a *Perſian* I can meet, but ſtares
As if he were diſtracted. *Oxyartes*,
Statira's Uncle, openly declaim'd
Againſt the Perjury of *Alexander*.
Phil. Others, more fearful, are remov'd to *Suſa*,
Dreading *Roxana*'s Rage, who comes i'th' Rear
To *Babylon*.
Caſſ. It gluts my riſing Soul
That we ſhall ſee him rack'd before he dies:
I know he loves *Statira* more than Life,
And on a Couch of Kings in Triumph born
Comes [illegible] Expectation, to enjoy her.
But when he hears the Oaths which ſhe has ta'en,
Her Father made publick to the World,
How vow'd Divorce, how will Remorſe conſume him;
Pray, like the Bird of Hell, upon his Liver?

Pol.

Pol. To balk his Longing, and delude his Luſt,
Is more than Death, 'tis Earneſt for Damnation.
Caſſ. Then comes *Roxana*, who muſt help our Party;
I know her jealous, bloody, and ambitious.
Sure 'twas the Likeneſs of her Heart to mine,
And Sympathy of Natures caus'd me love her:
'Tis fix'd, I muſt enjoy her, and no way
So proper as to make her guilty firſt.
Pol. To ſee two Rival Queens of different Humours,
With a variety of Torments vex him.

Enter Lyſimachus, Hepheſtion,

Caſſ. Of that anon: But ſee *Lyſimachus*,
And the young Favourite. Sort, ſort your ſelves,
And like to other mercenary Souls
Adore this mortal God that ſoon muſt bleed.
Lyſ. Here I will wait the King's Approach, and ſtand
His utmoſt Anger, if he do me wrong.
Heph. That cannot be, from Power ſo abſolute
And high as his.
Lyſ. Well, you and I have done.
Pol. How the Court thickens! [*Trumpets ſound.*
Caſſ. Nothing to what it will——Does he not come
To hear a thouſand thouſand Embaſſies,
Which from all Parts to *Babylon* are brought;
As if the Parliament of the World
Had met, and he came on a God to give
The infinite Aſſembly glorious Audience.

Enter Clytus, Ariſtander *in his Robes, with a Wand.*

Ariſt. Haſte, reverend *Clytus*, haſte and keep the King-
Cly. He is already enter'd; Then the Preſs
Of Princes that attend ſo thick about him——
Keep all that would approach at certain diſtance.
Ariſt. Tho he were hem'd with Deities, I muſt ſpeak
to him,
And turn him back from this High-way to Death.

Cly.

Cly. Here place your ſelf within this Trumpet's Sound.
Lo, the *Chaldean* Prieſts appear, behold
The ſacred Fire, *Nearchus* and *Eumenes*,
With their white Wands, and dreſs'd in Eaſtern Robes,
To ſooth the King, who loves the *Perſian* Mode:
But ſee the Maſter of the World appears.

Enter Alexander; *all kneel but* Clytus.

Heph. O Son of *Jupiter*, live for ever.
Alex. Riſe all; and thou my ſecond ſelf, my Love,
O my *Hepheſtion*, raiſe thee from the Earth
Up to my Breaſt, and hide thee in my Heart.
Art thou grown cold? Why hang thine Arms at diſtance?
Hug me, or by Heaven thou lov'ſt me not.
Heph. Not love, my Lord! break not the Heart you (fram'd,
And molded up to ſuch an Excellence!
Then ſtamp'd on it your own immortal Image.
Not love the King! ſuch is not Woman's Love;
So fond a Friendſhip, ſuch a ſacred Flame,
As I muſt doubt to find in Breaſts above.
Alex. Thou doſt, thou lov'ſt me, Crown of all my Wars,
Thou dearer to me than my Groves of Laurel:
I know thou lov'ſt thy *Alexander* more
Than *Clytus* does the King. No Tears, *Hepheſtion*;
I read thy Paſſion in thy manly Eyes,
And glory in thoſe Planets of my Life,
Above the rival Lights that ſhine in Heaven.
Lyſ. I ſee that Death muſt wait me, yet I'll on.
Alex. I'll tell thee, Friend, and mark it, all ye Princes,
Tho never mortal Man arriv'd to ſuch
A height as I, yet I would forfeit all,
Caſt all my Purples, and my conquer'd Crowns,
And die to ſave this Darling of my Soul.
Give me thy Hand, ſhare all my Scepters while
I live, and when my Hour of Fate is come,
I leave you what thou merit'ſt more than I, the World.
Lyſ. Dread Sir, I caſt me at your royal Feet.

Alex.

Alex. What! my *Lyſimachus*, whoſe Veins are rich
With our illuſtrious Blood? My Kinſman, riſe;
Is not that *Clytus*?
Clyt. Your old faithful Soldier.
Alex. Come to my Hands, thus double arm the King:
And now methinks I ſtand like the dread God,
Who while his Prieſts and I quaff'd ſacred Blood,
Acknowledg'd me his Son. My Lightning thou;
And thou my mighty Thunder —— I have ſeen
Thy glittering Sword out-fly celeſtial Fire:
And when I cry'd, Be gone and execute,
I've ſeen him run ſwifter than ſtarting Hinds,
Nor bent the tender Graſs beneath his Feet;
Swifter than Shadows fleeting o'er the Fields;
Nay, even the Winds, with all their Stock of Wings,
Have puff'd behind, as wanting Breath to reach him.
Lyſ. But if your Majeſty ——
Clyt. Who would not loſe
The laſt dear Drop of Blood for ſuch a King?
Alex. Witneſs, my elder Brothers of the Sky,
How much I love a Soldier——O my *Clytus*,
Was it not when we paſs'd the *Granicus*,
Thou didſt preſerve me from unequal Force?
It was when *Spithridates* and *Rheſaces*,
Fell both upon me with two dreadful Strokes,
And clove my temper'd Helmet quite in ſunder,
Then I remember, then thou didſt me ſervice;
I think my Thunder ſplit them to the Navel.
Clyt. To your great Self you owe that Victory,
And ſure your Arms did never gain a nobler.
Alex. By Heaven, they never did, for well thou know'ſt,
And I am prouder to have paſs'd that Stream,
Than that I drove a Million o'er the Plain.
Can none remember? Yes, I know all muſt
When Glory, like the dazling Eagle, ſtood
Perch'd on my Bever in the *Granick* Flood;
When Fortune's ſelf my Stand'rd trembling bore,
And the pale Fates ſtood frighted on the Shore,

When

When the Immortals on the Billows rode,
And I my ſelf appear'd the leading God.
Ariſt. But all the Honours which your Youth has won
Are loſt, unleſs you fly from *Babylon*:
Haſte with your Chiefs, to *Suſa* take your way,
Fly for your Life, deſtructive is your ſtay.
This Morning having view'd the angry Sky,
And mark'd the Prodigies that threatned high,
To our bright God I did for Succour fly.
But oh——
Alex. What Fears thy reverend Boſom ſhake?
Or doſt thou from ſome Dream of Horrour wake?
If ſo, come graſp me with thy ſhaking Hand,
Or fall behind, while I the Danger ſtand.
Ariſt. To *Oroſmades'* Cave I did repair,
Where I aton'd the dreadful God with Prayer:
But as I pray'd I heard long Groans within,
And Shrieks as of the damn'd that houl for Sin:
I knew the Omen, and I fear'd to ſtay,
But proſtrate on the trembling Pavement lay.
When he bodes Happineſs, he anſwers mild;
'Twas ſo of old, and the great Image ſmil'd:
But now in abrupt Thunder he reply'd,
Loud as rent Rocks, or roaring Seas, he cry'd,
All Empires, Crowns, Glory of *Babylon*,
Whoſe Head ſtands wrapp'd in Clouds, muſt tumble down.
Alex. If *Babylon* muſt fall, what is't to me?
Or can I help immutable Decree?
Down then vaſt Frame, with all thy Deity Towers,
Since 'tis ſo order'd by Almighty Powers:
Preſs'd by the Fates, unlooſe your golden Bars,
'Tis great to fall the Envy of the Stars.

Enter Perdiccas, Meleager.

Mel. O Horror!
Per. Dire Portents!
Alex. Out with 'em then;
What, are ye Ghoſts, the empty Shapes of Men?

If

If ſo, the Myſteries of Hell unfold,
Be all the Scrolls of Deſtiny unroll'd,
Open the brazen Leaves, and let it come;
Point with a Thunder-bolt your Monarch's Doom.
Perd. As *Meleager* and my ſelf in Field,
Your *Perſian* Horſe about the Army wheel'd;
We heard a Noiſe as of a ruſhing Wind,
And a thick Storm the Eye of Day did blind:
A croaking Noiſe reſounded thro the Air,
We look'd, and ſaw big Ravens battling there:
Each Bird of Night appear'd himſelf a Cloud,
They met and fought, and their Wounds rain'd black Blood.
Mel. All, as for Honour, did their Lives expoſe;
Their Talons claſh'd, and Beaks gave mighty Blows,
Whilſt dreadful Sounds did our ſcar'd Senſe aſſail,
As of ſmall Thunder, or huge *Scythian* Hail.
Perd. Our Augurs ſhook, when with a horrid Groan,
We thought that all the Clouds had tumbled down.
Soldiers and Chiefs, who can the Wonder tell,
Struck to the Ground, promiſcuouſly fell;
While the dark Birds, each pond'rous as a Shield,
For fifty Furlongs hid the fatal Field.
Alex. Be witneſs for me, all ye Powers divine,
If ye be angry, 'tis no fault of mine;
Therefore let Furies face me with a Band
From Hell, my Virtue ſhall not make a ſtand;
Tho all the Curtains of the Sky be drawn,
And the Stars winking young *Ammon* ſhall go on:
While my *Statira* ſhines, I cannot ſtay,
Love lifts his Torch to light me on my way,
And her bright Eyes create another Day.
Lyſ. E'er you remove, be pleas'd, dread Sir, to hear
A Prince ally'd to you by Blood.
Alex. Speak quickly.
Lyſ. For all that I have done for you in War,
I beg the Princeſs *Pariſatis*.
Alex. Ha——
Is not my Word already paſt? *Hephæſtion*,
I know he hates thee, but he ſhall not have her;
We heard of this before——*Lyſimachus*,

I here command you nouriſh no Deſign
To prejudice my Perſon in the Man
I love, and will prefer to all the World.
Lyſ. I never fail'd to obey your Majeſty,
Whilſt you commanded what was in my power;
Nor cou'd *Hepheſtion* fly more ſwift to ſerve,
When you commanded us to ſtorm a Town,
Or fetch a Standard from the Enemy:
But when you charge me not to love the Princeſs,
I muſt confeſs, I diſobey you, as
I wou'd the Gods themſelves, ſhould they command.
Alex. You ſhou'd, brave Sir, hear me, and then be (dumb;
When by my order curſt *Caliſthenes*
Was a Traitor doom'd to live in Torments,
Your Pity ſped him in deſpite of me.
Think not I have forgot your Inſolence;
No, tho' I pardon'd it, yet if again
Thou dar'ſt to croſs me with another Crime,
The Bolts of Fury ſhall be doubled on thee:
In the mean time think not of *Pariſatis*;
For if thou doſt, by *Jupiter Ammon*,
By my own Head, and by King *Philip's* Soul,
I'll not reſpect that Blood of mine thou ſhar'ſt,
But uſe thee as the vileſt *Macedonian*.
Lyſ. I doubted not at firſt but I ſhould meet
Your Indignation, yet my Soul's reſolv'd,
And I ſhall never quit ſo brave a Prize,
While I can draw a Bow, or lift a Sword.
Alex. Againſt my Life: Ah! was it ſo? how now?
You ſaid that I am raſh, of haſty Humour;
But I appeal to the immortal Gods,
If ever petty poor provincial Lord
Had Temper like to mine: My Slave, whom I
Could tread to Clay, dares utter bloody Threats.
Cly. Contain your ſelf, dread Sir; the noble Prince,
I ſee it in his Countenance, would die
To juſtify his Truth, but Love makes many Faults.
Lyſ. I meant his Minion here ſhould feel my Arm;
Love asks his Blood, nor ſhall he live to laugh
At my Deſtruction.

Alex.

Alex. Now be thy own Judge,
I pardon thee for my old *Clytus'* ſake;
But if once more thou mention thy raſh Love,
Or dar'ſt attempt *Hepheſtion's* precious Life,
I'll pour ſuch Storms of Indignation on thee,
Phylotas' Rack, *Caliſthenes'* Diſgrace,
Shall be Delight to what thou ſhalt endure.

Enter Syſigambis, Pariſatis.

Heph. My Lord, the Queen comes to congratulate
Your ſafe Arrival.
Alex. O thou the beſt of Women,
Source of my Joy, bleſt Parent of my Love.
Syſ. Permit me kneel, and give thoſe Adorations
Which from the *Perſian* Family are due:
Have you not rais'd us from our Ruins high?
And when no Hand could help, nor any Eye
Behold us with a Tear, your's pitied me;
You, like a God, ſnatch'd us from Sorrow's Gulph,
Fix'd us in Thrones above our former State.
Par. Which, when a Soul forgets, advanc'd ſo nobly,
May it be drown'd in deeper Miſery.
Alex. To meet me thus, was generouſly done;
But ſtill there wants to crown my Happineſs,
Life of my Empire, Treaſure of my Soul,
My dear *Statira*: O that heavenly Beam,
Warmth of my Brain, and Fire of my Heart;
Had ſhe but ſhot to ſee me, had ſhe met me,
By this time I had been amongſt the Gods,
If any Extaſy can make a height,
Or any Rapture hurl us to the Heavens.
Cly. Now, who ſhall dare to tell him the Queen's Vow?
Alex. How fares my Love? ha—neither anſwer me!
Ye raiſe my Wonder, Darkneſs overwhelms me;
If royal *Syſigambis* do's not weep,
Trembling and Horror pierce me cold as Ice.
Is ſhe not well? what none, none anſwer me?
Or is it worſe? Keep down ye riſing Sighs,
And murmur in the Hollow of my Breaſt:

Run

Run to my Heart, and gather more ſad Wind;
That when the Voice of Fate ſhall call you forth,
Ye may, at one ruſh, from the Seat of Life,
Blow the Blood out, and burſt like a Bladder.
Heph. I would relate it, but my Courage fails me.
Alex. If ſhe be dead —— That if 's impoſſible;
And let none here affirm it for his Soul:
For he that dares but think ſo damn'd a Lye,
I'll have his Body ſtraight empal'd before me,
And glut my Eyes upon his bleeding Entrails.
Caſſ. How will this Engine of unruly Paſſion
Roar, when we have ram'd him to the Mouth with Poiſon? [*Aſide.*
Alex. Why ſtand you all, as you were rooted here,
Like the ſenſeleſs Trees, while to the ſtupid Grove
I, like a wounded Lion, groan my Griefs,
And none will anſwer —— what, not my *Hepheſtion*?
If thou haſt any Love for *Alexander*,
If ever I oblig'd thee by my Care,
When my quick ſight has watch'd thee in the Fight;
Or if to ſee thee bleed I ſent for Cries,
And like a Mother, waſh'd thee with my Tears;
If this be true, if I deſerve thy Love,
Eaſe me, and tell the Cauſe of my Diſaſter.
Heph. Your mourning Queen, (which I had told before
Had you been calm) has no diſeaſe but Sorrow,
Which was occaſion'd firſt by jealous pangs;
She heard, (for what can ſcape a watchful Lover?)
That you at *Suſa*, breaking all your Vows,
Relaps'd, and conquer'd by *Roxana*'s Charms,
Gave up your ſelf devoted to her Arms.
Alex. I know that ſubtile Creature in my Riot,
My Reaſon gone, ſeduc'd me to her Bed;
But when I wak'd I ſhook the *Circe* off,
Tho that Enchantreſs held me by the Arms,
And wept, and gaz'd with all the force of Love;
Nor griev'd I leſs for that which I had done,
Than when at *Thais*' Suit, enrag'd with Wine,
I ſet the lov'd *Perſepolis* on fire.

Heph.

Heph. Your Queen *Statira* took it ſo to Heart,
That, in the Agony of Love, ſhe ſwore
Never to ſee your Majeſty again;
With dreadful Imprecations ſhe confirm'd
Her Oath, and I much fear that ſhe will keep it.

Alex. Ha! did ſhe ſwear? did that ſweet Creature ſwear?
I'll not believe it; no, ſhe is all Softneſs,
All melting, mild, and calm as a rock'd Infant,
Nor can you wake her into Cries: By Heaven
She is the Child of Love, and ſhe was born in Smiles.

Par. I and my weeping Mother heard her ſwear.

Syſ. And with ſuch Fierceneſs ſhe did aggravate
The Foulneſs of your Fault, that I cou'd wiſh
Your Majeſty wou'd blot her from your Breaſt.

Alex. Blot her, forget her, hurl her from my Boſom,
For ever loſe that Star that gilds my Life,
Guide of my Days, and Goddeſs of my Nights!
No, ſhe ſhall ſtay with me in ſpite of Vows,
My Soul and Body both are twiſted with her.
The God of Love empties his golden Quiver,
Shoots every Grain of her into my Heart;
She is all mine, by Heaven I feel her here,
Panting and warm, the deareſt, O *Statira!*

Syſ. Have patience, Son, and truſt to Heaven and me.
If my Authority, or the Remembrance
Of dead *Darius*, or her Mother's Soul
Can work upon her, ſhe again is yours.

Alex. O Mother, help me, help your wounded Son,
And move the Soul of my offended Dear;
But fly, haſte, e'er the ſad Proceſſion's made.
Spend not a Thought in Reply —— Be gone,
If you would have me live —— and *Pariſatis*,
Hang thou about her Knees, waſh 'em with Tears:
Nay haſte, the Breath of Gods, and Eloquence
Of Angels go along with you —— Oh my Heart!

[*Exeunt Syſ. and Par.*

Lyſ. Now let your Majeſty, who feels the Torments
And ſharpeſt Pangs of Love, encourage mine.

Alex. Ha ——

Cly. Are you a Madman? Is this a time?

Lyſ.

Lyſ. Yes, for I ſee he cannot be unjuſt to me,
Leſt ſomething worſe befal himſelf.
Alex. Why doſt thou tempt me thus to thy undoing?
Death thou ſhouldſt have, were it not courted ſo:
But know, to thy Confuſion, that my Word,
Like Deſtiny, admits not a reverſe;
Therefore in Chains thou ſhalt behold the Nuptials
Of my *Hepheſtion*——Guards, take him Priſoner.
Lyſ. I ſhall not eaſily reſign my Sword,
Till I have dy'd it in my Rival's Blood.
Alex. I charge you, kill him not, take him alive;
The Dignity of Kings is now concern'd,
And I will find a way to tame this Beaſt.
Cly. Kneel, for I ſee Lightning in his Eyes.
Lyſ. I neither hope nor aſk a pardon of him;
But if he ſhou'd reſtore my Sword, I would
With a new Violence run againſt my Rival.
Alex. Sure we at laſt ſhall conquer this fierce Lion:
Hence from my Sight, and bear him to a Dungeon.
Perdiccas, give this Lion to a Lion;
None ſpeak for him, fly, ſtop his Mouth, away.
Cly. The King's extremely mov'd.
Eum. I dare not ſpeak.
Cly. This comes of Love and Women; 'tis all Madneſs;
Yet were I heated now with Wine, I ſhou'd
Be preaching to the King for this raſh Fool.
Alex. Come hither, *Clytus*, and my dear *Hepheſtion*;
Lend me your Arms, help, for I'm ſick o'th' ſudden.
I fear betwixt *Statira*'s cruel Love,
And fond *Roxana*'s Arts, your King will fall.
Cly. Better the *Perſian* Race were all undone.
Heph. Look up, my Lord, and bear not thus your Head,
As if you'd leave the Empire of this World,
Which you with Toil have won.
Alex. Wou'd I had not;
There's no true Joy in ſuch unwieldy Fortune.
Eternal Gazers, laſting Troubles make,
All fickle Joys, but few my Brightneſs take.
Stand off, and give me air——

Why was I born a Prince, proclaim'd a God?
Yet have no liberty to look abroad?
Thus Palaces in proſpect bar the Eye,
Which pleas'd and free, would o'er the Cottage fly,
O'er flow'ry Lands to the gay diſtant Sky.
Farewel then Empire and the Racks of Love;
By all the Gods, I will to Wilds remove;
Stretch'd like a *Sylvan* God, on Graſs lie down,
And quite forget that e'er I wore a Crown.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Eumenes, Philip, Theſſalus, Perdiccas, Lyſimachus, *Guards.*

Eum. FArewel, brave Spirit, when you come above,
Commend us to *Philotas* and the reſt
Of our great Friends.

Theſſ. *Perdiccas*, you are grown
In truſt, be thankful for your noble Office.

Per. As noble as you ſentence me, I'd give
This Arm that *Theſſalus* were ſo employ'd.

Lyſ. Ceaſe theſe untimely Jars, farewel to all,
Fight for the King's I have done, and then
You may be worthy of a Death like mine——Lead on.

Enter Paſiſatis.

Par. Ah, my *Lyſimachus*, where are you going?
Whither? to be devoured? O barbarous Prince!
Cou'd you expoſe your Life to the King's Rage,
And yet remember mine was ty'd to yours?

Lyſ. The Gods preſerve you ever from the Ills
That threaten me; Live, Madam, to enjoy
A nobler Fortune, and forget this Wretch.

I ne'er had worth, nor is it poſſible
That all the Blood which I ſhall loſe this Day
Shou'd merit this rich Sorrow from your Eyes.

Par. The King I know is bent to thy Deſtruction;
Now by Command they forc'd me from his Knees:
But take this Satisfaction in thy Death,
No Power, Command, my Mother's, Siſter's Tears,
Shall cauſe me to ſurvive thy cruel Loſs.

Lyſ. Live, Princeſs, live, howe'er the King diſdains me:
Perhaps, unarm'd and fighting for your ſake,
I may perform what ſhall amaze the World,
And force him yet to give you to my Arms.
Away *Perdiccas*——Dear *Eumenes*, take
The Princeſs to your Charge.

[*Exeunt* Perd. Lyſ. *Guards*.

Eum. O Cruelty!

Par. Lead me, *Eumenes*, lead me from the Light,
Where I may wait till I his Ruin hear,
Then free my Soul to meet him in the Air.

[*Exeunt* Par. *and* Eum.

Phil. See where the jealous proud *Roxana* comes,
A haughty Vengeance gathers up her Brow.

Theſſ. Peace, they have rais'd her to their Ends; obſerve.

Enter Roxana, Caſſander, Polyperchon.

Rox. O you have ruin'd me, I ſhall be mad:
Said you ſo paſſionately; is't poſſible?
So kind to her, and ſo unkind to me?

Caſſ. More than your utmoſt Fancy can invent.
He ſwooned thrice at hearing of her Vow,
And when our Care as oft had brought back Life,
He drew his Sword, and offer'd it his Breaſt.

Pol. Then rail'd at you with ſuch unheard of Curſes.

Rox. Away, be gone, and give a Whirlwind room,
Or I will blow you up like Duſt; avaunt:
Madneſs that meanly repreſents my Toil.
Roxana and *Statira*, they are Names
That muſt for ever jar: eternal Diſcord,
Fury, Revenge, Diſdain, and Indignation

Tear my ſwoll'n Breaſt, make way for Fire and Tempeſt.
My Brain is burſt, Debate and Reaſon quench'd,
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack, while Paſſions, like the Winds,
Riſe up to Heaven, and put out all the Stars.
What ſaving Hand, or what almighty Arm
Can raiſe me ſinking?

Caſſ. Let your own Arm ſave you,
'Tis in your power, your Beauty is almighty:
Let all the Stars go out, your Eyes can light 'em.
Wake then bright Planet that ſhould rule the World,
Wake, like the Moon, from your too long Eclipſe,
And we with all the Inſtruments of War,
Trumpets and Drums, will help your glorious Labour.

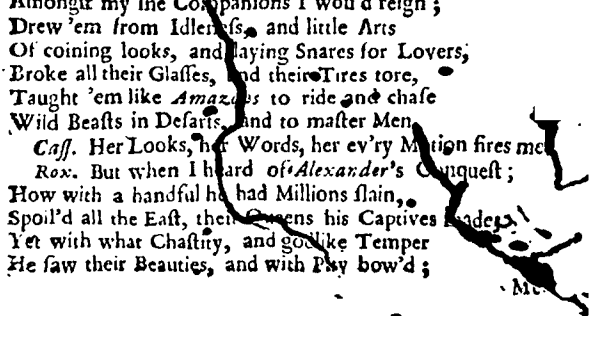
Pol. Put us to act, and with a Violence
That fits the Spirit of a moſt wrong'd Woman:
Let not *Medea*'s dreadful Vengeance ſtand
A Pattern more, but draw your own ſo fierce,
It may for ever be original.

Caſſ. Touch not, but daſh with ſtrokes ſo bravely bold,
Till you have form'd a Face of ſo much Horror,
That gaping Furies may run frighted back;
That Envy may devour her ſelf for Madneſs,
And ſad *Meduſa*'s Head be turn'd to Stone.

Rox. Yes we will have Revenge, my Inſtruments;
For there is nothing you have ſaid of me,
But comes far ſhort, wanting of what I am.
When in my Nonage I at *Zogdia* liv'd,
Amongſt my ſhe Companions I wou'd reign;
Drew 'em from Idleneſs, and little Arts
Of coining looks, and laying Snares for Lovers,
Broke all their Glaſſes, and their Tires tore,
Taught 'em like *Amazons* to ride and chaſe
Wild Beaſts in Deſarts, and to maſter Men.

Caſſ. Her Looks, her Words, her ev'ry Motion fires me.

Rox. But when I heard of *Alexander*'s Conqueſt;
How with a handful he had Millions ſlain,
Spoil'd all the Eaſt, their Queens his Captives made;
Yet with what Chaſtity, and godlike Temper
He ſaw their Beauties, and with Pity bow'd;



Methought I hung upon my Father's Lips,
And wiſh'd him tell the wondrous Tale again:
Left all my Sports, the Woman now return'd,
And Sighs uncall'd wou'd from my Boſom fly;
And all the Night, as my *Adraſte* told me,
In ſlumbers groan'd and murmur'd *Alexander.*

Caſſ. Curſe on the Name, but I will ſoon remove
That bar of my Ambition and my Love.

Rox. At laſt to *Zogdia* this Triumpher came,
And cover'd o'er with Laurels forc'd our City:
At Night I by my Father's Order ſtood,
With fifty Virgins waiting at a Banquet.
But Oh how glad was I to hear his Court,
To feel the preſſure of his glowing Hand,
And taſte the dear, the falſe proteſting Lips! ('em.

Caſſ. Wormwood and Hemlock henceforth grow about

Rox. Gods! that a Man ſhould be ſo great and baſe!
What ſaid he not when in the bridal Bed,
He claſp'd my yielding Body in his Arms:
When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,
And moulding with his Hand my throbbing Breaſt,
He ſwore the Globe of Heaven and Earth were vile
To thoſe rich Worlds; and talk'd, and kiſs'd, and lov'd,
And made me ſhame the Morning with my Bluſhes.

Caſſ. Yet after this prove falſe!

Pol. Horrid Perjury!

Caſſ. Not to be match'd!

Pol. O you muſt find Revenge!

Caſſ. A Perſon of your Spirit be thus ſlighted!
For whoſe deſire all Earth ſhould be too little.

Rox. And ſhall the Daughter of *Darius* hold him?
That puny Girl, that Ape of my Ambition?
That cry'd for Milk when I was nurs'd in Blood!
Shall ſhe, made up of watry Element,
A Cloud, that ſhe embrace my proper God,
While I am caſt like Lightning from his Hand?
No, I muſt ſcorn to prey on common things;
Tho' [illegible]d to Earth by this diſdainful *Jove*,
[illegible] rebound to my own Orb of Fire,
[illegible] with the wrack of all the Heavens expire.

Caſſ. Now you appear your ſelf;
'Tis noble Anger.

Rox. May the Illuſtrious Blood that fills my Womb,
And ripens to be perfect Godhead born,
Come forth a Fury; may *Barſina*'s Baſtard
Tread it to Hell, and rule as Sovereign Lord,
When I permit *Statira* to enjoy
Roxana's right, and ſtrive not to deſtroy.

Enter Syſigambis, Statira, *in Mourning.*

Caſſ. Behold her going to fulfil her Vow;
Old *Syſigambis*, whom the King engag'd,
Reſiſts and awes her with Authority.

Rox. 'Twas raſhly vow'd indeed, and I ſhou'd pity her.

Syſ. O my *Statira*, how has Paſſion chang'd thee!
Think if thou drive the King to ſuch extremes,
What in his Fury may he not denounce
Againſt the poor remains of loſt *Darius*?

Stat. I know, I know he will be kind to you,
And to my mourning Siſter for my ſake;
And tell him, how with my departing Breath,
I rail'd not, but ſpoke kindly of his Perſon,
Nay wept to think of our divided Loves,
And ſobbing ſent at laſt forgiveneſs to him.

Rox. Grant, Heav'n, ſome eaſe to this diſtracted Wretch!
Let her not linger out a Life in Torments,
Be theſe her laſt words, and at once diſpatch her.

Syſ. No, by the everlaſting Fire I ſwear,
By my *Darius*' Soul, I never more
Will dare to look on *Alexander*'s Face,
If you refuſe to ſee him.

Rox. Curſe on that cutting Tongue, I fear her now.

Caſſ. No ſhe's reſolv'd.

Stat. I caſt me at your Feet,
To bathe 'em with my Tears; or, if you pleaſe,
I'll let out Life, and waſh 'em with my Blood,
But ſtill conjure you not to rack my Soul,
Nor hurry my wild thoughts to perfect madneſs.
Shou'd now *Darius*' awful Ghoſt appear,
And my pale Mother ſtand beſeeching by,

I wou'd perſiſt to Death, and keep my Vow.

Rox. She ſhews a certain bravery of Soul,
Which I ſhou'd praiſe in any but my Rival.

Syſ. Die then, rebellious Wretch, thou art not now
That ſoft belov'd, nor durſt thou ſhare my Blood.
Go hide thy Baſeneſs in thy lonely Grot,
Ruin thy Mother, and thy Royal Houſe,
Pernicious Creature! ſhed the innocent
Blood, and ſacrifice to the King's Wrath
The Lives of all thy People; fly, be gone,
And hide thee where bright Vertue never ſhone:
The Day will ſhun thee, nay the Stars that view
Miſchiefs and Murders, Deeds to thee not new,
Will ſtart at this——Go, go, thy Crimes deplore,
And never think of *Syſigambis* more.

Rox. Madam, I hope you will a Queen forgive:
Roxana weeps to ſee *Statira* grieve:
How noble is the brave reſolve you make,
To quit the World for *Alexander*'s ſake?
Vaſt is your Mind, you dare thus greatly die,
And yield the King to one ſo mean as I:
'Tis a Revenge will make the Victor ſmart,
And much I fear your Death will break his Heart.

Stat. You counterfeit I fear, and know too well
How much your Eyes all Beauties elſe excel:
Roxana, who tho not a Princeſs born,
In Chains could make the mighty Victor mourn.
Forgetting Pow'r when Wine had made him warm,
And ſenſleſs, yet even then you knew to charm:
Preſerve him by thoſe Arts that cannot fail,
While I the loſs of what I lov'd bewail.

Rox. I hope your Majeſty will give me leave
To wait you to the Grove, where you wou'd grieve;
Where like the Turtle, you the Loſs will moan
Of that dear Mate, and murmur all alone.

Stat. No proud Triumpher o'er my falling State,
Thou ſhalt not ſtay to fill me with my Fate:
Go to the Conqueſt which your Wiles may boaſt,
Tell all the World you left *Statira* loſt.
Seize my faithleſs *Alexander*'s Hand,

Both Hand and Heart were once at my Command:
Graſp his lov'd Neck, die on his fragrant Breaſt,
Love him like me whoſe Love can't be expreſt,
He muſt be happy, and you more than bleſt;
While I in darkneſs hide me from the Day,
That with my Mind I may his Form ſurvey,
And think ſo long, till I think Life away.

Rox. No ſickly Vertue, no,
Thou ſhalt not think, nor thy Love's loſs bemoan,
Nor ſhall paſt Pleaſures thro thy Fancy run;
That were to make thee bleſt as I can be:
But thy No-thought I muſt, I will decree;
As thus I'll torture thee till thou art mad,
And then no thought to purpoſe can be had.

Stat. How frail, how cowardly is Woman's Mind?
We ſhriek at Thunder, dread the ruſtling Wind,
And glitt'ring Swords the brighteſt Eyes will blind.
Yet when ſtrong Jealouſy enflames the Soul,
The weak will roar, and Calms to Tempeſts roll.
Rival, take heed, and tempt me not too far;
My Blood may boil, and Bluſhes ſhew a War.

Rox. When you retire to your Romantick Cell,
I'll make thy ſolitary Manſion Hell;
Thou ſhalt not reſt by Day, nor ſleep by Night,
But ſtill *Roxana* ſhall thy Spirit fright:
Wanton in Dreams if thou dar'ſt dream of Bliſs,
Thy roving Ghoſt may think to ſteal a kiſs;
But when to his ſought Bed, thy wandring Air
Shall for the Happineſs it wiſh'd repair,
How will it groan to find thy Rival there?
How ghaſtly wilt thou look, when thou ſhalt ſee,
Thro the drawn Curtains, that great Man and me,
Wearied with laughing, Joys ſhot to the Soul, (how
While thou ſhalt grinning ſtand, and gnaſh thy Teeth, a
Stat. O barb'rous Rage! my Tears I can't keep,
But my full Eyes in ſpite of me will weep.

Rox. The King and I in various Pictures drawn,
Claſping each other, ſhaded o'er with Lawn,
Shall be the daily Preſents I will ſend,
To help thy Sorrow to her Journey's end.

And

And when we hear at laſt thy Hour draws nigh,
My *Alexander*, my dear Love and I,
Will come and haſten on thy lingring Fates,
And ſmile and kiſs thy Soul out thro the Grates.
Stat. 'Tis well, I thank thee; thou haſt wak'd a Rage,
Whoſe boiling now no Temper can aſſuage:
I meet thy Tides of Jealouſy with more,
Dare thee to Duel, and daſh thee o'er and o'er.
Rox. What wou'd you dare?
Stat. Whatever you dare do,
My warring Thoughts the bloodieſt Tracts purſue;
I am by Love a Fury made, like you:
Kill or be kill'd, thus acted by deſpair.
Rox. Sure the diſdain'd *Statira* does not dare?
Stat. Yes, tow'ring proud *Roxana*, but I dare.
Rox. I tow'r indeed o'er thee;
Like a fair Wood, the ſhade of Kings I ſtand,
While thou ſick Weed doſt but infect the Land.
Stat. No, like an Ivy I will curl thee round,
Thy ſapleſs Trunk of all its Pride confound,
Then dry and wither'd, bend thee to the Ground.
What *Syſigambis*' Threats, objected Fears,
My Siſter's Sighs, and *Alexander's* Tears,
Cou'd not effect, thy Rival Rage has done;
My Soul, whoſe ſtart at breach of Oaths begun,
Shall to thy Ruin violated run.
I'll ſee the King in ſpite of all I ſwore,
Tho curſt, that thou mayſt never ſee him more.

Enter Perdiccas, Alexander, Syſigambis, *Attendants*, &c.

Per. Madam, your Royal Mother, and the King.
Alex. O my *Statira!* O my angry Dear!
Turn thine Eyes on me, I wou'd talk to them:
What ſhall I ſay to work upon thy Soul?
Where ſhall I throw me? whither ſhall I fall?
Stat. Here me you ſhall not fall.
Alex. Before thee I will;
Before thy Feet I'll have a Grave dug up,
And periſh quick, be buried ſtraight alive:

Give but, as the Earth grows heavy on me,
A tender look, and a relenting word,
Say but 'twas pity that ſo great a Man,
Who had ten thouſand Deaths in Battels ſcap'd,
For one poor Fault ſo early ſhou'd remove,
And fall a Martyr to the God of Love.

Rox. Is then *Roxana's* Love and Life ſo poor,
That for another you can chuſe to die,
Rather than live for her? what have I done?
How am I alter'd ſince at *Suſa* laſt
You ſwore and ſeal'd it with a thouſand Kiſſes,
Rather than loſe *Roxana's* ſmalleſt Charm,
You wou'd forgo the Conqueſt of the World?

Alex. Madam, you beſt can tell what Magick drew
Me to your Charms, but let it not be told
For your own ſake; take that conquer'd World,
Diſpoſe of Crowns and Scepters as you pleaſe,
Let me but have the Freedom for an hour,
To make account with this wrong'd Innocence.

Stat. You know, my Lord, you did commit a Fault;
I ask but this, repeat your Crime no more.

Alex. O never, never.

Rox. Am I rejected then?

Alex. Exhauſt my Treaſures,
Take all the Spoils of the fair conquer'd *Indies*;
But for the eaſe of my afflicted Soul,
Go where I never may behold thee more.

Rox. Yes, I will go, ungrateful as thou art,
Bane to my Life; thou Torment of my days,
Thou Murderer of the World: for as thy Sword
Hath cut the Lives of thouſand thouſand Men,
So will thy Tongue undo all Woman-kind.
But I'll be gone; this laſt Diſdain hath cur'd me,
And I am now grown ſo indifferent,
I could behold you kiſs without a Pang,
Nay, take a Torch and light you to your Bed:
But do not truſt me, no, for if you do,
By all the Furies and the Flames of Love,
By Love, which is the hotteſt burning Hell,
I'll ſet you both on fire to blaze for ever.

Stat.

Stat. O *Alexander*, is it poſſible? Good Gods,
That Guilt can ſhew ſo lovely!——yet I pardon,
Forgive thee all, by thy dear Life I do.

Alex. Ha, Pardon! ſaidſt thou, Pardon me?
Syſ. Now all my Mother's Bleſſing fall upon thee,
My beſt, my moſt belov'd, my own *Statira*.

Alex. Is it then true that thou haſt pardon'd me?
And is it given me thus to touch thy Hand,
And fold thy body in my longing arms?
To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars,
To taſte thy Lip, and thy dear balmy Breath,
While ev'ry Sigh comes forth ſo fraught with Sweets,
'Tis Incenſe to be offer'd to a God.

Stat. Yes, dear Impoſtor, 'tis moſt true that I
Have pardon'd thee; and 'tis as true, that while
I ſtand in view of thee, thy Eyes will wound,
Thy Tongue will make me wanton as thy Wiſhes;
And while I feel thy Hand, my Body glows:
Therefore be quick, and take your laſt adieu,
Theſe your laſt Sighs, and theſe your parting Tears;
Farewel, farewel, a long and laſt farewel.

Alex. O my *Hepheſtion*, bear me, or I ſink. (throbs!

Stat. Nay, you may take—Heav'n how my Heart
You may, you may, if yet you think me worthy,
Take from theſe trembling Lips a parting Kiſs.

Alex. No, let me ſtarve firſt——why, *Statira*, why?
What is the meaning of all this?——O Gods!
I know the Cauſe, my working Brain divines,
You'll ſay you pardon'd, but with this Reſerve,
Never to make me bleſt as I have been,
To ſlumber by the Side of that falſe Man,
Nor give a Heav'n of Beauty to a Devil:
Think you not thus? ſpeak, Madam.

Syſ. She is not worthy, Son, of ſo much Sorrow:
Speak comfort to him, ſpeak, my dear *Statira*,
I aſk thee by theſe Tears: Ah canſt thou e'er
Pretend to love, yet with dry Eyes behold him?

Alex. Silence more dreadful than ſevereſt Sounds:
Wou'd ſhe but ſpeak, tho Death, eternal Exile
Hangs on her Lips, yet while her Tongue pronounces,

There

There muſt be Muſick even in my undoing.

Stat. Still my lov'd Lord, I cannot ſee you thus;
Nor can I ever yield to ſhare your Bed:
O I ſhall find *Roxana* in your Arms,
And taſte her Kiſſes left upon your Lips.
Her curs'd Embraces have defil'd your Body,
Nor ſhall I find the wonted Sweetneſs there,
But artificial Smells and ſtinking Odours.

Alex. Yes, obſtinate, I will: Madam, you ſhall,
You ſhall, in ſpite of this reſiſtleſs Paſſion,
Be ſerv'd; but you muſt give me leave to think
You never lov'd ——— O cou'd I ſee you thus!
Hell has not half the Tortures that you raiſe.

Cly. Never did Paſſions combate thus before.

Alex. O I ſhall burſt,
Unleſs you give me leave to rave a while.

Syſ. Yet e'er Deſtruction ſweep us both away,
Relent, and break thro all to pity him;

Alex. Yes, I will ſhake this *Cupid* from my Arms.
If all the Rages of the Earth would fright him;
Drown him in the deep Bowl of *Hercules*;
Make the World drunk, and then like *Æolus*,
When he gave Paſſage to the ſtruggling Winds,
I'll ſtrike my Spear into the reeling Globe
To let it blood, ſet *Babylon* in a blaze,
And drive this God of Flames with more conſuming Fire.

Stat. My Preſence will but force him to Extremes;
Beſides, 'tis Death to me to ſee his Pains:
Yet ſtand reſolv'd never to yield again ———
Permit me to remove.

Alex. I charge ye ſtay her;
For if ſhe paſs, by all the Hell I feel,
Your Souls, your naked Ghoſts, ſhall wait upon her.
O turn thee! turn thou barb'rous Brightneſs, turn
Hear my laſt Wo rs, and ſee my utmoſt Pang:
But firſt kneel with me, all my Souldiers kneel [*All kneel.*
Yet lower ——— proſtrate to the Earth. Ah Mother,
Will you kneel too? Then let the Sun ſtand ſtill, (what
To ſee himſelf our worſhip'd; not a Face
Be ſhewn that is not waſh'd all o'er in Tears,

But

But weep as if you here beheld me ſlain.
Syſ. Haſt thou a Heart? or art thou Savage turn'd?
But if this Poſture cannot move your Mercy,
I never will ſpeak more.
Alex. O my *Statira!*
I ſwear, my Queen, I'll not out-live thy Hate,
My Soul is ſtill as Death——But one thing more,
Pardon my laſt Extremities——the Tranſports
Of a deep wounded Breaſt, and all is well.
Stat. Riſe, and may Heaven forgive you all, like me.
Alex. You are too gracious——*Clytus*, bear me hence;
When I am laid in Earth, yield her the World.
There's ſomething here heaves, as cold as Ice,
That ſtops my Breath——Farewel, O Gods! for ever.
Stat. Hold off, and let me run into his Arms,
My deareſt, my all Love, my Lord, my King;
You ſhall not die, if that the Soul and Body
Of thy *Statira* can reſtore thy Life:
Give me thy wonted Kindneſs, bend me, break me
With thy Embraces.
Alex. O the killing Joy!
O Extaſy! my Heart will burſt my Breaſt,
To leap into thy Boſom; but by Heaven
This Night I will revenge me of thy Beauties,
For the dear Rack I have this Day endur'd;
For all the Sighs and Tears that I have ſpent,
I'll have ſo many thouſand burning Loves;
So ſwell thy Lips, ſo fill me with thy Sweetneſs,
Thou ſhalt not ſleep nor cloſe thy wandring Eyes:
The ſmiling Hours ſhall all be lov'd away,
We'll ſurfeit all the Night, and languiſh all the Day.
Stat. Nor ſhall *Roxana*——
Alex. Let her not be nam'd——
O Mother! how ſhall I requite your Goodneſs?
And you, my Fellow Warriors, that cou'd weep
For your loſt King——But I invite you all,
My Equals in the Throne as in the Grave,
Without diſtinction to the Riot come,
To the King's Banquet——
Clyt. I beg your Majeſty
Would leave me out.

Alex.

Alex. None, none ſhall be excus'd;
All revel out the day, 'tis my command,
Gay as the *Perſian* God our ſelf will ſtand,
With a crown'd Goblet in our lifted hand.
Young *Ammon* and *Statira* ſhall go round,
While antick Meaſures beat the burden'd Ground,
And to the vaulted Skies our Clangors ſound.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Clytus *in his* Macedonian *Habit*; Hepheſtion, Eumenes, Meleager, *&c. in* Perſian *Robes.*

Clyt. AWAY, I will not wear theſe *Perſian* Robes;
Nor ought the King be angry for the Reverence
I owe my Country: ſacred are her Cuſtoms,
Which honeſt *Clytus* ſhall preſerve to Death.
O let me rot in *Macedonian* Rags,
Rather than ſhine in Faſhions of the Eaſt.
Then for the Adorations he requires,
Roaſt my old Body in eternal flames,
Or let him cage me like *Caliſthenes*.
Eum. Dear *Clytus*, be perſuaded.
Heph. You know the King,
Is godlike, full of all the richeſt Virtues
That ever Royal Heart poſſeſs'd; yet you
Perverſe, but to one humour will oppoſe him.
Clyt. Call you it Humour! 'tis a pregnant one,
By *Mars* there's Venom in it, burning Pride;
And tho my Life ſhou'd follow, rather than
Bear ſuch a hot Ambition in my Bowels,
I'd rip 'em up to give the Poiſon vent.
Mele. Was not that *Jupiter* whom we adore
A Man, but for his more than human Acts,

Advanc'd

Advanc'd to Heav'n, and worſhip'd for its Lord!
Heph. By all his Thunder and his Sovereign Power,
I'll not believe the Earth yet ever felt
An Arm like *Alexander's*; not that God,
You nam'd, tho riding in a Car of Fire,
And drawn by flying Horſes, wing'd with Lightning,
Cou'd in a ſhorter ſpace do greater Deeds,
Drive all the Nations, and lay waſte the World.
Clyt. There's not a Man of War among you all
That loves the King like me; yet I'll not flatter,
Nor ſooth his Vanity, 'tis blameable;
And when the Wine works, *Clytus'* Thoughts will out.
Heph. Then go not to the Banquet.
Clyt. I was call'd,
My Minion, was I not, as well as you?
I'll go, my Friends, in this old Habit thus,
And laugh, and drink the King's Health heartily;
And while you bluſhing bow your Heads to Earth,
And hide 'em in the Duſt, I'll ſtand upright,
Strait as a Spear, the Pillar of my Country,
And be by ſo much nearer to the Gods——
But ſee, the King and all the Court appear.

Enter Alexander, Syſigambis, Statira, Pariſatis, *&c.*

Par. Spare him, O ſpare *Lyſimachus* his Life;
I know you will, Kings ſhou'd delight in Mercy.
Alex. Shield me *Statira*, ſhield me from her Sorrow.
Par. O ſave him, ſave him, e'er it be too late;
Speak the kind word, before the gaping Lion
Swallow him up; let not your Soldier periſh
But for one Raſhneſs which Deſpair did cauſe:
I'll follow thus for ever on my Knees,
And make your way ſo ſlippery with Tears,
You ſhall not paſs——Siſter, do you conjure him.
Alex. O Mother, take her, take her from me; [*Kneels.*
Her watry Eyes aſſault my very Soul,
They ſhake my beſt reſolve——
Stat. Did I not break
Thro all for you? nay, now my Lord you muſt.

Syſ.

Syf. Nor wou'd I make my Son ſo bold a Prayer,
Had I not firſt conſulted for his Honour.
Alex. Honour! what Honour! has not *Statira* ſaid it?
Were I the King of the blue Firmament,
And the bold *Titans* ſhou'd again make War,
Tho my reſiſtleſs Arrows were made ready,
By all the Gods ſhe ſhou'd arreſt my Hand.
Fly then, ev'n thou his Rival ſo belov'd,
Fly with old *Clytus*, ſnatch him from the Jaws
Of the devouring Beaſt, bring him adorn'd
To the King's Banquet, fit for loads of Honour.
[*Exeunt* Heph. Eum. Par.
Stat. O my lov'd Lord! let me embrace your Knees,
I am not worthy of this mighty Paſſion:
You are too good for Goddeſſes themſelves:
No Woman, nor the Sex, is worth a Grain
Of this illuſtrious Life of my dear Maſter.
Why are you ſo divine to cauſe ſuch Fondneſs,
That my Heart leaps, and beats, and fain wou'd out,
To make a dance of Joy about your Feet?
Alex. Excellent Woman! no, 'tis impoſſible
To ſay how much I love thee——Ha! again!
Such Extaſies Life cannot carry long;
The Day comes on ſo faſt, and beamy Joy
Darts with ſuch fierceneſs on me, Night will follow.
A pale crown'd Head flew lately glaring by me,
With two dead Hands, which threw a Chryſtal Globe
From high, that ſhatter'd in a thouſand pieces.
But I will loſe this boding Dream in Wine;
Then warm and bluſhing for my Queen's Embraces,
Bear me with all my Heat to thy lov'd Boſom.
Stat. Go, my beſt Love, and chear your drooping Spirits;
Laugh with your Friends, and talk your grief away,
While in the Bowr of great *Semiramis*,
I dreſs your Bed with all the ſweets of Nature,
And crown it as the Altar of my Love;
Where I will lay me down and ſoftly mourn,
But never cloſe my Eyes till you return. [*Ex.* Stat. Syſ.
Alex. Is ſhe not more than Mortal e'er can wiſh!
Diana's Soul caſt in the Fleſh of *Venus!*

Ex-

By *Jove* 'tis ominous, our parting is;
Her Face lookt pale too, as ſhe turn'd away:
And when I wrung her by the roſy Fingers,
Methought the ſtrings of my great Heart did crack.
What ſhould it mean?——Forward, *Leomedon.*

Roxana *meets him, with* Caſſ. Polyp. Phil. *and* Theſſ.

Why, Madam, gaze you thus?
Rox. For a laſt look, [*She holds his Hand.*
And that the memory of *Roxana's* Wrongs
May be for ever printed in your Mind.
Alex. O Madam, you muſt let me paſs.
Rox. I will.
But I have ſworn that you ſhall hear me ſpeak,
And mark me well, for Fate is in my Breath:
Love on the Miſtreſs you adore to Death;
Still hope, but I Fruition will deſtroy;
Languiſh for Pleaſures, you ſhall ne'er enjoy.
Still may *Statira's* Image draw your ſight,
Like thoſe deluding Fires that walk at Night;
Lead you thro fragrant Grots and flowry Groves,
And charm you thro deep Graſs with ſleeping Loves;
That when your Fancy to its height does riſe,
That light you lov'd may vaniſh from your Eyes, (prize.
Darkneſs, Deſpair, and Death, your wandring Soul ſur-
Al. Away; lead, *Meleager*, to the Banquet.
[*Ex. cum ſuis.*
Rox. So unconcern'd! O could'ſt you'd tear my Fleſh,
Or him, or you, nay all the World to pieces.
Caſſ. Still keep this Spirit up, preſerve it ſtill,
Loſe not a grain, for ſuch Majeſtick Atoms
Firſt made the World, and muſt preſerve its Greatneſs.
Rox. I know I am whatever thou can'ſt ſay;
My Soul is pent, and has not Elbow room;
'Tis fenc'd with this laſt ſlight, beyond all bounds:
O that it had a Space might anſwer to
Its infinite Deſire, where I might ſtand
And hurl the Spheres about like ſportive Balls.

Caſſ.

Caſſ. We are your Slaves, Admirers of your Fury;
Command *Caſſander* to obey your Pleaſure,
And I will on, ſwift as your nimble Eye
Scales Heav'n; when I am angry with the Fates,
No Age, nor Sex, nor dignity of Blood,
No ties of Law nor Nature, not the Life
Imperial, tho guarded with the Gods,
Shall bar *Caſſander*'s Vengeance, he ſhall die.

Rox. Ha! ſhall he die? ſhall I conſent to kill him?
To ſee him claſp'd in the cold Arms of Death,
Whom I with ſuch an Eagerneſs have lov'd?
Do I not bear his Image in my Womb?
Which while I meditate, and roll Revenge,
Starts in my Body like a fatal Pulſe,
And ſtrikes Compaſſion thro my bleeding Bowels.

Pol. Theſe Scruples which your Love wou'd raiſe might
Were not the Empire of the World conſider'd: (paſs,
How will the glorious Infant in your Womb,
When time ſhall teach his Tongue, be bound to curſe you,
If now you ſtrike not for a Coronation!

Caſſ. If *Alexander* lives, you cannot reign,
Nor ſhall your Child; old *Syſizambis*' Head
Will not be idle——ſure Deſtruction waits
Both you and yours; let not your Anger cool,
But give the word; ſay, *Alexander* bleeds,
Draw dry the Veins of all the *Perſian* Race,
And hurl a Ruin o'er the Eaſt, 'tis done.

Pol. Behold the Inſtruments of this great Work.

Phil. Behold your forward Slave.

Theſſ. I'll execute.

Rox. And when this Ruin is accompliſh'd, where
Shall curſt *Roxana* fly with this dear Load?
Where ſhall ſhe find a Refuge from the Arms
Of all the Succeſſors of this great Man?
No barb'rous Nation will receive a Guilt
So much tranſcending theirs, but drive me out:
The wildeſt Beaſts will hunt me from their Dens,
And Birds of Prey moleſt me in the Grave.

Caſ. No, you ſhall live, pardon the Inſolence
Which this almighty Love enforces from me;

You ſhall live ſafer, nobler than before,
In your *Caſſander's* Arms.
Rox. Diſgrac'd *Roxana*, whither wilt thou fall?
I ne'er was truly wretched till this Moment:
There's not one Mark of former Majeſty
To awe my Slave that offers at my Honour.
Caſſ. Madam, I hope you'll not impute my Paſſion
To want of that Reſpect which I muſt bear you;
Long have I lov'd——
Rox. Peace, moſt audacious Villain,
Or I will ſtab this Paſſion in thy Throat.
What, ſhall I leave the Boſom of a Deity
To claſp a Clod, a moving Piece of Earth,
Which a Mole heaves? So far art thou beneath me.
Caſſ. Your Majeſty ſhall hear no more my Folly.
Rox. Nor dare to meet my Eyes; for if thou doſt
With a Love-glance, thy Plots are all unravel'd,
And your kind Thoughts of *Alexander* told,
Whoſe Life, in ſpite of all his Wrongs to me,
Shall be for ever ſacred and untouch'd.
Caſſ. I know, dread Madam, that *Caſſander's* Life
Is in your Hands, ſo caſt to do you ſervice.
Rox. You thought, perhaps, becauſe I practis'd Charms
To gain the King, that I had looſe Deſires:
No, 'tis my Pride that gives me height of Pleaſure,
To ſee the Man by all the World admir'd,
Bow'd to my Boſom, and my Captive there;
Then my Veins ſwell, and my Arms graſp the Poles,
My Breaſts grow bigger with the vaſt Delight,
'Tis length of Rapture, and an age of Fury.
Caſſ. By your own Life, the greateſt Oath I ſwear,
Caſſander's Paſſion from this time is dumb.
Rox. No, if I were a Wanton, I would make
Princes the Victims of my raging Fires:
Like the changing Moon, would have the Stars
My Followers, and mantled Kings by Night
Should wait my Call; fine Slaves to quench my Flame,
Who left in Dreams they ſhould reveal the Deed,
Still as they came, ſucceſſively ſhould bleed.

Caſſ.

Caſſ. To make atonement for the higheſt Crime,
I beg your Majeſty will take the Life
Of Queen *Statira* as a Sacrifice.
Rox. Riſe, thou haſt made me ample Expiation:
Yes, yes, *Statira*, Rival, thou muſt die;
I know this Night is deſtin'd for my Ruin,
And *Alexander* from the glorious Revels
Flies to thy Arms.
Phil. The Bowers of *Semiramis* are made
The Scene this night of their new kindled Loves.
Rox. Methinks I ſee her yonder, (Oh the Torment!)
Buſy for Bliſs, and full of Expectation:
She adorns her Head, and her Eyes give new Luſtre;
Languiſhes in her Glaſs, tries all her Looks;
Steps to the Door, and liſtens for his coming;
Runs to the Bed, and kneels, and weeps and wiſhes,
Then lays the Pillow eaſy for his Head,
Warms it with Sighs, and moulds it with her Kiſſes.
Oh, I am loſt! torn with Imagination!
Kill me, *Caſſander*, kill me inſtantly,
That I may haunt her with a thouſand Devils.
Caſſ. Why d' ye ſtop to end her while you may?
No time ſo proper as the preſent; now
While *Alexander* feaſts with all his Court:
Give me your Eunuchs, half your *Zogdian* Slaves,
I'll do the Deed; nor ſhall a Waiter 'ſcape,
That ſerves your Rival, to relate the News.
Pol. She was committed to *Eumenes'* charge.
Rox. Eumenes dies, and all that are about her,
Nor ſhall I need your Aid, you'll love again;
I'll head the Slaves my ſelf, with this drawn Dagger,
To carry Death that's worthy of a Queen.
A common Fate ne'er ruſhes from my Hand,
'Tis more than Life to die by my Command:
And when ſhe ſees
That to my Arm her Ruin ſhe muſt owe,
Her thankful Head will ſtraight be bended low,
Her Heart ſhall leap half way to meet the Blow.
[*Exit* Roxana.

Caſſ. Go thy ways, *Semele* —— ſhe ſcorns to ſin
Beneath a God—— We muſt be ſwift; the Ruin
We intend, who knows ſhe may diſcover?
Pol. It muſt be acted ſuddenly to night,
Now at the Banquet *Philip* holds his Cup.
Phil. And dares to execute —— propoſe his Fate.
Caſſ. Obſerve in this ſmall Phial certain Death;
It holds a Poiſon of ſuch deadly Force,
Shou'd *Æſculapius* drink it, in five Hours
(For then it works) the God himſelf were mortal.
I drew it from *Nonarris'* horrid Spring;
A Drop infus'd in Wine will ſeal his Death,
And ſend him howling to the loweſt Shades.
Phil. Wou'd it were done.
Caſſ. O we ſhall have him tear
(E'er yet the Moon has half her Journey rode)
The World to Atoms: for it ſcatters Pains
All ſorts, and thro all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
Even with Extremity of Froſt it burns;
Drives the diſtracted Soul about her Houſe,
Which runs to all the Pores, the Doors of Life,
Till ſhe is forc'd for Air to leave her Dwelling.
Pol. By *Pluto*'s ſelf, the Work is wondrous brave.
Caſſ. Now ſeparate: *Philip* and *Theſſalus*
Haſte to the Banquet; at his ſecond Call
Give him that fatal Draught that crowns the Night,
While *Polyperchon* and my ſelf retire.
[*Exeunt omnes præter* Caſſander.
Yes, *Alexander*, now thou pay'ſt me well;
Blood for a Blow is Intereſt indeed.
Methinks I am grown taller with the Murder,
And ſtanding ſtraight on this majeſtick Pile,
I hit the Clouds, and ſee the World below me:
Oh, 'tis the worſt of Racks to a brave Spirit,
To be born baſe, a Vaſſal, a curs'd Slave;
Now by the Project lab'ring in my Brain,
A Noble far to be a King in Hell,
To head infernal Legions, Chiefs below,
To let 'em looſe for Earth, to call 'em in,
And take account of what dark Deeds are done,

Than

Than be a Subject-God in Heav'n unbleſt,
And without Miſchief have eternal Reſt. [*Exit.*

The SCENE *draws*, Alexander *is ſeen ſtanding on a Throne, with all his Commanders about him, holding Goblets in their Hands.*

Alex. To our immortal Health, and our fair Queen's;
All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
Mars and *Bellona* join to make us Muſick.
A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the Sun,
White as his Beams——Speak the big Voice of War,
Bear all our Drums, and blow our Silver Trumpets,
Till we provoke the Gods to act our Pleaſure
In Bowls of *Nectar* and replying Thunder.
[*Sound while they drink.*

Enter Hepheſtion, Clytus, *leading* Lyſimachus *in his Shirt bloody*; Perdiccas, *Guard.* (Arms

Cly. Long live the King, and Conqueſt crown his
With Laurels ever green: Fortune's his Slave,
And kiſſes all that fight upon his ſide.
Alex. Did not I give command you ſhould preſerve *Lyſimachus?*
Heph. You did.
Alex. What then portend thoſe bloody Marks?
Heph. Your Mercy flew too late: *Perdiccas* had
According to the dreadful Charge you gave,
Already plac'd the Prince in a lone Court,
Unarm'd, all but his Hands, on which he wore
A Pair of Gauntlets; ſuch was his Deſire,
To ſhew in Death the Difference betwixt
The Blood of the *Æacides*, and common Men.
Cly. At laſt the Door of an old Lion's Den
Being drawn up, the horrid Beaſt appear'd:
The Flames which from his Eyes ſhot glooming red,
Made the Sun ſtart, as the Spectators thought,
And round 'em caſt a Day of Blood and Death.

H

Hephe. When we arriv'd, juſt as the valiant Prince
Cried out, O *Pariſatis*, take my Life;
'Tis for thy ſake I go undaunted thus,
To be devour'd by this moſt dreadful Creature.
Cly. Then walking forward, the large Beaſt deſcry'd
His Prey, and with a Roar that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him; but the active Prince,
Starting aſide, avoided his firſt Shock,
With a ſlight Hurt, and as the Lion turn'd,
Thruſt Gauntlet, Arm and all, into his Throat,
And with *Herculean* Force tore forth by th' Roots
The foaming bloody Tongue; and while the Savage,
Faint with that Loſs, ſunk to the bluſhing Earth
To plough it with his Teeth, your conqu'ring Soldier
Leap'd on his Back, and daſh'd his Skull to pieces.
Alex. By all the Laurels, 'twas a godlike Act,
And 'tis my Glory, as it ſhall be thine,
That *Alexander* could not pardon thee.
O my brave Soldier, think not all the Prayers
Of the lamenting Queens cou'd move my Soul
Like what thou haſt perform'd: Grow to my Breaſt.
[*Embraces him.*
Lyſ. However Love did hurry my wild Arm,
When I was cool, my fev'riſh Blood did bate,
And as I went to Death, I bleſt the King.
Alex. Lyſimachus, we both have been tranſported,
But from this Hour be certain of my Heart;
A Lion be the Empreſs of thy Shield,
And that golden Armour which from *Porcus* won
The King preſents thee: but retire to Bed,
Thy Toils ask Reſt.
Lyſ. I have no Wounds to hinder
Of any moment; or if I had, tho mortal,
I'd ſtand to *Alexander*'s Health, till all
My Veins were dry, and fill 'em up again
With that rich Blood which makes the Gods immortal.
Alex. Hephæſtion, thy Hand embrace him cloſe;
Tho next my Heart you hang the Jewel there,
For ſcarce I know whether my Queen be nearer,
Thou ſhalt not rob me of my Glory, Youth,

That

That muſt to Ages flouriſh——*Pariſatis*
Shall now be his that ſerves me beſt in War:
Neither reply, but mark the Charge I give,
And live as Friends—Sound, ſound my Armies Honour;
Health to their Bodies, and eternal Fame
Wait on their Memory, when thoſe are Aſhes;
Live all you muſt, 'tis a God gives you Life. [*Sound.*

Lyſimachus *offers* Clytus *a* Perſian *Robe, and he refuſes.*

Cly. O Vanity!
Alex. Ha! what ſays *Clytus?*
Who am I?
Cly. The Son of good King *Philip.*
Alex. No, 'tis falſe;
By all my Kindred in the Skies,
Jove made my Mother pregnant.
Cly. I ha' done.

Here follows an Entertainment of Indian *Singers and Dancers: The Muſick flouriſhes.*

Alex. Hold, hold; *Clytus,* take the Robe.
Cly. Sir, the Wine,
The Weather's hot; beſides you know my Humour.
Alex. O 'tis not well: I'd burn rather than be
So ſingular and froward.
Cly. So would I
Burn, hang, or drown, but in a better Cauſe;
I'll drink or fight for ſacred Majeſty
With any here——Fill me another Bowl,
Will you excuſe me?
Alex. You will be excus'd;
But let him have his Humour, he is old.
Cly. So was your Father, Sir——This to his memory.
Sound all the Trumpets there.
Alex. They ſhall not ſound
Till the King drinks——By *Mars,* I cannot take
A Moment's Reſt for all my Years of Blood,
But one or other will oppoſe my Pleaſure.

Sit

Sure I was form'd for War;
All, all are *Alexander's* Enemies;
Which I could tame——Yes, the rebellious World
Shou'd feel my Wrath——But let the Sports go on.

The Indians *dance.*

Lyſ. Nay, *Clytus*, you that cou'd adviſe——
Alex. Forbear;
Let him perſiſt, be poſitive, and proud,
Sullen and dazzled, amongſt the nobler Souls,
Like an infernal Spirit that had ſtole
From Hell, and mingled with the laughing Gods.
Cly. When Gods grow hot, where's the Difference
'Twixt them and Devils?—Fill me *Greek* Wine, yet fuller,
For I want Spirits.
Alex. Ha! let me hear a Song.
Cly. Muſick for Boys—*Clytus* would hear the Groans
Of dying Perſons, and the Horſes Neighings;
Or if I muſt be tortur'd with ſhrill Voices,
Give me the Cries of Matrons in ſack'd Towns.
Heph. Lyſimachus, the King looks ſad, let us awake
Health to the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*; (him:
Ev'ry Man take his Goblet in his Hand,
Kneel all, and kiſs the Earth with Adoration.
Alex. Sound, ſound, that all the Univerſe may hear,
That I could ſpeak like *Jove*, to tell abroad
The Kindneſs of my People——Riſe, O riſe,
My Hands, my Arms, my Heart is ever yours.
[*Comes from his Throne, all kiſs his Hand.*
Cly. I did not kiſs the Earth, nor muſt your Hand,
I am unworthy, Sir.
Alex. I know thou art,
Thou envieſt my great Honour——Sit, my Friends,
Nay, I muſt have room——Now let us talk
Of War, for what more fits a Soldier's Mouth?
And ſpeak, ſpeak freely, or ye do not love me,
Who, think you, was the braveſt General
That ever led an Army to the Field?

Heph. I think the Sun himſelf ne'er ſaw a Chief
So truly great, ſo fortunately brave,
As *Alexander*; not the fam'd *Alcides*,
Nor fierce *Achilles*, who did twice deſtroy,
With their all-conqu'ring Arms, the famous *Troy*.
Lyſ. Such was not *Cyrus*.
Alex. O you flatter me.
Cly. They do indeed, and yet ye love 'em for it,
But hate old *Clytus* for his hardy Virtue.
Come, ſhall I ſpeak a Man more brave than you,
A better General, and more expert Soldier?
Alex. I ſhould be glad to learn; inſtruct me, Sir.
Cly. Your Father *Philip*——I have ſeen him march,
And fought beneath his dreadful Banner, where
The ſtouteſt at the Table wou'd ha' trembled:
Nay, frown not, Sir; you cannot look me dead.
When *Greeks* join'd *Greeks*, then was the Tug of War,
The labour'd Battel ſweat, and Conqueſt bled.
Why ſhould I fear to ſpeak a Truth more noble
Than e'er your Father *Jupiter Ammon* told you?
Philip fought Men, but *Alexander* Women.
Alex. Spite! by the Gods, proud Spite! and burning Envy!
Is then my Glory come to this at laſt,
To vanquiſh Women? Nay, he ſaid the ſtouteſt here
Wou'd tremble at the Dangers he has ſeen.
In all the Sickneſs and Wounds I bore,
When from my Reins the Javelin Head was cut,
Lyſimachus, *Hepheſtion*, ſpeak, *Perdiccas*,
Did I e'er tremble? O the curſed Lyar!
Did I once ſhake or groan, or bear my ſelf
Beneath my Majeſty, my dauntleſs Courage?
Heph. Wine has tranſported him.
Alex. No, 'tis plain mere Malice:
I was a Woman too at *Oxydrace*,
When planting at the Walls a Scaling-Ladder,
I mounted, ſpite of Showers of Stones, Bars, Arrows,
And all the Lumber which they thunder'd down,
When you beneath cried out, and ſpread your Arms,
That I ſhould leap among you, did I ſo?
Lyſ. Turn the Diſcourſe, my Lord, the old Man rav'd.

Alex.

Alex. Was I a Woman, when, like *Mercury*,
I left the Walls to fly amongſt my Foes,
And, like a baited Lion, dy'd my ſelf
All over with the Blood of thoſe bold Hunters?
Till I perſh with Toil, I battel'd on my knees,
Pluck'd forth the Darts that made my Shield a Foreſt,
And hurl'd 'em back with moſt unconquer'd Fury.

Cly. 'Twas all Bravado, for before you leap'd,
You ſaw that I had burſt the Gates aſunder.

Alex. Did I then turn me, like a Coward, round,
To ſeek for Succour? Age cannot be ſo baſe;
That thou wert young again, I would put off
My Majeſty, to be more terrible,
That, like an Eagle I might ſtrike this Hare
Trembling to Earth; ſhake thee to Duſt, and tear
Thy Heart for this bold Lye, thou feeble Dotard.

Cly. What, do you pelt me like a Boy with Apples?
[*He toſſes Fruit at him as they riſe.*
Kill me, and bury the Diſgrace I feel.
I know the reaſon that you uſe me ſo,
Becauſe I ſav'd your Life at *Granicus*;
And when your Back was turn'd, oppos'd my Breaſt
To bold *Rheſaces'* Sword; you hate me for't,
You do, proud Prince.

Alex. Away, your Breath's too hot.
[*Flings him from him.*

Cly. You hate the Benefactor, tho you took
The Gift, your Life, from this diſhonour'd *Clytus*;
Which is the blackeſt, we'll Ingratitude.

Alex. Go, leave the Banquet? Thus far I forgive thee.

Cly. Forgive your ſelf for all your Blaſphemies,
The Riots of a moſt debauch'd and blotted Life;
Philota's Murder——

Alex. Ha! what ſaid the Traitor?

Lyſ. Eumenes, let us force him hence.

Cly. Away.

Heph. You ſhall not tarry: Drag him to the Door.

Cly. No, let him ſend me, if I muſt be gone
To *Philip*, *Attalus*, *Caliſthenes*,
To great *Parmenio*, to his ſlaughter'd Sons;

Parmenio, who did many brave Exploits
Without the King——the King without him nothing.
Alex. Give me a Javelin. [*Takes one from the Guard.*
Heph. Hold, Sir.
Alex. Off, Sirrah, leſt
At once I ſtrike it thro his Heart and thine.
Lyſ. O ſacred Sir, have but a Moment's Patience.
Alex. Preach Patience to another Lion——What,
Hold my Arms? I ſhall be murder'd here,
Like poor *Darius*, by my own barb'rous Subjects.
Perdiccas, ſound my Trumpets to the Camp,
Call my Soldiers to the Court; nay haſte,
For there is Treaſon plotting 'gainſt my Life,
And I ſhall periſh e'er they come to reſcue.
Lyſ. & Heph. Let us all die, e'er think ſo damn'd a Deed. [*Kneel.*
Alex. Where is the Traitor?
Cly. Sure there's none about you;
But here ſtands honeſt *Clytus*, whom the King
Invited to his Banquet.
Alex. Be gon and ſup with *Philip*, [*Strikes him thro.*
Parmenio, *Attalus*, *Caliſthenes*;
And let bold Subjects learn by thy ſad Fate,
To tempt the Patience of a Man much above 'em.
Cly. The Rage of Wine is drown'd in guſhing Blood:
O *Alexander*, I have been to blame;
Hate me not after Death, for I repent,
That ſo I urg'd your nobleſt, ſweeteſt Nature.
Alex. What's this I hear? ſay on, my dying Soldier.
Cly. I ſhou'd ha' kill'd myſelf, had I but liv'd
To be once ſober——Now I fall with Honour,
My own Hand wou'd ha' brought foul Death.——O Pardon.
[*Dies.*
Alex. Then I am left; what has my Vengeance done?
Who is it thou haſt ſlain? *Clytus*; what was he?
The faithfulſt Subject, worthieſt Counſellor,
Who for ſaving thy Life, when
Thou foughtſt bare-headed at the River *Granike*,
Has now a noble Recompence for ſpeaking raſhly;
For a Forgetfulneſs which Wine did work,

The

The poor, the honeſt *Clytus* thou haſt ſlain.
Are theſe the Laws of Hoſpitality?
Thy Friends will ſhun thee now, and ſtand at diſtance,
Nor dare to ſpeak their Minds, nor eat with thee,
Nor drink, leſt by thy Madneſs they die too.
Heph. Guards, take the Body hence.
Alex. None dare to touch him,
For we muſt never part. Cruel *Hepheſtion*
And *Lyſimachus*, that had the Power,
And would not hold me.
Lyſ. Dear Sir, we did.
Alex. I know it;
Ye held me like a Beaſt, to let me go
With greater Violence——Oh you have undone me!
Excuſe it not, you that could ſtop a Lion,
Cou'd not turn me: You ſhould have drawn your Swords,
And barr'd my Rage with their advancing Points;
Made Reaſon glitter in my dazled Eyes,
Till I had ſeen what Ruin did attend me:
That had been noble, that had ſhew'd a Friend;
Clytus would ſo have done to ſave your Lives.
Lyſ. When Men ſhall hear how highly you were urg'd.
Alex. No, you have let me ſtain my riſing Virtue,
Which elſe had ended brighter than the Sun.
Death, Hell and Furies! you have ſunk my Glory:
Oh, I am all a Blot, which Seas of Tears,
And my Heart's Blood, can never waſh away;
Yet 'tis but juſt I try, and on the Point,
Still reeking, hurl my black polluted Breaſt.
Heph. O ſacred Sir, that muſt not be.
Eum. Forgive my pious Hands.
Lyſ. And mine, that dare diſarm my Maſter.
Alex. Yes, cruel Men, ye now can ſhew your Strength,
Here's not a Slave but dares oppoſe my Juſtice;
Yet I will render all Endeavours vain
That tend to ſave my Life——Here I will lie [*Falls.*
Cloſe to his bleeding Side, thus kiſſing him;
Theſe pale dead Lips that have ſo oft adviſ'd me:
Thus bathing o'er his reverend Face in Tears;
Thus claſping his cold Body in my Arms,

Till Death, like him, has made me ſtiff and horrid.

Heph. What ſhall we do?

Lyſ. I know not, my Wounds bleed afreſh
With ſtriving with him: *Perdiccas*, lend's your Arm.
[*Ex.* Perdiccas, Lyſimachus.

Heph. Call *Ariſtander* hither,
Or *Meleager*, let's force him from the Body.

Cries without, Arm, Arm, Treaſon, Treaſon!
Enter Perdiccas *bloody.*

Per. Haſte, all take Arms; *Hepheſtion*, where's the (King?

Heph. There by old *Clytus'* Side, whom he has ſlain.

Per. Then Miſery on Miſery will fall,
Like rolling Billows, to advance the Storm.
Riſe, ſacred Sir, and haſte to aid the Queen;
Roxana fill'd with furious Jealouſy,
Came with a Guard of *Zogdian* Slaves unmask'd,
And broke upon me with ſuch ſudden Rage,
That all are periſh'd who reſiſtance made:
I only with theſe Wounds thro claſhing Spears
Have forc'd my way, to give you timely notice.

Alex. What ſays *Perdiccas?* Is the Queen in danger?

Per. She dies, unleſs you turn her Fate, and quickly:
Your Diſtance from the Palace asks more Speed,
And the Aſcent to th' flying Grove is high.

Alex. Thus from the Grave I riſe to ſave my Love,
All draw your Swords, with Wings of Lightning move;
When I ruſh on, ſure none will dare to ſtay,
'Tis Beauty calls, and Glory ſhews the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Statira *is discover'd sleeping in the Bower of* Semiramis; *the Spirits of Queen* Statira *her Mother, and* Darius, *appear standing on each side of her, with Daggers, threatning her.*

They sing.

Dar.
S Innocence so void of Cares,
That it can undisturbed sleep,
Amidst the Noise of horrid Wars,
That make immortal Spirits weep?

Stat. *No boding Crows, nor Ravens come,*
To warn her of approaching Doom.

Dar. *She walks, as she dreams, in a Garden of Flowers,*
And her Hands are employ'd in the beautiful Bowers;
She dreams of the Man that is far from the Grove,
And all her soft Fancy still runs on her Love.

Stat. *She nods o'er the Brooks that run purling along,*
And the Nightingals lull her more fast with a Song.

Dar. *But see the sad End which the Gods have decreed.*

Stat. *This Poniard's thy Fate.*

Dar. *My Daughter must bleed.* (*die;*

Chorus. *Awake then* Statira, *awake, for alas you must*
E'er an Hour be past, you must breathe out your last.

Dar. *And be such another as I.*

Stat. *A—I.*

Chorus. *And be such another as I.*

Statira *sola.*

Stat. Bless me ye Pow'rs above, and guard my Virtue,
I saw, nor was't a Dream, I saw and heard
My royal Parents, there I saw 'em stand;
My Eyes beheld their precious Images;

I heard their heav'nly Voices: Where, O where
Fled you ſo faſt, dear Shades, from my Embraces?
You told me this——this Hour ſhould be my laſt,
And I muſt bleed——Away, 'tis all Deluſion.
Do I not wait for *Alexander's* coming?
None but my loving Lord can enter here:
And will he kill me?——hence fantaſtick Shadows!
And yet methinks he ſhould not ſtay thus long.
Why do I tremble thus? If I but ſtir,
The Motion of my Robes makes my Heart leap.
When will the dear Man come, that all my Doubts
May vaniſh in his Breaſt? That I may hold him
Faſt as my Fears can make me, hug him cloſe
As my fond Soul can wiſh; give all my Breath
In Sighs and Kiſſes; ſwoon, die away with Rapture.
But hark I hear him—— [*Noiſe within.*
Fain I would hide my Bluſhes,
I hear his Tread, but dare not go to meet him.

Enter Roxana, *with Slaves, and a Dagger.*

Rox. At length we've conquer'd this ſtupendous Height,
Theſe flying Groves, whoſe wonderful Aſcent
Leads to the Clouds.
Stat. Then all the Viſion's true, [*Retires.*
And I muſt die, loſe my dear Lord for ever:
That, that's the Murderer.
Rox. Shut the brazen Gate,
And make it faſt with all the maſſy Bars.
I know the King will fly to her Relief,
But we have time enough——Where is my Rival?
Appear *Statira*, now no more a Queen;
Roxana calls, where is your [illegible]
Stat. And what is ſhe who with ſuch towring Pride,
Would awe a Princeſs that is born above her?
Rox. I like the Port Imperial Beauty bears,
It ſhews thou haſt a Spirit fit to fall
A Sacrifice to fierce *Roxana's* Wrongs.
Be ſudden then, put forth theſe royal Breaſts,
Where our falſe Maſter has ſo often languiſh'd,

That

That I may change their milky Innocence
To Blood, and dye me in a deep Revenge.
Stat. No, barb'rous Woman, tho I durſt meet Death
As boldly as our Lord, with a Reſolve
At which thy coward Heart would tremble;
Yet I diſdain to ſtand the Fate you offer,
And therefore, fearleſs of thy dreadful Threats,
Walk thus regardleſs by thee.
Rox. Ha! ſo ſtately!
This ſure will ſink you.
Stat. No, *Roxana*, no:
The Blow you give will ſtrike me to the Stars,
But ſink my Murdreſs in eternal Ruin.
Rox. Who told you this?
Stat. A thouſand Spirits tell me:
There's not a God but whiſpers in my Ear,
This Death will crown me with immortal Glory;
To die ſo fair, ſo innocent, ſo young,
Will make me Company for Queens above.
Rox. Preach on.
Stat. While you, the Burden of the Earth,
Fall to the Deep, ſo heavy with thy Guilt,
That Hell it ſelf muſt groan at thy Reception;
While fouleſt Fiends ſhun thy Society,
And thou ſhalt walk alone, forſaken Fury.
Rox. Heaven witneſs for me, I would ſpare thy Life,
If any thing but *Alexander*'s Love
Were in debate; come give me back his Heart,
And thou ſhalt live Empreſs of all the World.
Stat. The World is leſs than *Alexander*'s Love,
Yet cou'd I give it, 'tis not in my power;
This I dare promiſe if you ſpare my Life,
Which I diſdain to beg, but ſhall ſpeak kindly.
Rox. Speak! is that all?
Stat. Perhaps at my requeſt,
And for a Gift ſo noble as my Life,
Beſtow a Kiſs.
Rox. A Kiſs! no more?
Stat. O Gods!
What ſhall I ſay to work her to my End?

Fain I would ſee him——Yes, a little more
Embrace you, and for ever be your Friend.

Rox. O the provoking word! Your Friend! thou dy'ſt
Your Friend! What, muſt I bring you then together?
Adore your Bed, and ſee you ſoftly laid?
By all my Pangs, and labours of my Love,
This has thrown off all that was ſweet and gentle.
Therefore——

Stat. Yet hold thy Hand advanc'd in air;
I ſee my death is written in thy Eyes,
Therefore wreak all the Luſt of Vengeance on me;
Waſh in my Blood, and ſteep thee in my gore;
Feed like a Vultur, tear my bleeding heart.
But O *Roxana!* that there may appear
A Glimpſe of Juſtice for thy Cruelty,
A grain of Goodneſs for a maſs of Evil,
Give me my death in *Alexander*'s preſence.

Rox. Not for the Rule of Heaven—Are you ſo cunning?
What, you wou'd have him mourn you as you fall;
Take your Farewel, and taſte ſuch healing Kiſſes,
As might call back your Soul. No, thou ſhalt fall
Now, and when Death has ſeiz'd thy beauteous Limbs,
I'll have thy Body thrown into a Well,
Buried beneath a heap of Stones for ever.

Enter a Slave.

(Guards

Slav. Madam, the King with all his Captains and his
Are forcing ope the Doors, he threatens thouſand Deaths
To all that ſtop his Entrance, and I believe
Your Eunuchs will obey him.

Rox. Then I muſt haſte. [*Stabs her.*

Stat. What, is the King [illegible]
And ſhall I die ſo tamely, thus defenceleſs?
O ye Gods, will you [illegible] help my weakneſs?

Rox. They are aſſiſt off. [*Stabbing her.*

Stat. Alas! they are indeed.

Enter

Enter Alexander, Caſſander, Polyperchon, *Guards and Attendants.*

Alex. Oh Harpy! thou ſhalt reign the Queen of Devils.
Rox. Do, ſtrike, behold my Boſom ſwells to meet thee;
'Tis full of thine, of Veins that run Ambition,
And I can brave whatever Fate you bring.
Alex. Call our Phyſicians, haſte, I'll give an Empire
To ſave her——Oh my Soul, alas *Statira!*
Theſe Wounds,—Oh Gods, are theſe my promis'd Joys!

Enter Phyſicians.

Stat. My cruel Love, my weeping *Alexander,*
Wou'd I had dy'd before you enter'd here;
For now I ask my Heart an hundred Queſtions,
What muſt I loſe my Life, my Lord for ever?
Alex. Ha! Villains, are they mortal?——what retire!
Raiſe your daſh'd Spirits from the Earth, and ſay,
Say ſhe ſhall live, and I will make you Kings.
Give me this one, this poor, this only Life,
And I will pardon you for all the Wounds
Which your Arts widen, all Diſeaſes, Deaths,
Which your damn'd Drugs throw thro the lingring World.
Rox. Rend not your Temper, ſee a general Silence
Confirms the bloody Pleaſure which I ſought;
She dies.——
Alex. And dar'ſt thou, Monſter, think t' eſcape?
Stat. Life 's on the Wing, my Love, my Lord,
Come to my Arms, and take the laſt adieu.
Here let me lie and languiſh out my Soul.
Alex. Anſwer me, Fate, wilt thou take her from me?
What, is the black, ſad Hour at laſt arriv'd,
That I muſt never claſp her Body more?
Never more baſk in her Eye-ſhine again?
Nor view the Loves that play'd in thoſe dear Beams,
And ſhot me with a thouſand-thouſand ſmiles?
Stat. Farewel, my Dear, my Life, my moſt lov'd Lord,
I ſwear by *Oroſmades*, 'tis more Pleaſure,

More

More Satisfaction that I thus die yours,
Than to have liv'd another's—Grant me one thing.
Alex. All, all,—— but ſpeak, that I may execute
Before I follow thee.
Stat. Leave not the Earth
Before Heaven calls you: Spare *Roxana's* Life,
'Twas love of you that caus'd her give me Death.
And, O ſometimes amidſt your Revels think
Of your poor Queen, and e'er the chearful Bowl
Salute your Lips, crown it with one rich Tear,
And I am happy.
Alex. Cloſe not thy Eyes;
Things of Import I have to ſpeak before
Thou tak'ſt thy Journey: —Tell the Gods I'm coming
To give 'em an Account of Life and Death;
And many other hundred thouſand Policies,
That much concern the Government of Heaven.——
O ſhe is gone! the talking Soul is mute!
She's huſh'd, no Voice, or Muſick now is heard!
The Bower of Beauty is more ſtill than Death;
The Roſes fade, and the melodious Bird
That wak'd their ſweets, has left 'em now for ever.
Rox. 'Tis certain now you never ſhall enjoy her;
Therefore *Roxana* may have leave to hope
You will at laſt be kind for all my Sufferings,
My Torments, Racks, for this laſt dreadful Murder,
Which furious Love of thee did bring upon me.
Alex. O thou vile Creature! bear thee from my ſight,
And thank *Statira* that thou art alive:
Elſe thou hadſt periſh'd; yes, I wou'd ha' rent
With my juſt Hands that Rock, that marble Heart;
I wou'd have div'd thro Seas of Blood to find it,
To tear the cruel Quarry from its Center.
Rox. O take me to your Arms, and hide my Bluſhes,
I love you, ſpite of your Cruelties;
There is ſo much Divinity about you,
I tremble to approach: yet here's my hold,
Nor will I leave the ſacred Robe, for ſuch
Is every thing that touches that bleſt Body;

[illegible]ll [illegible]s it as the Relique of a God,
[illegible] Love ſhall graſp it with theſe dying Hands.
Alex. O that thou wert a Man, that I might drive
Thee round the World, and ſcatter thy Contagion,
As Gods hurl mortal Plagues when they are angry.
Rox. Do, drive me, hew me into ſmalleſt pieces,
My Duſt ſhall be inſpir'd with a new fondneſs;
Still the Love-motes ſhall play before your Eyes,
Where'er you go, however you deſpiſe.
Alex. Away, there's not a glance that flies from thee,
[illegible]ke a Baſiliſk, comes wing'd with Death.
Rox. O ſpeak not ſuch harſh words, my Royal Maſter,
Look not ſo dreadful on your kneeling Servant;
But take, dear Sir, O take me into Grace,
By the dear Babe, the burden of my Womb,
That weighs me down, when I wou'd follow faſter.
My Knees are weary and my Force is ſpent:
O do not frown, but clear that angry Brow!
Your Eyes will blaſt me, and your Words are Bolts
That ſtrike me dead; the little Wretch I bear,
Leaps frighted at your Wrath, and dies within me.
Alex. O thou haſt touch'd my Soul ſo tenderly,
That I will raiſe thee, tho thy Hands are Ruin.
Riſe cruel Woman, riſe and have a care,
O do not hurt that unborn Innocence,
For whoſe dear ſake I now forgive thee all.
But haſte, be gone, fly, fly from theſe ſad Eyes;
Fly with thy Pardon, leſt I call it back;
Tho I forgive thee, I muſt hate thee ever.
Rox. I go, I fly for ever from thy ſight,
My mortal Injuries have turn'd my mind,
And I cou'd curſe my ſelf for being kind.
If there be any Majeſty above
That has Revenge in ſtore for perjur'd Love,
Send Heaven the ſwifteſt ruin on his Head,
Strike the Deſtroyer, lay the Victor dead;
Kill the Triumpher and avenge my wrong,
In height of Pomp, while he is warm and young;
Bolted with Thunder let him ruſh along,

And

And when in the laſt pangs of Life he lies,
Grant I may ſtand to dart him with my Eyes:
Nay, after Death
Purſue his ſpotted Ghoſt, and ſhoot him as he flies. [*Exit.*
Alex. O my fair Star, I ſhall be ſhortly with thee;
For I already feel the ſad Effects
Of thoſe moſt fatal Imprecations.
What means this deadly Dew upon my Foreheads?
My Heart too heaves.
Caſſ. It will anon be ſtill—— [*Ai*
The Poiſon works.
Pol. I'll ſee the wiſh'd Effect [*Aſia*
E'er I remove, and gorge me with Revenge.

Enter Perdiccas *and* Lyſimachus.

Per. I beg your Majeſty will pardon me,
A fatal Meſſenger;
Great *Syſigambis*, hearing *Statira*'s Death,
Is now no more;
Her laſt words gave the Princeſs to the brave
Lyſimachus: but that which moſt will ſtrike you,
Your dear *Hepheſtion*, having drank too largely
At your laſt Feaſt, is of a Surfeit dead.
Alex. How dead! *Hepheſtion* dead! Alas the dear
Unhappy Youth!—— But he ſleeps happy,
I muſt wake for ever:—This Object, this,
This Face of fatal Beauty,
Will ſtretch my Lids with vaſt, eternal Tears——
Who had the Care of poor *Hepheſtion*'s Life?
Lyſ. Philarda, the *Arabian* Artiſt.
Alex. Fly, *Meleager*, hang him on a Croſs:
That for *Hepheſtion*.——
But here lies my Fate, *Hepheſtion*, *Clytus*,
All my Victories forever folded up:
In this dear Body my Banner's loſt,
My Standard's Triumph's gone!
O when ſhall I be mad? Give order to
The Army that they break their Shields, Swords, Spears,
Pound their bright Armour into Duſt; away;

Is there not cause to put the World in Mourning?
Tear all your Robes:——— he dies that is not naked
Down to the waste, all like the Sons of Sorrow.
Burn all the Spires that seem to kiss the Sky;
Beat down the Battlements of every City:
And for the Monument of this lov'd Creature,
Root up those Bowers, and pave 'em all with Gold:
Draw dry the *Ganges*, make the *Indies* poor;
To build her Tomb, no Shrines nor Altars spare,
But strip the shining Gods to make it rare. [*Exit.*
Cass. Ha! whither now? follow him, *Polyperchon.*
[*Exit* Pol.
I find *Cassander's* Plot grows full of Death;
Murder is playing her great Master-piece,
And the said Sisters sweat, so fast I urge 'em.
O how I hug my self for this Revenge!
My Fancy's great in Mischief; for methinks
The Night grows darker, and the lab'ring Ghosts,
For fear that I should find new Torments out,
Run o'er the old with most prodigious swiftness.
I see the fatal Fruit betwixt the Teeth,
The Sieve brim full, and the swift Stone stand still.

Enter Polyperchon.

What, does it work?
Pol. Speak softly.
Cass. Well.
Pol. It does;
I follow'd him, and saw him swiftly walk
Toward the Palace; oft times looking back,
With watry Eyes, and calling out, *Statira.*
He stumbl'd at the Gate and fell along;
Nor was he rais'd with ease by his Attendants,
But seem'd a greater load than ordinary,
As much more as the Dead outweigh the Living.
Cass. Said he nothing?
Pol. When they took him up,
He sigh'd, and entred with a strange wild look,

Embrac'd

Embrac'd the Princes round, and ſaid he muſt
Diſpatch the buſineſs of the World in haſte.

Enter Philip *and* Theſſalus.

Phil. Back, back, all ſcatter——With a dreadful ſhout
I heard him cry, I am but a dead Man.
Theſſ. The Poiſon tears him with that height of Horror,
That I could pity him.
Pol. Peace——where ſhall we meet?
Caſſ. On *Saturn*'s Field.
Methinks I ſee the frighted Deities,
Ramming more Bolts in their big-bellied Clouds,
And firing all the Heavens to drown his Noiſe.
Now we ſhould laugh——But go, diſperſe your ſelves,
While each Soul here, that fills his noble Veſſel,
Swells with the Murder, works with Ruin o'er;
And from the dreadful Deed this Glory draws,
We kill'd the greateſt Man that ever was.

The SCENE *draws, Enter* Alexander *and all his Attendants.*

Alex. Search there, nay probe me, ſearch my wounded Reins;
Pull, draw it out.
Lyſ. We have ſearch'd, but find no Hurt.
Alex. O I am ſhot, a forked burning Arrow
Sticks croſs my Shoulders: the ſad Venom flies
Like Lightning thro my Fleſh, my Blood, my Marrow.
Lyſ. This muſt be Treaſon.
Perd. Wou'd I cou'd but gueſs.
Alex. Ha! what a Change of Torments I endure?
A Bolt of Ice runs hiſſing thro my Bowels;
'Tis ſure the Arm of Death; give me a Chair;
Cover me, for I freeze, and my Teeth chatter,
And my Knees knock together.
Perd. Heaven bleſs the King!
Alex. Ha! who talks of Heaven?
I am all Hell; I burn, I burn again.
The War grows wondrous hot; hey for the *Tyger*,
Bear me, *Bucephalus*, amongſt the Billows.

[redacted] 'tis a noble Beaſt; I wou'd not change him
[redacted] the beſt Horſe the Sun has in his Stable:
[redacted] they are hot, their Mangers full of Coals,
Their Mains are Flakes of Lightning, Curls of Fire,
And their red Tails like Meteors whisk about.
Lyſ. Help all, *Eumenes*, help, I cannot hold him.
Alex. Ha, ha, ha; I ſhall die with Laughter.
Parmenio, *Clytus*, doſt thou ſee yon Fellow,
That ragged Souldier, that poor tatter'd *Greek*?
See how he puts to flight the gaudy *Perſians*,
With nothing but a ruſty Helmet on, thro which
The grizly Briſtles of his puſhing Beard
Drive 'em like Pikes.——Ha, ha, ha.
Perd. How wild he talks!
Lyſ. Yet warring in his Wildneſs. (they come;
Alex. Sound, Sound, keep your Ranks cloſe, ay now
O the brave Din, the noble Clank of Arms!
Charge, charge apace, and let the *Phalanx* move;
Darius comes,——ha! let me in, none dare
To croſs my fury;——*Philotas* is unhors'd;——Ay, 'tis
I ſee, I know him by the ſparkling Plumes, (*Darius*;
And his Gold Chariot drawn by ten white Horſes:
But like a Tempeſt thus I pour upon him——
He bleeds, with that laſt Blow I brought him down;
He tumbles, take him, ſnatch the Imperial Crown.——
They fly, they fly,—follow, follow—*Victoria*, *Victoria*,
Victoria——O let me ſleep.
Per. Let's raiſe him ſoftly, and bear him to his Bed.
Alex. Hold, the leaſt Motion gives me ſudden Death;
My vital Spirits are quite parch'd up,
And all my ſmoky Entrails turn'd to Aſhes.
Lyſ. When you the brighteſt Star that ever ſhone
Shall ſee, it muſt be Night with us for ever.
Alex. Let me embrace you all before I die;
Weep not, my dear Companions, the good Gods
Shall ſend you in my ſtead a nobler Prince,
One that ſhall lead you forth with matchleſs Conduct.
Lyſ. Break not our Hearts with ſuch unkind Expreſſions.
Perd. We will not part with you, nor change for *Mars*.

Alex.

Alex. *Perdiccas*, take this Ring,
And ſee me laid in the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon.*
Lyſ. To whom does your dread Majeſty bequeath
The Empire of the World?
Alex. To him that is moſt worthy.
Perd. When will you, ſacred Sir, that we ſhould give
To your great Memory thoſe divine Honours,
Which ſuch exalted Virtue does deſerve?
Alex. When you are all moſt happy, and in Peace.
Your Hands—— O Father, if I have diſcharg'd
The Duty of a Man to Empire born;
If by unwearied Toil I have deſerv'd
The vaſt Renown of thy adopted Son,
Accept this Soul, which thou didſt firſt inſpire,
And with this Sigh, thus gives thee back again. [*Dies.*
Lyſ. *Eumenes*, cover the fall'n Majeſty:
If there be Treaſon, let us find it out;
Lyſimachus ſtands forth to lead you on,
And ſwears by the moſt honour'd dear Remains,
He will not taſte thoſe Joys which Beauty brings,
Till we revenge the greateſt, beſt of Kings.

THE

THE MASSACRE OF *PARIS*, A TRAGEDY.

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. *Mountfort.*

THIS Day we ſhew you the moſt bloody Rage
That ever did Religious Fiends engage;
A Reconcilement, with a Wedding-Feaſt,
While Murder was the Treat for ev'ry Gueſt:
Which well may prove, to Ages yet to come,
The Faith of France, *the Charity of* Rome.
France, *by the moſt deteſted Perjury,*
Enſlav'd its Subjects, who by Laws were free.
No Sacrament can this great Hero bind,
Oaths are weak Shackles for his mighty Mind,
And worſe than Heathens does he perſecute:
His Prieſts want Senſe and Learning to diſpute;
But weak Divines by ſtrong Dragoons confute:
And who-e'er doubts of any Prieſtly Maggot,
The Heretick Dog muſt be convinc'd by Faggot.
With Rome's *Religion and* French *Government,*
What Slave ſo abject as to be content?
Now, idle Malecontent, what is't you'd have?
Would you be an Idolater or Slave?
What do you murmur for, becauſe you're free,
And this bleſs'd Iſle enjoys its Liberty?
Croſs but the Narrow Seas, and you will find
Slavery and Superſtition to your Mind.
Take with you all your Friends that grumble too,
The Land will happily be rid of You.
Then all as one with our Great Prince combin'd,
And his Allies by Sacred Union join'd,
Will ſuch falſe bloody Tyrants ſtill oppoſe,
Till none ſhall dare to own the Name of Foes.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By Mr. *Powel.*

HOW wiſe are they, that can with Patience bear,
And juſt Reflections moderately hear,
Unmov'd by Paſſion, as unſway'd by Fear?
To them we dedicate this Play to Night,
That having long been baniſh'd from the Light,
Huſh'd and Impriſon'd cloſe, as in the Tow'r,
Half preſs'd to Death by a diſpenſing Pow'r;
To take a lawful Trial for each Fact,
Is juſt come out by th' Habeas Corpus *Act.*
Rome's *Friends, no doubt, ſuppos'd there might be ſhown*
Juſt ſuch an Entertainment of their own;
The Plot, the Proteſtants; the Stage, the Town.
But no ſuch Fear our Hugonots *alarm'd;*
True Engliſh *Hearts are always better arm'd.*
For if the Valiant in a little Town,
Batter'd and ſtarving, their brave Cauſe durſt own;
If Peaſants ſcorning Death, can guard our Walls,
And the mild Prieſthood turn to Generals,
Britons *ſtand firm, and in ſhort time you'll ſee,*
Your own and neighbouring Realms, ſerene and free,
Clear'd from the choaking Fogs of Popery.
No Maſſacres, nor Revolutions fear;
Affairs are ſtrangely alter'd ſince laſt Year.
Infallibility himſelf does run,
The Garden's weeded, and the Moles are gone.
Not Gold to Lawyers, to th' ambitious Power,
Nor luſty Switzer *to a luſtful Whore,*

To

To Gamesters Luck, to Beauty length of Days,
Nor to a wrinkled wither'd Widow Praise,
Can give such Joy, as to behold once more
An English *Army on the* Gallick *Shore,*
But this will be, the Poets prophesy,
The Poets all were Prophets formerly.
T'inspire 'em then, give ours to Night his due;
His Tale is somewhat bloody, but 'tis true.
A Tragick Truth shown to an honest end,
And can the Good or Wise of neither Sect offend.
Fancy and Stile, far as the rest excel,
In our Deliv'rance-Year, let no Tongue tell,
Poets the only curst on whom no Manna fell.
Plead that they may by Cæsar's *Influence breathe,*
And mix a Laurel with his Oaken Wreath.
Then shall his Glory flourish to the height,
Then every Pen shall Panegyrick write.
This, this was he, who blest by sacred Pow'r,
To England *its Religion did restore,*
So firm, that Rome *cou'd never hurt it more.*

Dra-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King *Charles* IX.	Mr. *Mountfort*.
Duke of *Guiſe*.	Mr. *Williams*.
Cardinal of *Lorrain*.	Mr. *Kynaſton*.
Duke of *Anjou*.	Mr. *Pruet*.
Alberto Gondi.	Mr. *Harris*.
Lignoroles.	Mr. *Bowen*.
Admiral of *France*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Cavagnes.	Mr. *Freeman*.
Langoiran.	Mr. *Alexander*.

Queen Mother.	Mrs. *Betterton*.
Marguerite.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Queen of *Navarre*.	Mrs. *Knight*.
Antramont Wife to the Admiral.	Mrs. *Jorden*.
Gen'us.	Mr. *Bowman*.

SCENE, *PARIS*.

THE

THE MASSACRE of *PARIS.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke of Guiſe, *Cardinal of* Lorain, Marguerite.

Guiſ. JUST from your Arms, by this great Guardian rais'd,
Call'd to the Council of a wary King,
On whom depends the Fortune of *Lorain*,
O, *Marguerite*, yet to drag at this,
After ſuch full Poſſeſſion thus to languiſh;
If this be not to love thee, ſay what is.
Ceaſe then the rolling Torrent of thy Tears,
Which when I ſtrive to climb the Hill of Honour,
Waſhes my Hold away, and drives me down
Beneath Man's Scorn, into the Vale of Ruin.

Mar. Hear, hear him, O you Powers! becauſe I love
Above my Life, beyond all Joys on Earth, (him
He ſays I am his Ruin: To my Face,
With a Court Metaphor, he vows he loaths me;
For all Men hate their Ruin. Nay, 'tis true,
I find your Falſhood; 'tis the Trick of great ones,
Like Beaſts of Strength to prey upon the Weakeſt.

Guiſ. I ſwear——

Mar. O do not, dear, ambitious *Guiſe*;
For Perjury ſo neceſſary ſeems
To great Mens Oaths, thou muſt of courſe be damn'd:
Yet as I am, thus plung'd in this Diſhonour,
Like a fall'n Angel roll'd thro all my Hells,
I cannot hate thee, *Guiſe*; but ſighing far,
Far from the ſhining Clime where I was born,
I beg thoſe cruel Fates that hurl'd me down
To pity thee, and keep thee from my Ruin;
For I'm ſo curs'd, I do not wiſh my Foe,
Much leſs the Man I love above the World.

Guiſ. As I love thee; and O be Witneſſes
My Brain and Soul, there's not an Artery
That runs thro all the Body of thy *Guiſe*,
But beats where'er it paſs *Marguerite*:
Yet this is nothing. Haſte away, my Lord,
Go tell the King and Council I am ſick;
For I'll to Bed again, or on a Couch
Sit gazing in her beauteous Eyes all day,
And let the Buſineſs of a grave World paſs.

Mar. No more, my Lord; you ſhall, you ſhall to Council;
I ſee 'tis neceſſary: but I find (pires:
My Soul preſages Miſchief, if not Murder,
For if you ſhould prove falſe, Crowns, Kingdoms, Em-
Worlds ſhould not ſave poor *Marguerite* from the Grave.
Ah *Guiſe*, ah venerable *Lorain*, view me,
Behold me on the Earth, I ſwear I love
As never Woman lov'd; I'm all a Brand;
With, or without you, I am ne'er at reſt:
Farewel; this Fever of my furious Paſſion
Burns me to Madneſs, yet I ſay, farewel.

Guiſ.

Gui. Farewel: Yet why farewel, when e'er the Evening
I ſhall again ruſh to eternal Sweets,
This Boſom of the Spring. [Marguerite *going out.*
Mar. returning. What, no Endearments at ſo ſad a
Alas, perhaps I ne'er ſhall ſee you more. (Parting?
You bow'd, you kiſs'd, but did not preſs my Hand;
You ſhould, like me, have ſtagger'd when you left me,
And eat your *Marguerite* with your hungry Eyes:
But you are cold and pall'd, a lukewarm Lover,
Muſt to the Buſineſs of the curſed State,
Which will not let you think of dying *Marguerite*,
Who to her laſt Gaſp will remember you.
But ſee, I rave again, my Fits return;
Yet pity me, for oh, I burn, I burn. [*Exit.*

Lor. I think I never heard ſo fierce a Paſſion:
She's all Convulſion, and ſhe gazes on you,
As you would do on him that kill'd your Father.
What have you done, my Lord, to make her thus?

Guiſ. Cauſes are endleſs for a Woman's loving:
Perhaps ſhe has ſeen me break a Lance on horſeback;
Or, as my Cuſtom is, all over arm'd,
Plunge in the *Seine* or *Loire*; and where 'tis ſwifteſt
Plow to my Point againſt the headlong Stream.
'Tis certain, were my Soul of that ſoft Make
Which ſome believe, ſhe has Charms, my heav'nly Uncle,
Beyond the Art and Wit of *Cleopatra*:
Such was not ſhe ſtretch'd in her golden Barge,
As *Marguerite* was laſt Night in Bed,
Who, as ſhe mourn'd at my unkind delay,
Hung all the Chambers round with Black; her Bed,
Her Coverings, nay, her Sarſnet Sheets were black——

Lor. Fy, fy, my Lord.

Gui. And, for the Weather's Heat,
Were rail'd beneath the Beauties of her Breaſt,
With a white, more pure than new fall'n Snow,
Would ſure have tempted Hermits from their Orgies,
To nod and ſmile a little at the Wonder.

Lor. Come, come, my Lord, you anger me indeed,
Not for the Sin, that's as the Conſcience makes it;
I had rather you ſhould whore a thouſand Women,

Than love but one, tho in a lawful way:
Shew me thro all Memorials of great Men,
Except the Partner of the *Roman* Empire,
Drooping *Antonius*, and the fam'd *Decemvir*,
One that e'er bow'd before this little Idol.

Guiſ. Firſt know your Man, before your Application:
I love, 'tis true, but muſt for my Ambition;
Therefore I thought to marry *Marguerite*:
But oh! that *Caſſiopeia* in the Chair,
The Regent Mother, and that [illegible] *Anjou*;
Croſs Conſtellations blaſt my Plots e'er [illegible].
The King too frowns upon me: For laſt Night,
Hearing a Ball was promis'd by the Queen,
I came to help the Show; when at the Door
The King, who ſtood himſelf the Centry, ſtopp'd me,
And ask'd me what I came for? I reply'd,
To ſerve his Majeſty: He, ſharp and ſhort,
Retorted thus, he did not need my Service.

Lor. 'Tis plain, you muſt reſolve, my Lord, to quit her;
For I am charg'd to tell you, ſhe's deſign'd
To be the Wife of *Henry* of *Navarre*:
'Tis the main Beam in all that mighty Engine,
Which now begins to move ſo dreadfully
Againſt the Heads of the rebellious Faction.

Guiſ. I have it, and methinks it looks like *D' Alva*;
I ſee the very Motion of his Beard,
His opening Noſtrils, and his dropping Lids;
I hear him croke too, to the King and Queen,
In *Biſcay*'s Bay, at *Bayonne*,
Fiſh for the great Fiſh; take no care for Frogs:
Cut off the Poppy-heads; lay the Winds faſt,
And ſtrait the Waves (the People) will be ſtill.

Lor. Then you will leave her?

Guiſ. Hurl her to the Sea,
The Air, the Earth, or elemental Fire,
So I may ſee *Chaſtillon* in the Net.
Oh that Whale, Admiral! might I but view him,
After his thouſand Fetches, Plots, and Plunges,
Struck on thoſe ſcouring Shallows which await him,
Furies, and Hell, and I, ſtand by to gall him;

Were

Were *Marguerite* all one World of Pleaſure,
I'd ſell her, and my Soul, for ſuch Revenge.
Lor. Speak lower.
Guiſ. What, upon my Father's Death!
O glorious *Guiſe*, be calm upon thy Murder!
No, I will hollow my Revenge ſo loud,
That his great Ghoſt ſhall hear me up to Heav'n,
In height of Honour. Oh, to fall ſo baſely,
When *Orleance* was block'd up, and Conqueſts crown'd
By damn'd *Poltrot* ſo villainouſly ſlain, (thee,
Poltrot, by *Beza*, and this curs'd Admiral,
Set on with hopes of infinite Rewards,
Here and hereafter, ſo to blaſt thy Glory!
O, I could pull my burſting Eye-balls forth,
But that they may one day prove Baſilisks
To that deteſted Head of all theſe Broils;
Then Tortures, Racks, and Death ſhall cloſe thy Wound,
Kill him in Riots, Pride, and Luſt of Pleaſures,
That I may add Damnation to the reſt,
And foil his Soul and Body both together.
Lor. Behold your Brother, and the Duke *Delbeuf*,
Mercour too comes; this Outrage will undo us.
Guiſ. No, not at all; for 'tis in general Terms.
O my good Lord, what if the Admiral
Stood here before you; ſhould he 'ſcape our Juſtice?
I ſee by each Man's laying of his Hand
Upon his Sword, you vow the like Revenge:
For me, I wiſh that both mine may rot off —— (you.
Lor. No more; away, my Lord, the King calls for
Guiſ. I go. That Vermin may devour my Limbs,
That I may die, like the late puling King,
Under the Barber's Hands, Impoſthumes choke me,
If ever hence I ceaſe to chew his Ruin,
To hang him in Effigy, nay, to tread,
Drag, ſtamp, and grind him, after he is dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Cabinet Council.*

Table with Lights on it. A Chamber beyond it.

Queen Mother, Anjou aſleep.

Q. M. O my *Anjou*, the Wheels of this new Ruin
Go wrong, for want of one that knows to drive;
He ſits too light upon the whirling Throne,
And totters, with the diſmal Proſpect, down:
Young *Charles*, a ſmart, ſuſpicious, doubtful Boy,
But, *Charles*, you muſt be rul'd in this dark Road,
Or with the Lightning of my fatal Power,
Which never cracks and claps, I'll melt thee down,
For ever loſt amongſt the Maſs of things,
That thou, the Darling of my doating Soul,
The Prince of my eternal Thought, mayſt mount
Like *Nero*, tho at *Agrippina*'s Ruin.
But ſee the King with the new Count of *Rhetz*:
Let us withdraw, it may be worth our hearing.

Enter King, with Alberto Gondi.

King. Alberto Gondi.
Alb. Sir.
King. I think thou lov'ſt me.
Alb. More than my Life.
King. That's much; yet I believe thee.
My Mother has the Judgment of the World,
And all things move by that; but, my *Alberto*,
She has a cruel Wit: and, let me tell thee,
Thus to deſtroy the Soldiers of the Kingdom,
Famous as ever fought for *Rome* or *Greece*,
Under a Shadow of a thouſand Oaths;
'Tis barbarous, *Alberto*, is it not?
And ſeems to be unworthy of a King.
Alb. The Provocation, Sir.

King.

King. I know it well.
But if thou'dſt have my Heart within thy Hand,
I ſwear, Conſpiracies of that foul Nature
For ever blot the Memory of Kings.
What Honours, Intereſt, with the World to buy him,
Shou'd make a brave Man ſmile and do a Murder?
Therefore I hate the Treachery of *Brutus*,
I mean the latter, [illegible] cried up in Story;
Whom none but Cowards and white-liver'd Knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his Fellows,
His Dagger in his Boſom, ſtabb'd his Father:
This is a Blot the *Ciceronian* Stile
Could ne'er wipe off, tho the miſtaken Man
(Miſtaken in his Love, for *Brutus* ſcorn'd him)
Makes bold to call thoſe Traitors Men Divine.
Alb. *Tully* was wiſe, but wanted Conſtancy.
King. He did, *Alberto*. Hark, but one thing more,
For much I love thee, and would fain unburden
My Soul of half her Cares on ſuch a Man,
So good.
Alb. My ever dear and honour'd Maſter.
King. No more of that. I'll tell thee then: Laſt night,
As I lay toſſing in a feveriſh Dream,
I call'd for Drink! when ſtrait my Mother brought it;
But as ſhe reach'd it to my trembling Lips,
Methought her Eyes roll'd ghaſtly upon me,
A Palſey ſhook her Hand; yet I reſolv'd,
Took off the Draught, when ſtrait a Fainting ſeiz'd me,
My Eyes wept Blood, my Ears, my Noſe, and Mouth
Pour'd forth whole Streams, and all my Sweat was Blood;
My Hair and Nails dropp'd off, as *Autumn* Leaves,
When Tempeſts riſe, fall from the wither'd Trees.
But the Fancy ſeems ſo much unnatural,
I'll [illegible] no more on't; yet I thought to tell thee,
Becauſe ſhe is a Woman, whom no Art
Nor Wiſdom of the World can ever fathom.
Alb. O my gracious Lord,
Judge not the Queen by Dreams, and vain Chimæra's:
Remember, Sir, how often in your Nonage
She manag'd with her Wit the Weight of Empire,

Contending with th' Effects of blind Religion,
The Contumacy of rebellious Subjects,
The deep Diſſimulation of the Court,
The want of Treaſure, baffling with her Prudence,
The utmoſt Strength Ambition rais'd to gain her.
King. O Count of *Rhetz*, thou lead'ſt me thro the Garden
Of every Grace, but dar'ſt not point her Weeds:
Is ſhe not of a moſt deceitful Soul;
Perfidious, even to violating Vows?
Is ſhe not greedy too of human Blood?
A Wit ſo waſteful in deſtroying Lives,
That ſhe will turn a City to a Wild?
Q. M. Good morrow, Sir, 'tis juſt the time you ordered,
I think the ſecond Watch; and we are met
To wait on your Decrees.
King. O Mother, Mother,
You have embark'd me in a Sea of Blood;
And ſure ſo damnable an Enterpriſe
Was never form'd by Man.
Q. M. If, Sir, you fear it,
Why give it o'er, and let the Admiral reign,
Call in the *Hugonots*, drive out your Friends,
Baniſh your Blood, and the eſtabliſh'd Peers,
Forget the long Succeſſion of your Fathers,
The Throne of Kings; forget the Laws, Religion,
Cut off the noble Spirits from your Council,
And from the Dregs of this Heretical Faction
Compoſe a Baſtard Cabinet Election;
Let Knaves in Shops preſcribe you how to ſway,
They read your Acts, and with their ſtinking Breath
Eraſe them out, or with their ſtinking Breath
Proclaim aloud they like not this or that;
Then in a Drove come lowing to the *Louvre*,
And ſay, they'll have it mended, that they will,
Or you ſhall be no King.
King. 'Tis true, the People
Ne'er know a Mean, when once they get the Power.
Q. M. Did you not late diſpatch by *Ludowick*
Thus to the Admiral, with Vows of Honour,

That

That young *Navarre* ſhould ſtrait eſpouſe your Siſter,
So to root up all Seeds of leaſt Suſpicion;
And that thoſe Nuptials ſhould be ſolemniz'd
At *Paris*, to be bound with deepeſt Oaths?

King. Yet, Madam, I muſt fear; for, ſhould it fail,
We ſhould be leſs than our worſt Foes ſhould wiſh us,
The Poultron Court, the Scorn, the Laughing-ſtock
Of all the Chriſtian and the barbarous World.

Q. M. No, Sir, you cannot fear the ſure Deſign,
But you're in fear of thoſe that are about you;
You fear ev'n me: But I have liv'd too long,
Since my own Bowels, nay, my very Heart-ſtrings,
(For ſo I always lov'd and priz'd my Children)
Dare not confide in her that gave 'em Being.

King. Stay, Madam, ſtay, come back, forgive my Fears,
Forgive my ſifting Soul her narrow Searches,
Where all our Thoughts ſhould creep like deepeſt Streams;
For know, I hate the haughty Admiral,
And all his curſt Accomplices, to Death.

Q. M. What brings the Cardinal of *Lorain* from *Rome*?

King. That the new Pope is fully ſatisfy'd;
I ſee the Legate too that Diamond Ring,
With this cloſe Motto writ within the Gold:

By this my ſolid Zeal I own,
And Blood can never melt it down.

Anj. A murd'ring Sentence for the *Hugonots*.

King. And which ſo clear'd the Matter, that the Pope
Order'd a Diſpenſation for the Marriage.

Q. M. Behold the Duke of *Guiſe* and Cardinal:
'Twere fit you ſend his Eminence to *Rochel*,
To acquaint the Admiral of a War with *Spain*,
And that the Plot we form'd for the *Low Countries*
Againſt the Catholick King, ſhould ſtrait be acted.

King. O Mother, ah, what's this that rends my Heart,
That ſits on my Nights, and clouds my Days with Horror?
Is it not Conſcience? which ſometimes appears
Like a She-Wolf in *Jane of Albert's* Shape,
And drags me on the Floor. Now in the Form
Of that old Lion Admiral it comes,
And grins, and roars, juſt gaping to devour me.

Q. M. Why, let him; when his Throat is cut we'll truſt him:

Clear up your ſurrow'd Brow. Believe me, Sir,
You'll ſee him ſhortly where you need not fear him;
For, ſhould he ſtay behind the Queen and Princeſs,
Doubting the Marriage, fill'd with boding Fears,
The War with *Spain* will ſo bewitch his Glory,
And lull his proud Ambition, that ſhould Fate,
Which awes him now, leap up more terrible,
He'll follow with a ſpeed ſhall make him foremoſt,
And ſcorn a Grave.

King. O, 'tis a dreadful Image;
Yet when his Brains are daſh'd, I ſhall be ſtill.
The Morning riſes, yet I cannot reſt;
Like thoſe eternal Lamps that wink above:
Methinks, O Mother, I could watch for ever.
Once more let me conjure you, all be huſh'd,
Be ſecret on this horrid Conſultation,
As Urns and Monuments, that never blab.

Guiſ. Therefore let's lie like Furies on the Watch,
As if it were an Ambuſh for the World.

King. With Claws lock'd in, like Lions, couch to tear
Our Mother, thou ſo fierce upon the Slaughter,
Direct thy Brood; we will not ſtir nor breathe:
But when thou giv'ſt the Word, then ſtart away,
Ruſh from the Shade, and make 'em all our Prey

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Admiral, Guiſagnes, and Langoiran.

Adm. YOUR Reaſons are to all appearance fair,
Like *Eden's* Fruit, the Tempter hangs 'em forth,
But there's a Canker-Queen within the Core,
That eats *Colignie's* firmeſt Hopes away;
Like Paradiſe, ſhe paves my ſpacious Walk:
But oh, *Guiſagnes* and *Langoiran*, look,
Do you not find her lurking in the Flowers?
With ſoft indented Glides behold ſhe comes;
I ſee the forked Tongue betwixt her Teeth,
Hiſſing us from the Stage of Life and Honour.
O, ſhe's a Serpent equal to the firſt,
And has the will to damn another World:
Therefore I'm poſitive, till I'm convinc'd
The King foreſees her Counſel, I'll not ſtir;
I'll not to Court.

Guiſ. Thus far I can make good,
She is believ'd thro all the Courts of *Europe*,
A moſt tranſcendent Wit, and abſolute Woman.

Adm. That is an abſolute Murderer and Diſſembler;
Who that proceeds on ſuch black Principles,
That thinks there is no God above Ambition,
But may accompliſh all that he intends?
Where lies the Art, the Reach, the Policy
Of this tranſcendent and moſt abſolute Woman!
Is it not eaſy to aſſaſſinate
To lye, and ſwear you love the Man you hate,
Train him into the dark, and murder him?
I urge again, unleſs the King reſolve
To rule alone, I will not come to Court.

Lang.

Lang. *Cavagnes* is a Maſter in Court Secrets;
For me, I ruin'd the Buſineſs of the War.
Adm. Perſuade me while the Queen is at his Ear,
That if he were made up of Worlds of Mercy,
He ever would forgive me. Pray look back
Into the former times, and ſee who ſow'd
Thoſe glowing Grains which ſhot up to a War,
Who blew the Coals of *Calvin*'s kindled Doctrine,
And earth'd the little Sect at *Hugo*'s Gate;
Was it not I that form'd 'em to a Body?
Lang. Stick to your ſelf, Sir; follow your own Methods.
Adm. Who therefore, while the Pangs of Rage were on her,
Proclaim'd me in all Languages a Traitor,
Dragg'd my Effigies thro the Streets of *Paris*,
Hung up my Statue on the common Gallows,
Set, by Court Officers, my Goods to Sale,
My Houſes raz'd, or burnt 'em to the Ground.
Cav. I muſt confeſs that Start of open Vengeance,
Not common to the Nature of the Queen.
Adm. And why all this, not for a private Grudge?
I judg'd 'twas time to view the ghaſtly Flaws
Of that Religion that would rend the World;
That ſticks not at the Slaughter of whole States,
Blowing up Senates, nor at murdering Kings:
Driv'n with this Thought, I puſh'd the War yet farther;
And, tho we loſt the Fight at *Moncontour*,
Yet ſpeak, *Cavagnes*, did I fail in ought?
Cav. I was not there.
Adm. Then give me leave to ſay,
I fought my ſelf the Proteſtant Cauſe alone;
When, at the Head of our remaining Horſe,
I met the elder *Rhinegrave* Hand to Hand,
Shot him i'th' Face, and left him on the Ground;
Then ſeeing all our Army quite defeated,
My Jaw-Bone ſhatter'd, and my Voice quite ſpent,
I fled, with hopes to riſe more terrible;
As it ſucceeded, to th' Aſtoniſhment
Of all the Chriſtian World.

Enter

Enter Colombier, *with a Paper in his Hand.*

Col. My Lord, the Cardinal of *Lorain*'s arriv'd,
To ſwear and ſign the Articles of Peace;
The Queen at preſent holds him in Diſcourſe:
Mean time commends this Paper to your view,
Sent to her Majeſty from the King of *France*.

Adm. reads. *Madam, as you demanded, you have power o'er all the Counſels ſuddenly of* Armagnac. *Tell the great Admiral I ſeek his Friendſhip. Ask of* Lorrain *the reſt, who knows my Heart.*

Perhaps, my Friends, it may be thus indeed,
That, quite tir'd out with infinite Diſtractions,
He may at laſt reſolve to rule alone,
Come from his Pageſhip, and put off the Mother;
Not loſe his Youth, the Pleaſure of his Bloom,
Among grey Senators, and withering Councils:
If it were ſo—But hold, there's ſomething here
Forbids that Thought; it riſes like a Vapour,
A ſtrange Miſgiving, ſuch as Women ſwoon at,
And Men themſelves may fear. But ſee, the Queen.

Enter the Queen of Navarre, *Prince of* Navarre, *and Prince of* Conde.

Q. Nav. I come, Sir, to foreſtal the Cardinal,
Who from the King offers theſe Terms of Peace:
He adds to what Count *Lodowick* brought before,
His Mother's Policy ſhall ſway no longer;
That he'll ſubmit his Genius to your Conduct,
Confirms your being Captain General
In that moſt glorious Enterprize on *Spain*,
Allows you fifty for your Perſon's Guard;
Therefore, for ſealing this eternal Bond,
And for the former weighty Conſultations,
He begs you inſtantly to come to Court.

Adm. What has your Majeſty reſolv'd to do?

Q. Nav.

Q. *Nav.* To go with both the Princes strait to *Paris*,
And see the Nuptials of my young *Navarre*.
I know not what your Lordship does intend;
But I have sent already to the King
My Answer by *Byron*, and will attend him.

Adm. Then 'tis too late to think of going back;
You have launch'd me now indeed, and I must plunge
In this Abyss, tho it be deep as Hell.
No, Madam, spite of all the Augurs here,
Since you are thus resolv'd, I'll go the foremost.
'Twas for your sake, and in the Prince's Cause,
For Liberty of Conscience and Religion,
That I thus long did propagate the War;
And shall I now not follow where you lead me?

Lan. Why should you, if it goes against your Mind?

Adm. Peace, Peace, *Langoiran*; since the Main's pro-
I mean, the Resolution of the Queen, (duc'd,
My Fate cries out, we must, we must away:
Therefore, my Friend, go gather my Dependants,
Bid 'em prepare for *Paris*. Tell my Wife,
My dearest *Martia*, we must bid farewel:
Tell her I'm forc'd to swim against the Stream;
Say, that her *Cato*'s bound for *Utica*,
From whence perhaps he never shall return.

Enter Cardinal of Lorain.

Lor. Conquest, Prosperity, and smooth Success
Be ever strow'd before our General's Feet.
Thus, Sir, the King salutes you, with Commission
To turn the Torrent of your Arms on *Spain*.

Adm. My Lord, I glory in the great Employ.
I hear beside, the King will rule alone;
For, Sir, whate'er the Wit of Women be,
From War and Councils let 'em be remov'd.
I say again, with my old Bluntness, Sir,
To have a Female Finger in the State,
Is blasting to the Prince's Memory.
Let him be but sincere, and leave the Mother

Old

Old as I am, I will put on my Arms,
And with this Hand, not wither'd yet in War,
Bear to th' *Eſcurial* his Imperial Standard.
Lor. My Lord, for the ſincerity of the King,
That he intends his Dear and Great *Chaſtillon*,
(The very words that did expreſs his Love)
All Honours, Titles, Greatneſs, all Advancement,
Nay, to the curbing of his Mother's Will,
For the performance of each Article,
Without a pious Catch, or trick of State;
Without the ſmalleſt Mental Reſervation,
Equivocation, or the leaſt Reſerve;
In the King's Name, as I am Prieſt profeſs'd,
As I am ſent from Heav'n to teach Salvation,
I pawn the truth of my immortal Soul.
Adm. He then, to whom our Hearts are free and open,
Be judge betwixt his Majeſty and me.
Lor. O Sir, O Madam, oh, you make me weep,
To ſwear by this the frailty of the World;
For if the Mind of Man be ſo ſuſpicious
Of ſuch clear Demonſtration of Affection,
How can you e'er believe the Love Divine?
Q. Nav. My Lord, you may return with our Obedience,
And tell the King, the Admiral, the Princes,
My ſelf, and all his humble faithful Subjects,
Will haſte to throw our Bodies at his Feet.
Adm. My Lord, farewel; I muſt not doubt your Oaths,
But with implicit Faith believe the King,
At whoſe Tribunal I muſt ſhortly kneel,
For Pardon and Forgiveneſs. [*Exit.*

Admiral *returns with* Cavagnes.

Adm. Hark, my *Cavagnes*, write to Count *Lodowic*,
The *Sieurs de Genlis*, and *La-Nove*, to haſte,
And ſuddenly to make ſurprize of *Mons*.
Cav. My Lord——
Adm. Nay, write I ſay; I'll have it done,
On my Perſian Exſtance, I'm reſoly'd
To ſee into the Heart of this young *Charles*,

And

And force him thus upon a War with *Spain*;
For tho this Cardinal ſwear, and damn his Soul
As deep as Heav'n's high, yet if his Bowels
Be like the reſt of that Blood-colour'd Robe,
And laughs at Ghoſts, where's then the Admiral?
Caught by this perjur'd jugling Man of God!
What for the Cabinet Murderers to play with,
To toſs *Chaſtillon*'s Fate from one to t'other,
And grin my Life and Honour from the World!
But now for *Paris*: Call *Colombier*,
The Count *la Rochfocault*, Marquis *de Renel*,
Piles, *Pluviah*, *Pardillan*, and *Lavardine*,
Bandine, and all my Gallants of the War:
For *Paris* bid 'em haſte.

Enter Antramont, *with* Langoiran.

Ant. Stay, ſtay, my Lord;
I charge you ſtay, for *Martia* does arreſt you,
And ſays, you ſhall not go to *Utica*:
Martia reſolves to hinder this Self-Murder.

Adm. Self Murder, *Martia!*

Ant. Yes; you turn the Sword
Upon your ſelf, which *Charles* and that falſe Queen
Brandiſh againſt you, going thus to Court
Againſt your Will; for ſo you ſent me word.
Is not this running it in your own Bowels?
Is it not, *Cato?* but you ſhall not leave me:
You're now betroth'd; and in this ſad Condition,
Thus fraught with your clear Image, like a Bark
Too richly laden, with an over Ballaſt,
Leave me not *Gaſpar*, to a Flood of Tears,
A Sea of Paſſion, and a Storm of Sorrow.

Adm. Beg me not, *Martia*; 'tis impoſſible
To ſtay me now, my Honour is engag'd,
My Word is paſt.

Ant. Yet ſtay, Sir, ſtay ſo long,
So long at leaſt, as may preſerve your Likeneſs
For if I yield you now to thoſe Court-Murderers,
My b[illegible]ding Fears will blaſt it e'er 'tis born.

For ſure as *Cæſar*'s Butchery was perform'd
At *Rome*, your Murder is contriv'd at *Paris*:
Calphurnia's bloody Dream, and Scent of Slaughter
Are nothing, Sir, to my Prophetick Spirit;
Which not by Viſions, Fantoms of the Night,
But by day Arguments, and certain Reaſon,
Will give ſuch Evidence for your Undoing,
As you, your ſelf being Judge, ſhall ſay are true.

Adm. O, *Antramont*, why doſt thou thus
Unman me with thy Tears? Tho certain Death,
With all the dagger'd Councel, ſtood to wait me,
Ev'n in my View, I ſwear I would among 'em.

Ant. Then you are caught indeed; they hate you, Sir:
Your Wife, with this poor Innocent unborn,
With all your other Orphans, are undone:
The Glory of the Earth is laid along.
I ſee the Vine that ſpreads his Arms to Heav'n,
With all her Cluſters rotting on the Ground,
Blaſted with Lightning from a clouded Council,
By her that is the *Juno* of your Fate,
That curſed'ring Sorcereſs, that dry Hag of *Florence*,
The Midnight *Hecate* of ten thouſand Forms,
That varies with all Shapes, that tries all Spirits,
Selling her Soul to each, and all together,
To make your Fate inevitably ſure.

Adm. Give me your Hand, and take this farewel Kiſs:
If thou would'ſt have me think thou lov'ſt old *Gaſpar*,
Reply no more, but leave me and be dumb.

Ant. I'm all Obedience; let me ſpeak but once,
And whiſper't in your Ear: By all my hopes
Of Earth and Heav'n, you ſhall not die alone;
I'll gather all the Branches of your Body,
The little Arms, the Sprouts of him that was:
Yes, with that precious Fardel, bound together
By Cords of Hair, cemented with my Tears,
And wreath'd about till Death with my Embraces,
I'll follow you to Court: I will, my Lord;
And ſince you'll have it ſo, we'll burn together. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Commanders.

Adm. O, my brave Friends! my dear *la Rochfocault*
Your Hand; and yours, my rough *Colombiere*;
My Gallant *Piles*; and thine, my plain *Langoiran*:
But ſay, how ſtand you to this Expedition,
This new Exploit, this dangerous Court Adventure?

Lang. My Lord, I'll anſwer for 'em, there's not one
But has reſolv'd to follow; tho they had rather
Run the moſt violent Shock of glorious War,
Than ſtand one complemental Death at Court.

Adm. Then our Opinions jump. But to the purpoſe;
Since 'tis reſolv'd that we muſt go to *Paris*,
Becauſe you're Strangers to the King and Queen,
I would inſtruct you in the Royal Tempers,
Draw the Queen Mother's Face in Miniature,
For there the Watch and Ward of all our Caution
Muſt lie, if poſſible to wave the Ruin. [*Remember.*

Lang. Fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd; fear not, we ſhall re-

Adm. Imagine then the King, like *Adam* laid
Among the Sweets of Paradiſe to reſt,
While to his liſtning Soul this ſecond *Eve*,
Full of the Devil, and deſign'd to damn us,
Thus breathes her Counſels fatal to the World:
Whatever Paths you trod before your Reign,
'Tis Blood and Terror muſt your Throne maintain:
Scorn then thy Slaves; nor to thy Vaſſals bow;
Fix the Gold Circle to thy bended Brow,
By Murders, Maſſacres; no matter how.
For Conſcience, and Heav'ns Fear, Religion's Rules,
They're all State-Bells, to toll in pious Fools. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Queen Mother, and Marguerite.

Mar. IS *Guise* then false? or do you try me, Madam,
And search my Heart, to know how much I love him?
If it be so, I will resolve you quickly;
I'll swear to you by Heav'n, by all things Sacred,
By all that's great and lovely upon Earth,
By him, by *Guise*, by all the blessed Moments
Of that dear Life, which single I prefer
To Millions of my own, I love him more
Than you love Glory, Vengeance, and Ambition.
Q. M. Then thou art lost, a Wretch, an out-cast Fool,
Not worthy of my Care, nor worth my seeking;
For, by my best Desires, I know he scorns thee,
And to my certain Knowledge, is betroth'd
To *Catherine Cleve*, the Prince of *Porcien*'s Widow.
Mar. 'Tis false; he's not, he shall not, nor he cannot:
You hate me, Madam, and you forge this Matter,
To make me die, to kill your *Marguerite*;
For, if you did respect me as your Blood,
Why should you tear my Heart in thousand pieces?
Why should you make me rave with Jealousy?
For, oh, I love beyond all former Passion:
Die for him! that's too little; I could burn
Piece-meal away, or bleed to Death by drops,
Be flead alive, then broke upon the Wheel,
Yet with a Smile endure it all for *Guise*:
And when let loose from Torments, all one Wound,
Run with my mangled Arms, and crush him dead.
Q. M. Farewel, thou'rt mad indeed: I'll find the King,
And send him to convince you of the Truth.

Mar.

Mar. The Truth! O Heav'n, nay, ſtay, and I'll believe you.
But is he falſe? is't poſſible in Nature?
Is *Guiſe* then, like his kindred Savages,
True Man, an upright, bold, and hearty Villain?

Q. M. I tell thee, as I love thy Life and Honour,
Tho much I fear the latter is paſt hope,
Their Marriage will be ſolemniz'd to-morrow;
The Cardinal of *Lorain* muſt join their Hands.

Mar. What, he that keeps the Tye, the ſacred Contract!
I'll warrant too he'll be a Witneſs for him.
Why then, for ever throw off Modeſty,
If thus Religion cheats us: let us haſte,
With *Meſſalina*, to the common Stews,
Where Bauds are honeſter than *Roman* Church-men.

Q. M. Think no more on't, but with a generous Fury
Reſolve to caſt him from your Soul for ever.
Prepare your ſelf for what the King commands,
Without delay, to wed the young *Navarre*.

Mar. To wed my Tomb, to dwell in Duſt below,
Where we ſhall ſee no more deceitful Men,
Hear no more Flattery, nor no damning Vows;
Where I ſhall never ſtart from my cold Bed,
Nor walk with folded Arms about the Room,
With Eyes, like Rivers, ever running down;
While with my over-watching, I miſtake
The ruſtling Wind, and every little Noiſe
For *Guiſe*'s coming; which not finding true,
I weep again, till all my Face is drown'd;
And groan, as if there were no end of Sorrow.

Q. M. Then I muſt find ſome other Inſtruments,
That have the Power to rule you: So farewel. [*Exit.*

Mar. Stay, Madam, ſtay. She's gone, and leaves me here!
To do a miſchief on my Life. Falſe *Guiſe!*
Perfidious *Guiſe*, but I will find thee out,
And reek the Miſeries of my Soul upon thee;
Nay, I'll alarm the Prieſt that makes thee wicked;
Prieſts, that like Devils laugh at human Pains,
And Souls ne'er reckon, ſo they count their Gain. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Palace.*

Enter Duke of Guiſe, *and Cardinal of* Lorain.

Gui. But are you ſure he'll come?
Lor. Moſt certain, Sir.
Gui. Why then, I will not eat till I behold him.
O, I could pine my ſelf into a Ghoſt,
So I at laſt might thruſt my hungry Sword
In the curs'd Carcaſe of this Admiral,
And glut my greedy Vengeance with his Heart.
Lor. The Queen too of *Navarre*, the Heretick Princes,
Gentlemen and Commanders, Knights, Barons, Counts,
With all the Combination of the Rebels,
Come to the Wedding of the young *Bearnois*.
Gui. Why, what an Oglio will the Devil have?
A Feaſt for Hell, to cram it to the Mouth,
A Maſſacre of Souls: Methinks I ſee
The glutton Death gorg'd with devouring Lives,
And ſtretching o'er the City his ſwoln bulk,
As he would vomit up the Dead.
Lor. My Lord,
How brooks your Heart the Marriage of *Navarre*?
Gui. Why, faith, Sir, as we muſt—— Neceſſity——
The King reſolves it; urging to my Face,
The Man that dar'd to contradict his Pleaſure,
Should make that oppoſition with his Ruin:
On this I turn'd my Court to *Porcien*'s Widow.
But O, *Lorain*, Love mourn'd at the miſtake,
As conſcious of the cruel Change he made.
Take then the proſpect of a Summer's Morn,
The gaudy Heav'n all ſtreak'd with dappled Fires,
And fleck'd with Bluſhes like a riſing Bride,
With ſweets ſo pour'd from ſuch a laviſh Spring,
That it muſt beggar all the Years to come:
From this bright view, from *Marguerite*'s Form,
Now turn thy Eye upon the yellow Autumn,
On *Porcien*'s Wife, the Widow of the Seaſons.

Lor.

Lor. You ſpeak, methinks, as if you lov'd the Princeſs.

Gui. How e'er I brag'd before, I do confeſs it;
Spite of my Glory, ſpite of my Ambition,
And all the vow'd Reſolves of my Revenge,
Had ſhe not poorly yielded to the Marriage,
I would have turn'd my Widow to the Common.
But I am ſatisfy'd, 'tis now the talk
Of the whole Court, how ſhe in ſecret likes it;
Hears too, no doubt, of my deſign on *Cleve*,
Yet (Curſes on that changeable Stuff, her Soul)
Regards it not. But ſee, ſhe comes: a Tempeſt

Enter Marguerite.

Ruffles her Face! the Mother taught this cunning;
And ſhe has catch'd the Plague of that Diſſembler
So right, methinks I ſee the Tokens on her.

Mar. Look in my Face,

Gui. I do.

Mar. Nay, in my Eyes.

Gui. I view 'em as I would the ſetting Sun,
Were I to die at Midnight.

Mar. Come, you dare not.

Gui. What, dare not die?

Mar. Thou dar'ſt not one, nor t'other:
At leaſt thou ſhouldſt not, for thou art ſo wicked,
So gone in Sin, Damnation muſt attend thee.

Gui. Why, then the Devil is ſure of one great Man.

Mar. Of one! of all; at Court he's no Retailer,
But deals in Groſs, and takes you by the Lump;
In Country-Fields he's forc'd to ſit all Day,
With Patience, angling down the guiltleſs Stream,
Yet rarely catches one for all his Labour:
But when he comes to Court, the Sea of Pleaſures,
He throws his Drag-Net in from ſide to ſide,
Where none of all the Fry eſcape perdition:
There may you ſee Whales plunging in the Marſh,
Diſgorging Streams, like Drunkards on the Ground;
The Sword-fiſh, like the Soldier, faſt in hold;
The floundering Prieſt, like Sharks, that gape for prey;

Fat Porpoiſe Bauds, the Mermaids too of Honour,
The Minim Pages, all the twinkling Hoſt
So fill'd, the Snake of Hell muſt crack to hold you.
Gui. No, there's another Cauſe for this fine Satire,
Too well digeſted for a ſudden Thought,
An Argument at home, there in your Heart,
Tho' you have learnt diſcretion thus to turn it.
Mar. O Heav'ns! What means he?
Gui. D'ye ſeem amaz'd?
I ſay again, however you upbraid me,
You bear the Guilt, who bring the Accuſation;
Yes, *Marguerite*, thou haſt plaid me foul.
Nay, do not ſtart, nor gaze, nor make falſe Steps:
Come, Princeſs, theſe are Tricks too ſtale for *Guiſe*,
Shew 'em your little Creatures; bid your Mother
Fetch ſomething quainter from the Schools of *Florence*,
Where ſhe has learnt the Art of honeſt-dealing.
Mar. O, ye Pow'rs of Heav'n, of Earth and Hell,
Where would he, whither, and when will he end?
Gui. Madam, I've done already; but leſt you ſhould
Forget Coherence, thro your World of Paſſion,
I tell you, you are falſe: your Vows, your Tears,
Your Languiſhings, your very height of Pleaſures,
Your graſping Joys are falſe: for even then
When you cry out, There can be nothing farther,
By all your Perjuries, you wiſh 'em more.
Mar. Furies and Devils! ſhall he bear it thus!
What with his Lip! his Eye! his ev'ry Scorn,
Walk thus before me, and defy me thus!
Ah *Guiſe!* diſloyal, faithleſs, perjur'd Wretch!
Thou art more damn'd than any Fiend in Hell;
Impoſtor!
Gui. Woman.
Mar. Traitor.
Gui. Woman.
Mar. Villain.
Gui. Woman ſtill.
Mar. Hark *Guiſe*, hear Monſter, hear and mark me,
While to thy Conſcious Soul I ſound the Name
Of *Porcien*.
Gui. Of *Navarre*.

Mar.

Mar. Percien, I ſwear.
Gui. Navarre, Navarre.
Mar. Thou ly'ſt, thou ly'ſt : *Porcien*, the Widow—
Porcien.
O, I could cut my Face ! what, for a Widow !
Leave me, for *Porcien !* O thou dull, dull *Guiſe* !
Wilt thou ſit down to the refuſe of Meals !
A Widow ; what, the Monument of Man !
The Tomb, Grave-Vault, the very damp of Nature !
For this, I hate thee more than e'er I lov'd thee ;
And from my Preſence baniſh thee for ever.
Gui. No ; I will baniſh this deteſted *Guiſe*,
My ſelf ; you ſhall not buy him to your Preſence :
For know, I hate more perfectly than you.
Yours is a guſt, a puff of Woman's Fury ;
But mine a manly, conſtant ſettled Hate,
Which, ever ſince you made your better choice
Of young *Navarre*, took root within my Heart.
Mar. 'Tis falſe, 'tis falſe, a Treaſon fetch'd from Hell :
But where ? ſpeak out ; where was this Lye invented ?
Gui. Thus then in ſhort, and ſo farewel for ever :
The King and Queen, with all particulars,
Avow'd it to me ; and in general
The Court. You may perceive the Choice
I made of *Cleve*, was more to be reveng'd,
Than want of Conſtancy : but yours was weigh'd,
Navarre has Youth, and may be King of *France*,
Ticking Variety for Love and Glory,
For the falſe Appetite of luxurious Woman, (her.
Woman, damn'd Woman ; but I waſte breath to name
My Lord *Lorain*, I charge you by your Friendſhip,
Give me the Contract.
Mar. Hold, my Lord—For what ?
Gui. That I may tear it to as many pieces
As ſhe has done her Vows. What Faith in Women !
The very fragments of the whole Creation,
Whoſe ſever'd Souls, like many parted Mirrors,
Reflect the Face of all Mankind at once ;
Who with their weeping Smiles, and laughing Tears,
Were they allow'd a Heav'n, as ſure they are not,
Would

Would tempt the Angels to a ſecond Fall.
But I grow wild; give me the Contract, Sir:
Nay, Madam, off; I ſwear you muſt unhand me.
Mar. I will not. O my Heart! Ah *Guiſe*, *Guiſe*, *Guiſe*!
You have got the Conqueſt, and you ſhall maintain it,
Tho at th' expence of *Marguerite's* Death.
'Tis true, my Mother mention'd ſuch a Marriage;
But if I did not loath it, ſcorn, deteſt it,
O, if this be not true as thou art falſe,
(Forgive me, for I meant to ſay unkind)
Baniſh poor *Marguerite* from thoſe Eyes
That feed her Life, let me no more approach you;
But take, O take this Ponyard from my Hand,
And ſtick it in my Heart, that Heart that loves you,
That when 'tis injur'd dares not ſtand before you,
But owns you for the Tyrant of my Days.
Gui. No *Marguerite*, no;
You've found the way to temper me indeed,
Nay, turn it upon me, who am a Traitor,
Becauſe I dar'd to counterfeit a Falſhood
Againſt ſuch perfect Love, to ſeem t'affect
The hated *Porcien*.
Mar. Did you then diſſemble?
Did you not love her in your Heart indeed?
Gui. I ſwear by Heav'n.
Mar. O let me then embrace you:
Yet cloſer. O that I could get within you!
Gui. My Life!
Mar. My Soul!
Gui. My Heart!
Car. My Lord, the Duke of *Anjou* moves this way.
Gui. Farewel. And till I hear that thou art marry'd,
The Heart of *Guiſe* is riveted to thine;
Which all the Hammers in thy Mother's Brain
Shall never looſe.
Mar. They may compel my Body;
But till I hear thee ſay thy ſelf, Thou'rt falſe,
Death ſhall not force my Soul to wed *Navarre*.
[*Exit* Marguerite.

Enter Anjou *and* Ligneroles.

Gui. I'll ſtand the ſhock of this imperious Duke,
This *Anjou*, that has got a Name in War,
I know not how, becauſe his Horſe was ſhot
At *Moncontour* : You ſee, by what enſu'd,
Nature deſign'd him for a Reveller.
Anj. O *Ligneroles*, thou Partner of my Soul,
Be ſecret; for if once the King ſhould know
What I have told thee thro exceſs of Love,
The World could not redeem thee from the Grave.
Ha! *Guiſe!* But ſoft, my Soul. My Lord *Lorain*,
'Tis ſaid, the Admiral, and *Hugonot* Princes
Are ſcarce a League from *Paris*.
Car. Yes, my Lord,
I hear ſo too: the Duke of *Guiſe* was going.
Anj. I hope he will not move for fear of me.
Gui. You're right, my Lord; nor will not ſtay for Love.
Anj. What not a Woman's Love! Love of a Princeſs!
Gui. No, nor a Boy's; your Siſter may do much.
Anj. Haſte *Ligneroles*, go bear the King this Packet.
My Lord of *Guiſe*, 'tis not impoſſible [*Exit* Ligneroles.
But *Anjou* one Day may may be King of *France*;
Mark me, if then I find *Valois* diſhonour'd,
I will not leave a *Guiſe* to gape at Power. [*Exit.*
Gui. 'Tis ſo: By all the Myſteries of Empire,
By the eternal Fates, his Mother's Poiſon
Boils in the Brains of the young drooping King,
And ſpeeds him to make way for curs'd *Anjou*.
Charles has Religion, which ſhe wonders at,
And ſcarce believes him her's; laughs at his Pity,
Calls his Remorſe the Cholick of the Mind;
His ſtarts and fears, the gripes and checks of Conſcience.

Enter King, Queen Mother, Ligneroles.

But ſee, the King! mark, mark, my Dear *Lorain!*
Mark how ſhe tempers him betwixt her Hands:
He has it in his Veins, the lingring dram

That

That murders him away. Let's tell him of it:
By my Ambition, and my vow'd Revenge,
I'll do't.

Car. Away; you ſhall not: are you mad?
Where is your Temper? Walk a little off,
And lay theſe Fumes.

Gui. Lead then the blind away;
Yet, if I meet him in the dark, I'll cruſh him.

[*Ex.* Lor. *and* Gui.

King. Was ever ſuch an Inſolence? Read there.
My Brother has Intelligence from *Rochel*,
The Admiral has order'd his Adherents
To ſeize on *Mons*, as he arrives at *Paris*,
So to aſſure the kindling of a War.
O Mother, now I feel thy Flames inſpire me;
Yes by the injur'd Majeſty of Kings,
I'll fetch this ſoaring Rebel from his height:
Traitor, imperious, ſaucy, arrogant Slave!

Lig. Why ſhould your Majeſty thus ſhock your Peace
With needleſs Fury, ſince the time draws on
When he, and all thoſe Rebel *Hugonots*,
Shall never grieve you more?

King. Your meaning, Sir.

Lig. When, as your Royal Juſtice has decreed,
They ſhall be maſſacred.

King. Again Surmiſe.
Go, Sir, and bid the Count of *Rhets* attend me.

[*Exit* Lig.

Q. M. Well, Sir, what think you now?

King. Death, and Deſtruction,
We're all undone; the ſecret of the World,
Th' eternal Care of my contriving Soul,
Which has ſo many Moons, with conſtant watching,
Reduc'd me to this ſtate, is blab'd by
Divulg'd, and made the Prattle of a Boy.

Q. M. No, no, my Lord; I am not to be taught
By you to keep a Secret: Look at home,
Collect if in your late tempeſtuous Paſſion
You did not give ſuſpicion of the Truth.

King. Suſpicion! no, 'tis more; we are betray'd;
He told me to my Face he knew the matter,
How that the Admiral, and the *Hugonots*
Should ſtrait be maſſacred. O, I could rave!
Our Hearts are Rebels to our Boſom-Councils.

Enter Alberto Condi.

But ſee, perhaps this Villain gave it Air.
Ah, Traitor! ah perfidious falſe *Alberto!*
Have I not rais'd thee from the dregs of Baſeneſs,
And lodg'd thee in the Boſom of thy Maſter?
Nay, riſe, and ſpeak; where didſt thou get the daring
T' unravel the cloſe Web of my ſworn Councils,
And truſt 'em to the giddy *Ligneroles?*
Confeſs; nay, hide not what thou haſt reveal'd,
Or Racks, Blood, Blood and Fire, and laſting Torments
Shall force thee ſpeak.

Alb. Then let the Rack be brought:
Methinks I long to give a noble Proof
How much I can endure in ſuch a Cauſe.

King. I know not what to ſay, whom to accuſe,
Or where to turn my ſelf. Call hither *Guiſe*,
And Cardinal of *Lorain.* But ſee my Brother.

Enter Anjou.

It muſt be ſo: 'tis he, 'tis he, falſe Man!
I had forgot! this Boy's his only Minion,
The very Turnkey of his Cabinet-thoughts.
But ſpeak, *Anjou*; how didſt thou dare to truſt
So ſtrong a Secret, ſuch important Counſels,
That from the Book of Fate muſt wipe for ever
A hundred thouſands Lives, or quaſh the Throne?
O, I'm not able to contain the Tranſport!
Why didſt thou truſt a Buſineſs of ſuch weight
To *Ligneroles?*

Enter

Enter Cardinal *and* Guiſe.

Anj. 'Tis true, my Lord, I did;
But I'll engage my Life he'll ne'er divulge it.
King. No, Sir; I paſs my word he never ſhall.
Anj. My Lord, I beg———
King. Speak not, ſtir not hence.
My Lord of *Guiſe*, I muſt engage your Service.
Q. M. Think no more of him, leſt the violent King,
Whom yet I never ſaw ſo ſtrangely mov'd,
Should turn his Rage on you.
Gui. My Lord, 'tis done.
Two of my Train there are that bear him grudge.
King. When he's diſpatch'd, let your Friends go to Priſon,
To put a little Varniſh on his Blood;
Then you, or ſome that have the ſeeming Power,
Beg for their Pardon, and it ſhall be ſign'd.

Enter Alberto.

Alb. My Lord, the Admiral's arriv'd.
King. O, Madam,
Give me your Hand, and yours and yours to prop me;
Now we muſt ſhew a Maſter-piece indeed,
To meet the Man whom we would make an end of;
Ev'n at that time when mortal Wars within,
When the Blood boils and flushes to be at him,
Yet then to ſhew the ſigns of heartieſt Love,
To cringe, to fawn, to ſmile, to weep, and ſwear,
Are Masks for Women, not for Men to wear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Admiral, *Queen of* Navarre, *the* Princes, Commanders, Gentlemen, *&c.*

Adm. Cavagnes would'ſt thou think it poſſible,
I ſcarce have Breath to tell thee I'm not well?

Cav. Why ſhould you fear?
Adm. Becauſe it goes againſt me.
Upon the way, my ſad preſaging Heart
At the firſt view of *Paris* ſunk within me:
I ſtopt, and ſtarted, anſwer'd without Thought,
Like one that breaks his Sleep with his own brawl,
As if my Genius ſhock'd me with a queſtion,
And ask'd me, whither I was bound for Death?
But it muſt be, *Cavagnes*: nay, what's more
Than Death it ſelf, confeſs my ſelf a Traitor,
Ev'n in the Theatre of all the Kingdom:
Do Penance for the glorious Wars I made,
In view of thoſe that have ſo bravely back'd me.

Enter the King, Queen Mother, Anjou, Alberto Gondi, *Cardinal of* Lorain. *All the* Hugonots *kneel.*

King. Madam, you're welcome; this the Prince your Son
Moſt welcome; this the Prince of *Conde*, welcome;
Welcome to *Paris*, welcome to the Court:
The Heart of *Charles* bids welcome to you all.
Who's that upon the Earth? the great *Chaſtillon*,
The glorious Admiral, the fam'd *Coligni*,
The Scourge of Kingdoms! O, my Father, riſe;
Or, by the Majeſty of Age, the Reverence
Due to theſe Hairs, the King himſelf ſhall kneel.
Adm. O Sir, is't poſſible? can this be real?
Can you forgive this Out-law, this Offender;
Who has ſo often turn'd your Subjects Arms
Againſt their lawful Sovereign; made whole Wilds
Of populous Towns, and brav'd the Lions Fury?
Now you have drawn me quite unarm'd to Court,
Can you ſo far be Maſter of your Temper
As not to hew me in a thouſand pieces?
King. Can you, who had the Power to make me trem-(ble,
Can you, my awful Subject, be ſo good
To kneel before my Feet, and ask my Pardon,
And ſhall I be ſo barbarous to refuſe it!
No, mighty Warrior, in the heat of Broils
When thou ſo terribly becam'ſt the Field,

Ha'ſt

Had'ſt thou thus ſought me, by thoſe Saints we worſhip,
I had receiv'd thee with a Breaſt of Mercy.

Adm. Forgive me, Sir; my Heart ſo riſes in me,
I cannot ſpeak.

King. Let then the World be witneſs,
All that is Honeſt, Sacred, Good, and Juſt,
Be Witneſſes the Powers of Heav'n and Earth,
With this Embrace I pardon thee thy Errors,
I bid thee welcome, as my better Angel:
Thou ſhalt dine at in all my Boſom Councils;
My Genius; O! and while I hold thee thus,
Methinks I preſs my Father in my Arms. (Heart

Adm. O! Sir, what have you done? you've burſt the
Of your old *Gaſpar*, with this Flood of Goodneſs:
And ſee, it guſhes from my aged Eyes.

King. No more.

Adm. I muſt, I muſt make way, my Lord,
For this dear Load that makes me ſore within:
But haſte, employ my Arm; let Fortune raiſe
Some Foe that's worthy of *Chaſtillon*'s Sword:
Nay I ſhall quarrel with the Fates themſelves.
Unleſs they rouze me up ſome brave occaſion,
To ſignalize my Loyalty, my Conduct,
And conſtant Zeal for your Immortal Glory.

King. Your Friendſhip to the Queen, who courts it too,
Will more oblige me than your Wars abroad.

Adm. For all paſt Faults thus low I ask her Pardon.

Q. M. Riſe, riſe, my Lord: let us forgive each other.
May I, when dying, miſs the Throne of Mercy,
If when I ſaw the King and you embrace,
My wounded Heart did not weep Blood for Joy.

King. Come, come, my Lord, ſince you're ſo fierce to (ſerve me,
I'll find your Sword Employment. Reſt a while,
And then for *Flanders*, where the Duke of *Alva*
Will hold you to't.

Adm. I long, my Lord, to try him,
He who ſo curſes the reform'd Religion.
I wiſh that, with ſome thouſands I could raiſe
Of thoſe poor Proteſtants whom he diſdains,

I could but face him on the duſty Plain,
Tho to his Aid he call'd his Catholick Maſter,
With thouſand Arms held up to thouſand Saints;
Ev'n with this handful of my old Commanders
Heading the well truſs'd Body of our Men,
We'd on, to make the mitred Armies yield,
And drive the trembling Croſiers from the Field.

Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The SCENE *draws*; *the* King, *the* Queen Mother, *the Duke of* Anjou, *Duke of* Guiſe, *Cardinal of* Lorain: *The Body of* Ligneroles *held up all bloody.*

Anj. AH, Traitor *Guiſe!* but I will have thy Life——

Gui. Let go your Haad; or by the Majeſty
That governs here, I'll ſend you to your Boy.

King. Tear 'em aſunder.

Anj. I'll have Satisfaction.

King. Remove the Body. You my Lord of *Guiſe*, Say how this Murder hapned.

Gui. Thus, my Lord.
Charles Count of *Mansfield*, and the Count of *Guerchy*, When with this Morning's hunt, the Hills and Groves, The Skies and Fountains ſeem'd one mutual Cry, Riding in Company, with this bold Spirit, On fiery Courſers, chanc'd to diſcompoſe him: He frown'd, they laugh'd, and ſo the beaten road Of Quarrels, hot Words roſe, then Blows and Thruſts: The Youth betwixt 'em fell, I know not how; And there's an end of him.

Anj. Traitor, thou ly'ſt: Thou know'ſt the Cauſe.

King. No, Sir, it was my Order.

Now, as you have reſpect to your own Safety,
No more of this. Had you not bluſh'd in Blood,
In the Heart-blood of him you deareſt lov'd;
By my dead Father's Soul, by my Revenge,
You ſhould your ſelf have mourn'd ſo groſs a failing.

Q. M. Sir, he repents.

King. He does but what he ought.
Now to the Buſineſs.
Since then the Cloud that holds our horrid Vengeance
Comes near cracking o'er the *Hugonots* Heads;
Let's help the fall, and ſtir not from this place
Till we have fix'd the Foot-form of their Ruin:
Firſt, for the Queen, *Jane Albert* of *Navarre*,
Becauſe a Woman, and of Royal Blood,
My Mother judg'd that ſhe ſhould die by Poiſon.

Q. M. Diſpatch'd with Sweets. Paſs to the reſt; ſhe's (dead.

King. Yet not without ſuſpicion of the Princes,
Who therefore, by my Order, were deſir'd
To ſee her Body open'd; which was done
Before the chief of all the *Hugonots*;
Only her Head was ſpar'd, as I appointed,
Out of a ſeeming Reverence; but indeed,
Leſt that the Poiſon, tho it paſs'd unſeen,
Like a cloſe Murderer, thro the Lanes of Life,
Might yet at laſt be taken where it lodg'd.
With this, in part, I ſatisfy'd their Murmurs.

Q. M. Therefore you muſt confer more Favours ſtill
Upon the Admiral, lull him with Honours;
Strike him but in the Throat of his Ambition,
You have him ſure: yet let him play a while,
And roll at random down the ſtream of Glory.
My Lord of *Guiſe*, you have not yet convers'd him;
Therefore, while this Suſpicion on the Death
Of the late Queen flies warm about his Ears,
Viſit him, as commanded by the King;
But ſo as if enforc'd: and by degrees,
Proceed to half a Quarrel, that the King,
Being made the Judge, as coming there by chance,
Give ſentence againſt you in appearance,

And force you to ſubmit your ſelf for Pardon.

Gui. It ſhall be ſo: And fear not, I'll provoke him;
'Twill eaſe my Heart a little, with keen words
To right my Father's Wrongs, and ſhed the Venom
That ſwells me all within.

King. On this proceed
To the intended Marriage of *Navarre*;
Which once perform'd, as if that were the Lightning
To the ſure Peal of Horror that muſt follow,
Begin our Vengeance with the Admiral's Death.

Anj. Firſt, Sir, it would be known how *Guiſe* approves
The Marriage of *Navarre* with *Marguerite*.

King. I know the Duke approves what I reſolve;
And on ſo great a puſh would forfeit both
A *Ligneroles* and *Marguerite* too.

Q. M. Come, come, it's monſtrous but to make a (Scruple,
To ſtand on Pets, Intrigues, and fooliſh Paſſions,
When ſuch a Fate is now upon the Bolt,
As ne'er perhaps yet thunder'd with Succeſs,
Since firſt the World began.

Gui. My Lord, I yield,
And take Prince *Porcien*'s Widow for my Wife.

King. I ſent the Count of *Rhets* to bring her hither.
My Lord *Lorain*, pray let me view the Contract.
This, by the Hand of *Guiſe*, muſt firſt be torn,
And then preſented her.

Gui. Excuſe me, Sir. (not;

King. If Prayers or Threats can bend her, Sir, you ſhall
But, if thoſe fail, my Lord, without more words,
I charge you for your Honour, and my own,
To act as I command: or, by my Blood,
Nor you, nor I ſhall ever ſee her more.

Gui. That's a home thruſt indeed: Sir, I obey,
And wait your farther Order.

King. My Lord *Lorain*,
Attend the Duke while I examine *Marguerite*,
Wait till I ſtamp; and when thy Trouble's over,
Make to the Admiral; and I will follow.

Exit

Enter Alberto *with* Marguerite.

How, *Margurrite* weeping? all in Tears!
Sure then the Count of *Rhets* miſtook the Meſſage.
I ſent to give thee Joy, to tell my Siſter
She muſt be marry'd.
Mar. And I come, my Lord,
To ſhew my Heart before your Majeſty,
To beg your Favour, Mercy, and your Pardon;
For O, my Lord, I cannot, if I would,
Be marry'd to *Navarre*.
King. You cannot? Riſe,
And tell me why: I'll hear you out with patience.
Mar. Ah, Sir, how ſhall I ſpeak your Siſter's Frailty?
How ſhall I, but thus drown'd with Tears and Bluſhes,
Confeſs the fault of Duty? I am marry'd,
Betroth'd, my Lord.
King. To whom?
Mar. Alas, you're angry;
But I muſt own the Truth, tho on your Brow
A thouſand Deaths ſat menacing my Soul:
Yes, Sir, I'm marry'd to the Duke of *Guiſe*.
King. Not marry'd, *Marguerite*; but contracted:
And ſo far I'll forgive thy heedleſs Youth;
But on Condition that, without more noiſe,
Thou raiſe the haughty *Guiſe* from thy Remembrance;
Or, by the violation of our Name,
I will not ſpare to drain thy tainted Blood,
Till I have mounted thee by Death a Victim
To the great Memory of the wrong'd *Valois*.
Mar. Call then, my Lord, call forth your fierce Tormentors,
Propoſe to *Marguerite* Flames and Wounds,
And all the cruel Arts of thoughtful Fury;
See your poor Siſter's Spirit parch'd away
By ling'ring Fires, to make my Death more dreadful:
Yes, Sir, with my laſt Breath I muſt avow
My Love to *Guiſe*, and Hatred to *Navarre*.
King. No, I have thought on't better; I'll proclaim thee
A Proſtitute; thou ſhalt no more be Royal;

Poor,

Poor, and abandon'd, with thy Shame upon thee,
I'll turn thee forth a Beggar to the World.

Mar. Do, do, my Lord, rather than wed *Navarre*
And make it Death for any to relieve me;
Set the mad Multitude like Dogs upon me,
To tear, to worry me like common Fleſh,
To drag me to a Ditch, and leave me gaſping;
Yet I will groan with my laſt Sighs to Heav'n,
'Tis eaſier this, than to be falſe to *Guiſe*.

King. But, *Marguerite*, was there ever Love,
Without a brave Revenge on Provocation?
Yet, Wretch, thou lov'ſt without being lov'd again;
Since in my Preſence *Guiſe* now paſt his Word
To leave thee, and to wed the Widow *Portien*.

Mar. No, no, my Lord; that Art was us'd before;
Yet, Sir, you make me tremble; for methinks
There's ſomething more reſolv'd, more ſtern in you,
Than in my Mother: yet my Heart's confirm'd
Not to believe ev'n you; O therefore ceaſe,
Or rather execute your former Rage,
And give me up to thoſe Tormentors Hands
That wait your Call.

King. But if I bring the Duke
Before thy Face, that Contract in his Hand,
Which paſt betwixt you, and he tears it here
Openly, in the Preſence of us all;
Wilt thou then quit him, with reſolv'd Revenge,
And wed *Navarre*?

Mar. Why ſhould you ask me, Sir?
Prove me but half as much, but half that Falſhood,
That Impudence, that Treaſon to the Throne
Of our crown'd Loves, and I will wed a Slave:
There's not a thing ſo loath'd upon the Earth,
But you ſhall bind me to it for my Life,
To Age, Deformity, to all that's hateful,
Blaſting, and deadly. —— Ha! what's this he tears?
The Contract? O, it is the curſed Contract!
Then I'll tear too. Death, Furies, Hell, and Devils!
But call him, Sir, call back the perjur'd Traitor;
Let your Guards hold him; you ſhall ſee, my Lord,

How well I hate him: Give me but a Dagger,
And I will gore his Heart with thouſand Wounds;
Nay, if 'twere poſſible, I'd ſtab his Soul,
Full it ſo full, brimful of Woman's Gall,
That, tho he were an Angel, it ſhould damn him;
But he's a Devil, Devil, Devil, Devil.
King. Give me your Hand; you ſhall along with me
To a young King, that will be proud to ſerve you.
Mar. Sir, I know not what to ſay or do,
But fling the Load of Miſery at your Feet:
You have my Promiſe, but with all my Blood
I would retrieve it; for ſince *Guiſe* is falſe,
Whom I believ'd the worthieſt of the World,
Since he has prov'd himſelf ſo damn'd a Villain,
O, give me leave, Sir, give me leave to ſhun,
To hate, to loathe, to curſe all human kind.
King. I'll have no more delay; I claim your Promiſe:
Come then; or, by my Crown, I'll have thee dragg'd.
What, hoa? without there.

Enter Attendants.

Mar. Mother, pity me.
Have patience, Sir, a little time, my Lord,
To vent theſe burſting Sighs, and I will go;
Let me but dry my Eyes, and I will go:
This Remnant of a wretched royal Woman,
This Stain to all your Blood, O cruel Heaven!
This curs'd, forlorn, unhappy Bride, ſhall go
Thus to the Altar where my Fate's decreed;
But like a Victim that is doom'd to bleed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Admiral, Antramont, Cavagnes, Langoiran.

Ant. Poiſon'd; the royal dead *Navarre* was poiſon'd:
'Tis the firſt Thunder-clap of that vaſt Storm
That ſeems already breaking o'er your Head.

Why

Why are you ſenſeleſs then, and deaf to Warning;
When, whereſoe'er you caſt your Eyes, the Storm
Looks blacker yet? Why ſtays the Duke of *Guiſe*?
Why does he ſummon all his Blood to Court,
With Barons, Knights, that hold the Catholick Party,
With foreign Gentry living on his Penſions,
And therefore ready upon all occaſions,
With hazard of their Lives to act his Pleaſure?

Adm. Peace, *Antramont*,

Ant. Alas, my Lord, I cannot.
Why ſhould the Vidam *Chartres*, Count *Montgomery*,
Reſolve to lodge themſelves beyond the *Sein*,
Unleſs their Minds preſage ſome dreadful Miſchief?
'Tis coming: O, with deeper Policies
The King and Queen delude your eaſy Soul
With fatal Praiſes, and undoing Honours:
O, they have caught you! my prophetick Soul
Sees the red Tempeſt thunder down in Blood,
In Blood of you, of me, of all about you.

Adm. O, *Antramont*, you foil me now indeed;
Yet I ſhall anſwer, if your Paſſion pleaſe:
Firſt, for the Queen, I ſaw her Body open'd,
The Parts whereof were found, untouch'd by Poiſon,
And by our own Phyſicians 'twas concluded
She died a natural Death. Then for the *Guiſes*,
Some little Satisfaction muſt be given,
As to permit their Preſence at the Marriage;
But for the Management of State-Affairs,
Or Favour from the King, they're loſt for ever:
Nor ſhall it keep my dauntleſs Powers awake,
Tho *Chartres* and *Montgomery* will not come.
But, to forbear the Subject, leave me here
With my *Cavagnes*.

Ant. I am commanded, Sir;
Yet for the Safety of your innocent Babes,
Beware, my Lord, be cautious, O prevent. [*Ex.* Ant.

Adm. Fear not; farewel; be gon, I will beware.
Why ſhould I fear, *Cavagnes*, when the King
Inclines his Heart to the reform'd Religion;
When the whole Management of home Affairs,

With

With all Confederacies made abroad,
Are left to me, as Judge and Arbitrator,
The Genius and the Oracle of *France?*
But, if the Will of Heav'n has ſet it down,
That all this Truſt is deep Diſſimulation,
That there's no Faith nor Credit to be given
To the inviolable royal Word;
O, my *Cavagnes*, if 'tis poſſible,
If this be ſo, I yield, I yield to die:
I am contented for the Proteſtant Faith
Here to be hewn into a thouſand Pieces,
And made the Martyr of ſo good a Cauſe.
Lang. My Lord, I take my leave; and am reſolv'd
To leave the Court.
Adm. *Cavagnes*, prithee ſpeak,
It is not worth our Smile: But why, *Langoiran*,
Why doſt thou leave the Maker of thy Fortune?
Is it not worth the hazard?
Lang. No, my Lord.
I'm ſorry, Sir, to ſee you made ſo much of;
And ſo farewel. For my part, I'm content
To ſave my ſelf with Fools, rather than periſh
With thoſe that are too wiſe. [*Exit.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, the Duke of *Guiſe*.
[*Exeunt* Cavag. *and Serv.*

Enter Guiſe.

Guiſ. The King, my Lord, commanded me to wait you,
And bid you welcome to the Court.
Adm. The King
Still loads me with new Honours; but none greater
Than this the laſt.
Guiſ. There is one greater yet,
Your high Commiſſion for the War with *Spain*:
I, and my Family, are charg'd to ſerve you;
And 'twill be glorious Work.

Adm.

Adm. If you are there,
There muſt be Action.

Guiſ. O, your Pardon, Sir:
I'm but a Stripling in the Trade of War;
But you, whoſe Life is one continu'd Battel,
What will not your triumphant Arms accompliſh?
Who, as your ſelf confeſs'd, or Fame is falſe,
Have quite out-gone the Memory of the Antients,
Of *Alexander*, and of *Julius Cæſar*:
For they in all their Actions had Succeſs;
But you, in ſpite of your malicious Fortune,
After the loſs of four moſt fignal Battels,
Still roſe more fierce and dreadful to your Foes:
And laſt, when all Men thought you had no way
To ſave your Life, but wander thro the World,
You forc'd the King to grant your own Conditions,
More proper for a Conqueror, than one
That was o'ercome.

Adm. No more of that, my Lord.

Guiſ. But, Sir, ſince I muſt make a little one
In this great Buſineſs, let me underſtand
What 'tis you mean, and why you put the King
Upon ſo dangerous an Expedition?

Adm. Know, I intend the Greatneſs of the King,
The Greatneſs of all *France*, whom it imports
To make their Arms their Aim and Occupation:
Since then the Genius of the Kingdom's rous'd,
I'll turn the Fever of thoſe civil Broils
To wholeſom Exerciſe, to War with Strangers.

Guiſ. Stor'd Arſenals, and Armories, and Fields of Horſe,
Ord'nance, Ammunition, and the Nerve of War,
Sound Infantry, not harraſs'd and diſeas'd,
To meet a veteran Army, ſhould be thought of:
Nor ought you to rely on Proteſtants,
Thoſe Mercenaries that muſt come; for he
Who, thus reſolv'd, depends on ſuch, ſhall ſpread
His Feathers now, but mew 'em all to morrow.

Adm. I find, my Lord, the Argument grows warm,
Therefore thus much, and I have done. The King
Inten

Intends to ſend an Army into *Flanders*,
A powerful one, and under my Command:
Firſt then, altho the Wars of latter Ages,
Are in reſpect of former, made i'th' dark,
Chaſtillon will not ſteal a Victory.
Guiſ. The Phraſe of *Alexander* at *Arbela!*
Adm. No Place of Honour, Office, or Command
Thro the whole Series of this glorious War,
For Profit, Favour, or for Intereſt,
Not of the greateſt, ſhall be bought or ſold.
Whereas no, for th' Encouragement of Fighters,
There are degrees promiſcuouſly confer'd
On Soldiers, and no Soldiers; this Man knighted,
Becauſe he charged a Troop before his Dinner,
And ſkulk'd behind a Hedge in th'Afternoon:
I will have ſtrict Examination made
Betwixt the Meritorious and the Baſe.
And, ſince I am entruſted as I wiſh,
I'll ſpoil the Traffick of this Brandy-Court,
And vie Rewards for Merit with old *Rome*.
Guiſ. You will, my good Lord Admiral?
Adm. Sir, I will.
Upon the very Spot of Victory,
For gallant Men,
Erect their Trophies, Funeral Laudatives,
And Monuments for thoſe that died in War,
Crowns of Diſtinction, Garlands perſonal,
All but the Stile of Emperor, which the King
Of the whole Univerſe did after borrow;
That for my Maſter: and perhaps for me
The Triumph of their Generals in return. (doubt
Guiſ. You have mouth'd it bravely; and there is no
Your Deeds would anſwer well ſuch haughty Words:
Yet, let me tell you, Sir, there was a Man
(Curſe on the Hand that ſped him) that would better,
Better than you, or all the bragging Generals,
That when he ſhone in Arms, and ſun'd the Field,
That better would become the great Batallion,
Mov'd, ſpoke, and fought, and was himſelf a War.
Adm. The noble *Guiſe*, your Father, Sir, you mean;
But, yet, my Lord——— *Guiſ*

Guiſ. No yet, my Lord, no yet:
By Arms I bar you that;
For never was his like, nor ſhall again,
Till murder'd by *Poltrot*, curs'd damn'd *Poltrot*,
Whoſe Soul now gluts the Maw of *Lucifer*.

Adm. Speak with more Charity.

Guiſ. Ha! Charity!
Damnation on the Soul that harbours it.
Were I in Heav'n, and ſaw him ſcorch'd in Flames,
I would not ſpit my Indignation down,
Leſt I ſhould cool his Tongue. For *Beza* too,
That ſet him on with the Rewards of Heav'n,
To act ſo black, ſo deep, ſo damn'd a Murder——
O why will *Charles* thus ſheathe the Sword of Juſtice
Till he has rooted up this Sect of Villains,
And collar'd to the Stake that canting Slave,
That preach'd my godlike Father from the World?

Adm. Come, come, my Lord, hear with a little patience,
And you ſhall find 'tis not the Proteſtant way
To ſtab, and beat the Brains out in the dark:
Look home, my Lord, go to the *Vatican*;
See if in all thoſe politick Diſcourſes,
There be not one red-letter'd Page for killing.

Guiſ. Ha, Admiral! then dar'ſt thou juſtify
The Villain whom my Vengeance marks for Death?

Adm. My Lord, I will not juſtify a Villain
More than your ſelf: But if you thus proceed,
If that a great Man's Breath can puff away
On every Pet the Lives of free-born People;
What need that awful general Convocation,
Th' Aſſembly of the States? Nay, let me urge,
If thus you threat the venerable *Beza*,
What may the reſt expect?

Guiſ. What, if I could,
They ſhould be certain of, whole Piles of Fire.

Adm. 'Tis very well, my Lord I know your Mind,
Which without Fear or Flatt'ry to your Perſon,
I'll tell the King; and then, with his Permiſſion,
Proclaim it for a Warning to our People.

Guiſ. Come, you're a Murderer your ſelf.

Adm.

Adm. Away.

Gui. You were Complotter with that Villain *Beza*,
The black Abetter of my Father's Murder.

Adm. This wou'd ſound well, my Lord, in Front of (Battle,
But here upon a Viſit from the King
It looks not like to *Guiſe*.

Gui. My Father's Murder—
Bid me not ſtand on points when that's remember'd;
But track me to the Forreſt with thy Sword,
There Man to Man, back'd with all thy People,
Follow me, or I will proclaim thee Traitor, Coward.

Adm. O King, King, King! ſtill let me ſound thy Name,
Leſt this fool-hardy Boy, this knotty Trifler,
This Spawn of Words, this Urchin of the War,
Should raiſe my Anger paſt the pulling down.

Enter King, Queen Mother, Alberto, Anjou, *and* Morvele.

But ſee, He's here, I ſcorn to ruin thee:
Therefore go tell him, tell him thy own Story.

King. What now, my Lord of *Guiſe*? is this your Viſit?
I charge you on your Life, without reſerve,
Tell me the Truth; how paſſed this Diſorder?
Thoſe ruffled Hands, red Looks, and Port of Fury?

Gui. I told him, Sir, ſince you reſolve to have it,
He was the Murderer of my noble Father;
Therefore a Traitor, Villain and a Coward.

King. Is't poſſible?

Adm. No matter, Sir, no matter;
The old Man rouz'd, and ſhook himſelf, my Lord;
A few hot words; no more, upon my Life:
So, if your Majeſty will do me Honour,
I do beſeech you, let the buſineſs die.

King. Guiſe, go, ſubmit your ſelf, and ask his Pardon.

Gui. My Lord, I cannot ſpeak.

King. Where are our Guards?

Adm. Hold there. Come, Sir, I will interpret for you,
My Lord, this cloſe Embrace makes up the Breach:
We will be ſorry, Sir, for one another.

Gui. You have out-done me, Sir; but you'll excuſe me.

'Twas

'Twas a great Rack that ſcrew'd me to this Folly.
Adm. More than enough, we're riveted the faſter.
King. My Lord of *Guiſe*.
Q. M. My good Lord Admiral,
Now uſe your Power, and quite oblige the Court:
Villandry has provok'd the King at Play,
In ſuch a nature, that he's doom'd to die;
My Son refus'd my Interceſſion for him;
Therefore, when he has done his Check to *Guiſe*,
For your Affront, pray, my good Lord, intreat him.
King. The Marriage ſtays within; which paſt, reſolve
His Execution ſudden as you can.
Gui. Morvele.
Mor. My Lord.
Gui. I, by the King's Commiſſion, have Command
To take the Admiral's Life.
Mor. I'll ſhoot him.
Gui. Right:
As he returns from Court.
Mor. From ſome Out-Lodging
I'll watch him, till I execute your Order.
Adm. I'm a Suitor to your Majeſty
For poor *Villandry*'s Life.
King. Haſte, bring him forth.
I think, my Lord, if you ſhould ask my Heart,
My yielding Breaſt would open to your Hand.
But, Father, let's away; the Cardinal
Stays for *Navarre*.
Adm. We'll wait your Majeſty. [*Ex.* King *with Court.*
O, my *Cavagnes*, where's *Langoiran* now?
Where's *Antramont?* but haſte, and tell her all;
Tell her th' extravagant Kindneſs of the King;
Tell her——but ſtay; why ſuch repeated Oaths?
That's to be thought on: Hollow was his Aſpect,
Graves in his Smiles, Death in his bloodleſs Hands.
O *Antramont!* I'll haſte to meet thy Eyes:
The Face of Beauty on theſe riſing Horrors,
Looks like the Midnight Moon upon a Murder:
It drives the Shades that thicken from the State,
And gilds the dark deſign that's ripe for Fate. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The King riſes from a Couch.

FROM Amber Shrouds I ſee the Morning riſe,
Her Roſy Hand begins to paint the Skies;
And now the City Emmets leave their Hive,
And rouzing Hinds to chearful Labour drive;
High Cliffs and Rocks are pleaſing Objects now,
And Nature ſmiles upon the Mountains Brow;
The joyful Birds ſalute the Sun's Approach;
The Sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy Coach,
While from his Car the dropping Gems diſtil,
And all the Earth, and all the Heav'n does ſmile:
But *Charles*, ſtill wrapt in Shades, like Night appears,
His Sighs the Vapours, and the Dews his Tears.
Yet, O juſt Power, with Pity, O behold
The Wretch, whoſe fault is in your Book inroll'd;
Behold theſe Streams, with which his Soul aſpires
To ſlake your Wrath, and quench your angry Fires.

Enter Genius.

Gen. Thy *Genius*, lo, from his ſweet Bed of Reſt,
Adorn'd with Jaſſamin, and with Roſes dreſt,
The Pow'r Divine has rais'd to ſtop thy Fate;
A true Repentance never comes too late:
So ſoon as born, ſhe made her ſelf a Shroud,
The weeping Mantle of a Fleecy Cloud,
And ſwift as Thought her Airy Journey took,
Her hand Heav'ns Azure Gate with trembling ſtrook;
The Stars did with amazement on her look;
She told thy Story in ſo ſad a Tone,
The Angels ſtart from Bliſs, and gave a Groan.
But *Charles* beware, oh dally not with Heav'n,
For after this no Pardon ſhall be giv'n. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Queen Mother, *Cardinal of* Lorain, Anjou, Alberto Gondi.

Card. The King upon the Earth? O riſe, my Lord,
Q. M. He has of late been troubled with ſuch Faints
And ſee he bleeds at Mouth. ſings;
King. Stand from me all.
O, Mother, Mother! whither will you lead me?
Thro what a Vault of Monuments, and Sculls,
And dead Men's Bones? And you, my Lord *Lorain*,
Muſt I ſtill journey thro this Vale of Death,
And never reach the Paradiſe you promis'd?
I muſt not let the Maſſacre go forward;
I'm warn'd from Heav'n, I ſwear I think from Heav'n.
Q. M. Some Scare-crow of a Dream: So far from Sin;
Or ought that's damnable, is our Deſign;
That my Lord Cardinal will tell you, Sir,
'Tis meritorious; and whene'er we ſtrike,
The Church ſhall bleſs it, as a Blow from Heav'n.
Card. Therefore, my Lord, I wiſh you to ſuſpect
Whatever thwarts you in your holy Purpoſe;
However veil'd, tho in an Angel's form,
Conclude it the Suggeſtion of the Devil.
Q. M. So; now, I hope, theſe Qualms are at an end,
And we may cloſe purſue the main Intention.
Suppoſe the Admiral kill'd; on this, the *Hugonots*
Fall on the Houſe of *Guiſe*; the City riſes
And cuts 'em all to pieces: Now imagine,
Which I am apt to think, the Hereticks
Are more diſcreet, and only ſue for Juſtice,
Without a Tumult; ſhall the buſineſs ſtand?
Car. No. If we find they do not run to Uproar,
(Our only hope to colour o'er their Ruin)
Proceed to inſtant Slaughter; or they'll find
Some means for Flight, and kindle up the War
More dreadfully than ever.
Anjou. Is't determin'd
That with the reſt the Princes too ſhall bleed?

Q. M.

Q. M. My Judgment is moſt poſitive in this:
Let not one Soul of all be left alive;
For 'tis ridiculous, in ſuch extreams,
In the midſt of Slaughter, Ruin, Blood, and Death,
To think of ever being prais'd for Mercy.
Not can a Mear be us'd; the Duke of *Guiſe*
Meddles not in it, if a Man eſcape:
And laſtly, in ſuch a deſperate Purge of Humours,
If any Relick of the great Diſtemper
Be left behind, it runs to a Relapſe
More dangerous than before.

King. As I remember,
Madam, it has been oft your Oracle,
In theſe late Civil Wars, to avoid a Battel;
That Limbs, tho ne'er ſo foul, ſhould not be lopt
Without the utmoſt, laſt Neceſſity;
Becauſe the Body feels too great Defect,
Sharp Pains, and almoſt irrecoverable Weakneſs:
And will you now cut the great Arteries,
The Princes of the Blood? Moſt horrid Thought!

Q. M. Compoſe your ſelf; *Navarre* and *Conde* live.
Come, come, you muſt put off this Melancholy;
'Twill breed Suſpicion, Sir, let me intreat you
To go upon the Inſtant ſtrait to *Tennis*,
While *Morvele* does his buſineſs.

King. O my Heart!
If you would have me fix'd, you muſt not leave me,
You muſt talk out to my diſtracted Soul,
Leſt Conſcience drown the Voice of Policy.

[*Exeunt all but* Cardinal.

Card. This 'tis to have a Conſcience. — Here comes one

Enter Guiſe.

Star'd as my ſelf, of my own Family.
Is he diſpatch'd?

Gui. Not yet; but *Morvele* waits him,
His Fuzee cock'd, and planted at the Window:
All, all is fitted.

Card. What, your *Marguerite*
Said ſhe was ſick, and would not bed the Prince
Laſt Night?

Gui.

Gui. I know not that; but here I ſtay
To take her as ſhe paſſes to the Gardens.
How fares the King?

Card. A little bound in Conſcience:
He pukes at Dreams; and as I hear of late,
Spits Blood.

Gui. A Fit, a Fit, my Lord, o'th' Mother:
I told you ſo. But ſee the furious Princeſs.
Away: I'll clap my Prow upon the Storm,
And, if a Wrack muſt follow, let it come.

Enter Marguerite.

Mar. Ha! Villain! Traitor! Devil! Hence be gone;
Or I muſt get into my Grave to hide me:
I've ſworn, I've ſworn to fly thee like a Fury,
And I am damn'd if e'er I ſee thee more.

Gui. I will obey you. And indeed the Fates
Of theſe ſad Souls that muſt to day be dol'd
Require my haſte: I beg you but to hear me:
Grant me but this, by Hell, and Hell's worſt Horrors,
And all the Murders of this bloody Day;
You ne'er ſhall ſee me more.

Mar. What can'ſt thou ſay?
For ſee, I know not how, thou'ſt charm'd my Rage.

Gui. Know then, the Lives of every *Hugonot*
This moment now are ſentenc'd to the Grave,
A Maſſacre of all.

Mar. A Maſſacre!

Gui. Madam, I've done. But hark! a Gun went off;
My leaping Heart cries out, It is the Admiral.
The Marriage of *Navarre* was for this end
Deſign'd, to bring the Princes to the Court:
And, on ſo great an Enterprize, the King
Compell'd me to the tearing of the Contract,
Or threatned the deſtruction of my Houſe,
And which was worſe, your Death before my Eyes.
What, hoa! *Morvele!* he paſs'd the Anti-chamber.

Enter

Enter Morvele.

Permit me to conſult him. Ha! ſpeak out;
Say, is the Admiral———
Mor. Not dead, my Lord.
I think I ſaw ſome of his Fingers fly,
And part of his left Arm: I'm ſure I hit him.
Gui. Here, take this Key; fly to my Cloſet, haſte;
Thou art pardon'd! Farewel.
Mor. I'm gone, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Gui. 'Twas in this manner juſt, my noble Father
Was palted from the Fame of all the World
By ſuch another Villain; and my Soul
Leaps with Revenge, that this proud Admiral
Should, like an Eagle, in his utmoſt flight
Be topled from the Clouds of all his Glory.
Madam, farewel: I hope you will excuſe
What I, enforc'd, did act: I love you ſtill;
And, on this ſad Affair, in which perhaps
Your *Guiſe* may periſh, it would warm my Heart
To hear you do not hate me.
Marg. Death and Horror!
Infamy, Vengeance, Murder, Maſſacre!
Gui. Now By the Life and Heart of our Deſign
'Tis well diſſembled; ſtood thy Lord in view,
I thus wou'd charge thee, bear thee in my Arms
From the proud hurry of a claſhing World,
To *Mahomet*'s Paradiſe, to Beds of Pleaſure,
Where we ſhall ſpin the ſilken Days for ever,
Without a break; lengthning the twinkling Moment
To an Eternity of deathleſs Pleaſure. (derer!
Marg. Touch me not for thy Life, thou Traitor! Mur-
Raviſher! Oh thou titled Villain!
In Purple dipt to give a gloſs to Miſchief!
Follow the bloody mark of thy Ambition,
And never ſee me more———
Gui. It cannot be,
Unleſs you chain me, drag me in ſunleſs Caves:
You are my earthly Goodneſs, all my hope

Of Comfort here: nor wiſh I more hereafter.
Marg. Hold, hold, Prophaner, thou haſt diſhonour'd me,
But this is little to the Crimes that follow,
Thou haſt betray'd me, after all my Vows
To marry one I hate; for thy Ambition
Mak'ſt me the Cauſe of this moſt horrid Vengeance.
At which the Earth ſhall ſicken, Saints be ſad,
And none but Furies like your ſelf——
Gui. Did not your Mother form the whole Deſign?
Marg. Whoever form'd or helpt in ſuch contriving,
Hell and Damnation waſte 'em; but for thee,
Sear'd as thou art, with Cruelty, Revenge,
I pity thee, O *Guiſe!* becauſe I lov'd thee,
And beg thee view thoſe Fiends that gape to ſeize thee;
Allow at leaſt a poſſibility;
An unknown Country, after you are dead,
As well as there was one e'er you were born.
Gui. Admit me then once more to ſhare your Breaſt,
To taſte thoſe Secrets from thoſe lovely Lips,
And I in time may be a Proſelyte.
Marg. Here look your laſt! for from the time I leave you,
Ne'er hope to ſee loſt *Marguerite* more.
Gui. I am a Rebel, and have ſworn to ſee you,
By all our former Dearneſs, and I will
By Heav'n: I will, in ſpite of you reſolve,
I'll gaze upon you till theſe Chryſtals run.
Marg. You have broke my Heart a thouſand ſeveral ways,
And now againſt my Will this Parting melts me.
Gui. Speak not of parting; by thoſe Eyes I beg,
Ner melting Hearts; the Blood runs down from mine.
Marg. For all the wrongs you have done me, my Diſhonour,
For all your Delays, your Slights, your thouſand Oaths,
Your moſt conſiderate Pride in falling out,
That I might court you to be Friends again——
Gui. Stop yet: and oh eternal Love ſhall crown thee.
Marg. For all my Midnight Groans——
Gui. Hold, *Marguerite.*
Marg. My Tears, my Watchings,
The bleeding Tokens of the fondeſt Love——

Gui.

Gui. Take this, and ſtrike it to my Heart;
But ſpeak your Griefs no more. [*Offers a Dagger.*
Marg. By all, I've ſaid,
I [illegible] you, Sir, to ſpare my Husband's Life.
Gui. What, *Marguerite?* ha! *Navarre* again?
[illegible] too much.
Marg. Save him, if poſſible,
And [illegible] farewel, thou Ruin of my Glory:
Farewel, thou ſtrong Seducer of my Youth.
[illegible] I will eye thee hungerly at laſt:
Nay take this Sigh to that thus ſplits my Heart,
My Husband's Life is all that I implore,
To ſave *Navarre*, and never ſee me more. [*Exit.*
Gui. She's gone, for ever gone; why, let her go.
Henceforth renounce all Woman-kind thy Foe;
Or if thy feeble Soul to Love return,
Do not, like *Anthony*, for Life-time burn:
But as a Lion, eager of his Prey,
Compell'd by Thirſt, turns from his purpos'd way,
And in ſome Silver Fountain ſlakes his Rage,
Then runs more fiercely on his Foes t'engage;
So having quench'd thy Fires with Beauty's Charms,
Forget the Pleaſures, and ruſh on to Arms. [*Exit.*

Enter King, Queen Mother, Anjou, Lorain, Alberto Gondi.

King. Command that all the City-Gates be ſhut,
Except but two, for bringing in Proviſions;
And theſe, my Lord of *Rhetz*, be ſtrictly guarded,
Leſt that the Murderer eſcape.
Q. M. You bear it bravely:
Now to the wounded Admiral: be there
As you are now, ſeem ſoft and pitiful,
Fond him with Tears, cry out with your Impatience
To be reveng'd upon the Murderer.
King. You that are made of Artifice inſtruct me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Admiral Dreſſing, with all the Hugonots *about him.*

Adm. A Finger and an Arm? what all this Noiſe
About the ſhattering of a Limb? Away.
And in a Cauſe ſo great, ſo glorious too?
Nay, let 'em burn the other to the Shoulder,
Or let that Badger Queen grind every Bone
Betwixt her Teeth, and grin to hear 'em crack.
Cav. Let's inſtantly reſolve to bear him forth.
Adm. No: with this mangled Fleſh held up to Heav'n,
This horrid maſh of Blood, and Bone, and Marrow,
Upon my Knees I beg the Power Divine
T' eſtabliſh thus the Proteſtant Religion,
To plant it in the Blood of loſt *Coligni*,
If that, alas, may ſatisfy their Fury.
Cav. Take Heart, Sir; hope one Day for full Revenge.

Enter Antramont.

Ant. 'Tis well, my Lord! 'tis well, my *Cato!* well!
You call'd this *Paris Utica* at firſt:
The Stars of great Men have a Caſt Divine,
And when they mould with ſecond Thought, the Spirit,
The Air, the Life, the golden Vapour's gone.
Langoiran! O *Langoiran!*
Adm. Fate, my *Martia*;
There is a Providence that overrules:
Therefore ſubmit; haſte, for thy Life, away;
I beg thee fly, my *Martia*, to *Geneva*:
My little ones ſhall with *Teligny* follow.
Ant. What, Sir, is't poſſible?
Is a Plank in this great Veſſel rived?
Is't neceſſary that a Wreck ſhould follow?
Adm. O *Antramont*, there is no going forth;
If the King be not in th' Aſſaſſination,

Fear

Fear not; I ſhall have Juſtice: If he be,
Farewel for ever, I'll ne'er ſee thee more.

Ant. You ſhall, you ſhall: why burſt you not away?
There are at leaſt ten thouſand, your Adherents,
Will clear your Paſſage to *Chaſtillon*:
Why do you drag then, when your Fate cries on?

Adm. Once more I ſay, my Fate is in the King;
Therefore away: If things go right, you come
To me again; if not, there's one preſerv'd
To embalm my Bowels, O my *Antramont*;
I mean my Babes, that thus have force to thaw me.
That Power, whoſe moſt unſearchable Decree
Thus dooms our parting, give thee ſtrength to bear it;
To bear my Death; perhaps thou'lt hear it ſhortly:
Yet thou ſhalt hear nothing unworthy me,
Nothing that's faint and flagging at the Goal,
But my laſt Gaſp like my firſt ſtart of Glory.

Ant. What, leave thee, *Gaſper*, e'er I kiſs thy Wound?
O, let me touch the Batt'ry of his Arm!
Forgive me; thus far I will be a *Roman*:
There's Virtue here, in this moſt ſacred Relict,
I ſwear I think there is, to ſave a Soul.

Adm. Be gone, I ſay; I cannot bear thy Kindneſs:
Force her away, and bear her to *St. Germain*.

Ant. I go. For thee, this Prayer I leave behind me:
Whene'er thou dy'ſt, the Arms of Angels waft thee
To thoſe ſmooth Joys that have no gritty Moments.
For her that brought thee to this barbarous end,
The Whips of Conſcience drive her to Deſpair;
Conſcience! Sh' has none: Why then the ſtings of Pleaſure
Sores and Diſeaſes, Diſappointments plague her; (ſure,
May all her Life be one continu'd Torment,
And that more racking than a Mother's Labour!
In meeting Death, may her leaſt trouble be
As great as now my Parting is with thee! [*Exit.*

Enter Alberto Gondi.

Alb. My Lord, his Majeſty, the Queen his Mother,
Approach to mourn your Chance, and give you Juſtice.

Enter King, Queen, Anjou, Lorain.

King. My Lord, I come to pour the Balm of Tears
Into your Wound; I come to threaten Death
To that bold Villain who durſt act this Outrage;
And by my Soul I ſwear, my Father ſhall
Have ſuch Revenge, as if a King were kill'd.

Adm. I thank your Majeſty, and humbly crave
Your leave, Sir, to retire home to *Chaſtillon*;
Where, from theſe tumultuous *Pariſians*,
I may, my Lord, recover this Misfortune.

Q. M. What, take a Journey, Sir, in this Condition?
Your Death muſt follow: But, alas, I fear,
I fear the Truth, with Tears I muſt avow it,
My Lord, you dare not truſt the King and me.

Adm. O, do not tax me with the leaſt Suſpicion:
I muſt believe the Royal Majeſty;
But all my fear is for my dear Companions,
And theſe lov'd Princes, whom the Heav'ns defend.

King. Therefore my Brother ſtreight ſhall draw the (Guards
Within the City, while for preſent Safety
I order Monſieur *Coſen's* Company
To keep your Quarters from all fear of Tumult.
O Father, Father, do not wound my Soul
By a Diſtruſt unworthy of us both.

Q. M. Ah, my Lord Admiral, can you imagine
That we are paſt all fear, or hope of Mercy,
That there's no Conſcience, no regard of Vows,
No Grace, no Reverence, fear of Heav'n, nor Hell,
Nor common Care of Fame, even in this World?

King. To Bed, to Bed; let me intreat you reſt.

Q. M. Nay, you ſhall go, my Lord, ſupported thus,
Betwixt your Boſom Friends: Believe me, Sir,
This is not feign'd, there are not two alive
That love you more, than thoſe that now ſuſtain you.

Adm. Is't poſſible? Why, if it were diſſembled,
The very Counterfeit of ſuch a Friendſhip
Were worth a dying for. Alas, my Lord,
O Madam! Why, why muſt this Trouble be?

But

But lead me, lead your poor old Admiral,
Blind with his Tears, and faint with loſs of Blood:
If I do well again, I'll thank you, Sir,
I'll thank you in the Field; O grant it, Heav'n,
That I may end where no Aſſaſſins are,
And fall a Victim in the glorious War. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Guiſe, Aumale, Elbeuf, Angoleſme, *with* Pariſians.

Gui. Look you, my Lords, this is the Royal Order;
The Dukes of *Nevers* and *Monpenſier*
Muſt wait to guard the Perſon of the King,
With all the Royal Regiment in Arms:
Haſte, for the Day begins to wear apace.
An. El. We obey. [*Exeunt ambo.*
Gui. Preſident *Charton*, Provoſt *de Merchand*,
The Head of the *Pariſians*.
Prov. Here, my Lord.
Gui. Provide two thouſand Men compleatly arm'd;
Let each particular Man, on his left Arm
Wear a Shirt-ſleeve, and a white Croſs in's Hat,
That, upon notice given, all may be ready
To execute his Majeſty's Commands:
The *Eſchevins* of every ſeveral Ward
See in juſt Order and preciſely ſet,
That upon ringing the Palace-Bell,
Lights may be put directly on the inſtant
In every Window all throughout the Town.
Prov. It ſhall be done. [*Exit.*
Gui. My Lord, Grand Prior,
With as many Commanders we can raiſe, be ready
To take the Admiral's Life. But ſee the Queen!

Enter Queen Mother, Cardinal, Anjou.

Q. *M.* Come, come, my Lords, let's loſe no longer
The *Hugonots* proceed not to a Tumult, (time;

But only vent their Fury in high Words:
Therefore away. My Lord of *Guiſe*, your Father
Looks from the Clouds, and cries, Revenge, Revenge.
Methink 'twere better too, while you kill the Admiral,
The King's Grand Provoſt ſhould purſue his Wife.

Gui. The old gray Sire, the Dam, and little Babes,
I'll take 'em all together in the Neſt,
And paſh 'em till they ſprawl. You and the Cardinal
Haſte to the *Louvre*; when the Gates are ſhut,
Call the chief *Hugonots* down, and cut their Throats.
My Lord, the Duke of *Anjou*, to your Care
The King commits the City: So farewell:
There wants no more but ringing of the Bell.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *The City.*

Lights in the Windows. The Preſident marches his Men over the Stage: The Bell of the Palace rings out.

Enter Admiral *in his Night-Gown.*

Adm. The Palace Bell rings out, loud Cries of Murder,
Guns fir'd, and groans of dying Men below;
The King has giv'n his Warrant for my laſt;
His Vows, his Oaths, and Altar-Obligations
Are loſt: the Wax of all thoſe ſacred Bonds
Runs at the Queen's Revenge, the Fire that melts 'em.
They are no more: The Admiral's no more.

Enter Cavagnes *bleeding.*

Cav. My Lord, God calls us; Death is in the Court:
Fate, in the ſhape of *Guiſe*, all over Blood.
I ſaw your Son-in-Law *Teligny* die;
Roura, the Son of Baron *de Airet*,
With Colonel *Montaumar*, gallant *Guerchy*,
Wrapping his Cloak about his Arm, fought on
Till he was all one Wound, and ſo expir'd:
But hark, they come!

Adm.

Adm. Why, let 'em, let 'em come;
We shall e're long, my Friend, be worth their Envy;
To die thus for Religion, O *Cavagnes*,
It puts the Soul in everlasting Tune,
And sounds already in the Ears of Angels!
And O, what Cause had ever such Foundation!
Yet thee thus the Root shall reach the Center,
Spread to the Poles, and with her Top touch Heav'n.
But see, they come: Stand fix'd, and look on Death
With such Contempt, so masterly an Eye,
As if he were thy Slave.

Enter Besnie, Sartabons, *four Soldiers.*

Besn. See where he stands! ha, Slaves, what makes you pause? (him.
1 *Sold.* Kill him your self, for my part I'll not touch
2 *Sold.* Nor I: For my part I am sorry for what is (done already.
Adm. Cowards indeed! thus to be terrified
Ev'n with the shadow of the Admiral.
Besn. It goes against me; yet I must obey:
Sheath all your Daggers in the Traitor's Breast.
Adm. Young Man, thou ought'st to reverence these (gray Hairs;
But I command thee, do as thou art order'd,
Thou'lt cut but little from the Line of Life. (Children.
Besn. Die then, die both: Now for his Wife and [*Stabs both, and Exeunt.*
Adm. Heard'st thou, *Cavagnes?* said they not my (Children?
Cav. I know not what you say; the stroak of Death
Has stunn'd my sense of Hearing.
Adm. Yet let's crawl
With all our Wounds into each others Arms,
And hand in hand go martyr'd thus to Heav'n.
Cav. I am gone, farewel. [*Dies.*
Adm. Why dost thou shudder thus,
And gasp upon my Bosom? Twas his last;
My Soul so likes her House, she's loth to part:

But

But, O What Builder can repair the Ruins?
The Lights are choak'd, the Windows are dam'd up,
The main Beams crack, and the Foundation ſinks;
Beſides, the lordly Owner warns me forth:
I come, great Maſter of the World and me,
And, O! revenge, revenge thy Peoples Blood!
A hundred thouſand Souls for Juſtice call;
Let not the guiltleſs without Vengeance fall. [*Dies.*

Enter the Duke of Guiſe *and Soldiers.*

Gui. So, fling him down, down with him to the Court,
Expoſe his Carcaſs to the Peoples Mercy,
Drag him away, and hurl him from the Window:
See all his Baſtards ſtrangled on the Spot;
There's Orders for't. The *Hoſtel de Chaſtillon*
Be raz'd for ever: his Poſterity
Be made incapable of bearing Office,
Or being noble; burn his Statue, haſte:
There's a Commiſſion granted for the Deed;
Nay, kill, as if 'twere Sport to ſee 'em bleed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA ULTIMA. *The* Louvre.

Queen Mother, Cardinal, *Duke of* Anjou, *Colonel* D'O.

Q. M. Here Colonel, bring forth your Priſoners,
And let me ſee theſe Leaders of the Faction.

The SCENE *draws, ſhowing the Commanders ſtanding with their hands ty'd behind 'em betwixt the Soldiers in a rank. The Count de* Rochfocault, *Marquis de* Renel, Piles, Pluviau, Pardillan, *and* Lavardin.

Give the Word, Colonel.
D'O. Fire on 'em all. [*Shoot.*

The SCENE *draws, and ſhews the Admiral's Body burning.*

Gri. I ſaw the Maſter Villain dragg'd along
To Execution, by the common People,
Who from the Shoulders tore the mangled Head,
Cut off his Hands, and at *Montfaucon* hung him,
Half burning, by one Leg upon the Gallows.

Enter King, Princes, *and* Alberto Gondi.

King. O horror! horror! O thou cruel *Guiſe!*
O Mother! Brother! and thou murd'ring Prieſt!
Doſt thou not bluſh to ſail in Seas of Ruin,
To hang the Flag of a damn'd Pirate forth,
Yet call thy bloody Bark the Chriſtian Church?
Or, tell me, Canſt thou lay the Furies here,
Pale *Hugonots* that haunt me up and down
Thro Chambers, into Cloſets, Beds, and Couches?
Or dar'ſt thou ſhield me, when the Admiral's Ghoſt
Claps to my Heart the Dagger of my Word?
Q. M. Why are you thus?
King. The Angel's Words are true,
And *Charles* is near his End. O Mother! Mother!
Hear my laſt Words, and take my dying Counſel,
Stop the vaſt Murder that you have begun;
For know, all Churches by Decree and Doctrine,
Kings by their Sword and Balance of their Juſtice,
All Learning, Chriſtian, Moral, and Profane,
Shall by the virtue of their Mercury Rod
For ever damn to Hell thoſe curs'd Deſigns
That with Religion's Face to Ruin tend,
And go by Heav'n to reach the blackeſt end.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

FINIS.

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Government of Maharashtra
on 15 June, 2016